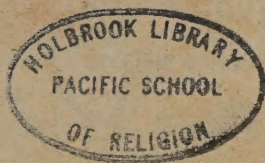
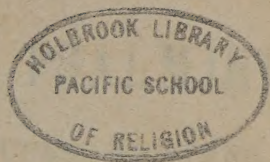




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P R E F A C E .

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To Professor T. HARRISON, inventor and patentee of the system in which the music of the PSALMIST is written — to brethren B. F. HALL, E. GOODWIN, BENJ. FRANKLIN, D. S. BURNET, and hundreds of others, of various denominations, we express our sincere thanks for their recommendation of former editions of the PSALMIST. We have on file some sixteen hundred letters from distinguished preachers, teachers of music, and booksellers, from which we can select hundreds of recommendations from men of great talents and deep piety, justifying us in every step we have taken, in making a book of hymns with suitable music for the congregation, the social circle, and the school.

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This is an age of progress, and we are endeavoring to keep up with the march of improvement; and to all the progressives — to all who desire to grow in grace and in the knowledge of the truth — this new and last edition is respectfully offered by

S. W. LEONARD.

JEFFERSONVILLE, IND., July 17th, 1854.

THE

CHRISTIAN PSALMIST.

1, 2. WAYNESVILLE.* 8,7,4. TH. HASTINGS.

4g \$ REP. 1-

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Songs anew of honor framing, Sing ye to the Lord alone;
 All his wondrous works proclaiming—Jesus wondrous works hath done;
 Glorious victory His right hand and arm hath won

4g \$ REP. 1-

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2 Now he bids his great salvation,
 Through the heathen lands be told:
 Tidings spread through every nation,
 And his acts of grace unfold:
 All the heathen
 Shall his righteousness behold.

3 Shout aloud—and hail the Saviour;
 Jesus, Lord of all, proclaim!
 As ye triumph in his favor,
 Spread abroad his matchless fame;
 Loud rejoicing—
 Shout the honors of his name.

1 HARK! I hear a voice proclaiming,
 "Every one that thirsts, draw nigh!"
 'Tis the Lord expostulating.
 "Sinners, turn, why will you die?"
 Turn, poor sinner,
 Sinners, turn, why will you die?

2 Sinners, hear the invitation,
 Be persuaded by your God;
 Now repent, and seek salvation
 Through the Saviour's precious blood;
 Seek it quickly,
 Through the Saviour's precious blood.

3. HEBRON. L. M.*

L. MASON.

7c	P															
7c	.1 .1 2 .3 1 P															
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7c	P															
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8c	5 .5 7 .7															
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A	.5						P			.6	.5	6	7	P		
8c																
And every evening shall make known Some fresh memorial of his grace.																
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B	.1	3	5	.3	2	1	.5	.5	3	.4	.1	4	5	.1		
8c																

- 2 Much of my time has run to waste,
 And I, perhaps, am near my home ;
 But he forgives my follies past ;
 He gives me strength for days to come,
- 3 I lay my body down to sleep ;
 Peace is the pillow for my head ;
 While well appointed angels keep
 Their watchful stations round my bed.
- 4 Faith in his name forbids my fear ;
 O, may thy presence ne'er depart !
 And in the morning make me hear
 Thy loving kindness in my heart.
- 5 And when the night of death shall come,
 Still may I trust almighty love,—
 The love which triumphs o'er the tomb,
 And leads to perfect bliss above.

* By permission.

4, 5. EXHORTATION. C. M.

A	:1	3-5 84	.5-3 4	5-4 3 2	.1-	2	.3-5	5 6 7
40		' '	'					'

Lord, in the morning thou shalt hear, My voice ascending high :

46

B	1	1	2		1		.1		1	13	4	3	4	5	.1
46		7		.5	5		4	5	5		5		7		9

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A	R	.R= 5			6	6	6	5			5	5	3	5			3	6	.5-

To thee will I direct my prayer, To thee, lift up mine eye.

40											
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40	5	6	5	5				5			

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A	4	3	2	3	4	5	6	5	5	5	3	5	4	3	2	:1
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4g

To thee will I direct my prayer, To thee lift up mine eye.

46												
B	2			1	1	2	3	1		1		:1
46			5	5	5					6	4	5

2 Up to the hills where Christ is gone,
To plead for all his saints,
Presenting at his Father's throne
Our songs and our complaints.

1 WITH sacred joy we lift our eyes
To those bright realms above,
That glorious temple in the skies,
Where dwells eternal Love.

3 Thou art a God, before whose sight
The wicked shall not stand ;
Sinners shall ne'er be thy delight,
Nor dwell at thy right hand.

2 Before the gracious throne we bow
Of heaven's almighty King ;
Here we present the solemn vow,
And hymns of praise we sing.

4 Now to thy house will I resort,
To taste thy mercies there;
I will frequent thy holy court,
And worship in thy fear.

8 O Lord, while in thy house we kneel,
With trust and holy fear,
Thy mercy and thy truth reveal,
And lend a gracious ear.

6 O may thy Spirit guide my feet
In ways of righteousness,
Make every path of duty straight
And plain before my face.

4 With fervor teach our hearts to pray,
And tune our lips to sing;
Nor from thy presence cast away
The sacrifice we bring.

7. S. M.

- 1 FAR as thy name is known,
The world declares thy praise;
Thy saints, O Lord, before thy throne,
Their songs of honor raise.
- 2 With joy, thy people stand,
On Zion's chosen hill,
Proclaim the wonders of thy hand,
And counsels of thy will.
- 3 Let strangers walk around
The city where we dwell,
Compass and view thine holy ground,
And mark the building well.
- 4 The order of thy house,
The worship of thy court,
The cheerful songs, the solemn vows,
And make a fair report.
- 5 How decent, and how wise!
How glorious to behold!
Beyond the pomp that charms the eyes,
And rites adorned with gold.
- 6 The God we worship now
Will guide us till we die;
Will be our God while here below,
And ours above the sky.

8. S. M.

- 1 WELCOME, sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise;
Welcome to our reviving breasts —
To our rejoicing eyes.
- 2 Jesus, our Lord, comes near,
And feasts his saints to-day;
Here we may sit, and see, and hear,
And bless, and praise, and pray.
- 3 One day amidst the place
Where my Redeemer's been,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Of pleasure or of sin.

- 4 My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
And sit and sing herself away
To everlasting bliss.

9. S. M.

- 1 COME, sound his praise abroad,
And hymns of glory sing;
Jehovah is the sovereign God,
The universal King.
- 2 He formed the depths unknown,
He gave the seas their bounds;
The watery worlds are all his own,
And all the solid ground.
- 3 Come, worship at his throne;
Come, bow before the Lord;
We are his work and not our own,
He formed us by his word.

10. S. M.

- 1 HOW charming is the place,
Where our Redeemer, Lord,
Unveils the glories of his face,
According to his word.
- 2 Here, on the mercy seat,
With radiant glory crowned,
Our joyful eyes behold him sit,
And smile on all around.
- 3 To him their prayers and cries
Each contrite soul presents;
And while he hears their humble sighs,
He grants them all their wants.

11. S. M.

- 1 O PRAISE the Lord, you saints,
And hymns of glory sing;
He will redress your long complaints,
And swift deliverance bring.
- 2 Oh, 'tis a sweet employ,
To join in worship here;
But when in heaven, how great the joy
To see each other there!

12, 13, 14. BOYLSTON.* S. M. L. MASON.

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A	5	3	4	5	6	.5		'	7	6	6	.5		5	3	4	5	5	6	7		7	'	'		
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The pity of the Lord, To those who fear his name,
Is such as tender parents feel, He knows our feeble frame

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2 He knows we are but dust,
Scattered with every breath;
His anger like a rising wind,
Can send us swift to death.

3 Our days are as the grass,
Or like the morning flower!
When blasting winds sweep o'er the
fields,
It withers in an hour.

4 But thy compassions, Lord,
To endless years endure;
And children's children ever find
Thy words of promise sure.

S. M.

1 AND will not Jesus hear
His children when they cry?
Yes — though he may awhile forbear,
He'll help them from on high.

2 His nature, truth, and love,
Engage them on his side;
When they are grieved, his bowels move,
They will not be denied.

3 Then let us earnest be,
And never faint in prayer;
He wills our importunity,
And makes our cause his care.

S. M.

1 HAIL to the Lord's blest day!
The day so kindly given;
When men to God their homage pay,
And earth draws near to heaven.

2 Lord, in this sacred hour,
Within thy courts we bend;
And bless thy love, and own thy power,
Our Father, and our friend.

3 But thou art not alone
In courts by mortals trod;
Nor only is the day thine own,
When man draws near to God.

4 Thy temple is the arch
Of yon unmeasured sky;
Thy day is the stupendous march
Of great eternity.

5 Lord, may eternal day
Dawn on thy servants' sight;
And purer worship may we pay
In heaven's unclouded light.

15. S. M.

- 1 BLESSED be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love ;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.
- 2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our humble prayers ;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.
- 3 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain ;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.
- 4 This glorious hope revives
Our courage by the way ;
While each in expectation lives,
And longs to see the day.
- 5 From sorrow, toil, and pain,
And sin, we shall be free,
And perfect love and friendship reign
Through all eternity.

16. S. M.

- 1 STAND up and bless the Lord,
Ye people of His choice ;
Stand up and bless the Lord your God,
With heart, and soul, and voice.
- 2 Though high above all praise,
Above all ble sing high,
Who would not fear his holy name,
And laud, and magnify ?
- 3 Oh ! for the living flame,
From his own altar brought,
To touch our lips — our minds inspire,
And raise to heaven our thought.
- 4 God is our strength and song,
And his salvation ours ;
Then be his love in Christ proclaimed,
With all our ransomed powers.
- 5 Stand up and bless the Lord,
The Lord your God adore ;
Stand up and bless his glorious name
His name for ever more

17. S. M.

- 1 O LORD, our heavenly king,
Thy name is all divine ;
Thy glories round the earth are spread,
And o'er the heavens they shine.
- 2 When to thy works on high,
I raise my wondering eyes,
And see the moon, complete in light,
Adorn the darksome skies.
- 3 When I survey the stars,
And all their shining forms,
Lord, what is man — that worthless
thing,
Akin to dust and worms ?
- 4 Lord, what is worthless man,
That thou shouldst love him so ?
Next to thine angels is he placed,
And lord of all below.
- 5 How rich thy bounties are !
How wondrous are thy ways !
That from the dust, thy power should
frame
A monument of praise.
- 6 To God the Father sing
Hallelujah and praise :
To Christ our great and gracious King
Your loudest anthems raise !

18. S. M.

- 1 IS this the kind return ?
Are these the thanks we owe ?
Thus to abuse eternal love,
Whence all our blessings flow ?
- 2 Turn, turn us, mighty God,
And mould our souls afresh ;
Break, sovereign grace, these hearts of
stone,
And give us hearts of flesh.
- 3 Let past ingratitude
Provoke our weeping eyes ;
And hourly, as new mercies fall,
Let hourly thanks arise.

19. BURLINGTON.* 12,12,12,8.

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8c
The Prince of Salvation in triumph is riding,
And glory attends him along his bright way.

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8c
The news of his grace on the breezes are gliding,
And nations are owning his sway.

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8c																						

2 And now through the darkest of earth's gloomy regions,
The wheels of his chariot are rolling sublime,
His banners unfolding his own true religion,
Dispelling the errors of time.

3 Behold a bright angel from heaven descending,
High lifting his trumpet Hosannas to raise,
"Hail, Son of the Highest, let every knee bending,
Adore thee with offerings of praise."

4 Thy sword and thy buckler, shall save and deliver
The poor and the needy from foes that assail;
Thy bow and thy quiver shall vanquish for ever,
The prince and the legions of hell.

* Mason's Sacred Harp, by permission.

- 5 Ride on in thy greatness, thou conquering Saviour,
Let thousands of thousands submit to thy reign,
Acknowledge thy goodness, entreat for thy favor,
And follow thy glorious train.
- 6 Ride on ! till the compass of thy great dominion,
The globe shall encircle from pole unto pole,
And mankind, cemented with friendship and union,
Obey thee with heart and with soul.
- 7 Then loud shall ascend from each sanctified nation,
The voice of thanksgiving, the chorus of praise,
And heaven shall echo the song of salvation
In rich and melodious lays.

20. JEFFERSONVILLE. L. M. S. W. L.

5c	P										P
A	.1	.1 .3	.1					.1 .3	.1		.1
4c	.5 .6 .6 .5 .5 .5 .6 .5										

Before the heavens were spread abroad, From everlasting was the Word ;

5c	P										P
B	.1							.1			.1
4c	.5 .5 .5 .3 .1 .4 .3 .3 .3 .5 .3 .4 .5										

5c	P										P
A	.3	.5 .5	.4 .3	.6 .5	.5	.5		.5	.6 .5	.5 .3	.1
4c											

With God he was — the Word was God, And shall divinely be adored.

5c	P										P
B	.1	.3 .3	.2 .1	.4 .3	.2	.3	.5 .3	.4 .3	.2 .5		.1
4c											

- 2 By his own power were all things made,
By him supported all things stand ;
He is the whole creation's head,
And angels fly at his command.

- 3 But lo ! he leaves his Father's throne,
Descends to earth the Prince of Peace ;
When in his form the Godhead shone,
How full of peace ! how full of grace !

21, 22. DUNDEE.* C. M.

4g P
 A .1 | .3 .4 | .5 .1 | .2 .3 | .4 || .3 | .2 .1 | .1 | .1 ||

4c .7
 1 Let not despair nor fell revenge, Be to my bosom known.

4g P
 C .1 | .1 .1 | .1 | .1 | .1 || .1 | | | | |

4c .7 .7 .7 .6 .6 .5 .5
 2 Feed me, O Lord, with needful food, I ask not wealth or fame;

4g P
 D .3 | .5 .1 | .2 .1 | .5 .5 | .6 || .5 | .5 .3 | .4 .2 | .3 ||

4c
 3 Oh may my days ob - scurely pass, Without re - morse or care;

4g P
 B .1 | .1 | | | .1 | | | .1 | | | | .1 ||

4c .6 .5 .6 .5 .4 .5 .6 .4 .5

4g .1 P
 A .5 | .7 | .6 .5 | .5 s.4 | .5 || .3 | .2 .1 | .1 | .1 ||

4c .7
 Oh give me tears for others' woes, And patience for my own.

4g P
 C .1 | .3 .2 | .1 .2 | .1 .1 | .1 || .1 | | | | |

4c .7 .7 .6 .6 .5 .5
 But give me eyes to view thy works, A heart to praise thy name.

4g P
 D .3 | .5 .5 | .3 .2 | .3 .6 | .5 || .5 | .5 .3 | .5 .2 | .3 ||

4c
 And let me for my parting hour, From day to day prepare.

4g P
 B .1 | .1 | | | .1 .2 | | | .1 | | | | .1 ||

4c .5 .6 .5 .5 .5 .6 .4 .5

1 THE Saviour risen to-day we praise,
 In concert with the blessed:
 For now we see his work complete,
 And enter into rest.

2 On this first day a brighter scene
 Of glory was displayed
 By the creating Word, than when
 The universe was made.

3 He rises who mankind has bought,
 With grief and pain extreme;
 'Twas great to speak the world from
 'Twas greater to redeem. [naught,

4 How vain the stone, the watch, the
 Naught can forbid his rise; [seal;
 'Tis he who shuts the gates of hell,
 And opens paradise.

23. SUFFIELD. C. M.

3P	1	1 3	1			.1	3 2 1 2 1	
A	.6	7	' 7 6 s5 .6	.6			' '	:7
4s			' ' ,					
	Father, I long, I faint to see The place of thine abode;							
3P						1		
B	.6	6 s5 6 6	3 3	.6	.6	.5	7 6 5	:3
4s								
3P	.3 1		3 6 s5 6 7	:3	.3 4 3 2	.1		
A	' 7 6 s5	6	' ' ' ' ,		' ' ,	.7	:6	
4s			' ' ,					
	I'd leave thine earthly courts, and flee Up to thy seat, my God.							
3P	.1			:1	.1			
B	5 4 3 2	3 6 6 5		6 6 5	-3 s.5	:6		
4s	' ' ' ' ,			' ' ,				

2 Here I behold thy distant face,
And 'tis a pleasing sight;
But to abide in thine embrace
Is infinite delight.

3 There all the heavenly hosts are seen,
In shining ranks they move;
And drink immortal vigor in,
With wonder and with love.

4 There at thy feet with awful fear
Adoring armies fall;
With joy they shrink to *nothing* there,
Before th' Eternal All.

5 There I would vie with all the host
In duty and in bliss ;
While *less than nothing* I could boast,
And *vanity* confess.

6 The more thy glories strike mine eyes
The humbler I shall lie;
While thus I sink, my joys shall rise
Immeasurably high.

24. C. M.

1 WITH joy we hail the sacred day
Which God has called his own ;
With joy the summons we obey
To worship at his throne.

2 Thy tabernacles, Lord, how fair!
Where willing votaries throng,
To breathe the humble fervent prayer—
And pour the choral song.

3 Saviour of men, O deign to dwell
Within thy church below;
Make her in holiness excel,
With pure devotion glow.

4 Let peace within her walls be found—
Let all her sons unite
To spread with grateful zeal around
Her clear and shining light.

5 Great God, we hail the sacred day
Which thou hast called thine own;
With joy the summons we obey
To worship at thy throne.

25. C. M.

1 THIS is the day the Lord has made,
He calls the hours his own,
Let heaven rejoice and earth be glad,
And praise surround the throne.

2 To-day he rose and left the dead,
And satan's empire fell ;
To-day the saints his triumphs spread,
And all his wonders tell.

3 Blest be the Lord who comes to men
With messages of grace ;
Who comes in God the Father's name
To save our sinful race.

4 Hosanna in the highest strains
The church on earth can raise :
Hosanna ! let the highest heavens
Award him nobler praise.

5 Hosanna to the Lord be given,
In loudest, noblest strains!
Hosanna in the highest heaven!
The great Redeemer reigns!

26. LYONS.* 10,11.

HANDEL.

7 ⁶										
A	1 1 2	. 3 1	4 4 3	. 2	1 1 2	. 3 4	5- 4 3 2	. 1		
8 ^s	5	5				, "				
O praise ye the Lord, prepare a new song,										
And let all his saints in full chorus join ;										
7 ⁶										
C				1						
8 ^s	3	5 5 5	. 5 5	7 7	. 7 5	5 5 5	. 5 6	5- 6 5 4	. 3	
	, "									
7 ⁶										
D	1	3 1	. 1 5	5 5 5	. 5 5	3 1	. 1 1	1 1	. 1	
8 ^s	7				7			7		
7 ⁶										
B		. 1				. 1				
8 ^s	1	1 3 5	3	2 2 1	. 5 5	1 3 5	6	3- 4 5 5	. 1	
	, "									

7g										
A			1	2 2 3	.4	1 1 2	3 3 4	5-4 3 2	.1	
8s	5	5 5 6	7 7	5			" "			
With voices united the anthem prolong,										
And show forth his praises in music divine										
7g										
C										
8s	5	5 5 5	4	N 4 4 3	5 5 5	.5 5	5 5 5	5 5 6	5-6 5 4	.3
	" "									
7g										
D		1	2 2 1		1	.2 5	3 1	1 1 1	1 1	.1
8s	7	7 7	7 7			7			7	
7g										
B							1 1			
8s	5	5 5 5	5 5 5	5 5 5	.5 5	1 3 5	6	3-4 5 5	.1	
	" "									

- 2 Let them his great name devoutly adore ;
In loud swelling strains his praises express,
Who graciously opens his bountiful store,
Their wants to relieve, and his children to bless.
- 3 With glory adorned his people shall sing
To God, who defence and plenty supplies ;
Their loud acclamations to him, their great King,
Through earth shall be sounded and reach to the skies
- 4 Ye angels above, his glories who 've sung,
In loftiest notes now publish his praise ;
We mortals, delighted, would borrow your tongues,
Would join in your numbers and chant to your lays.

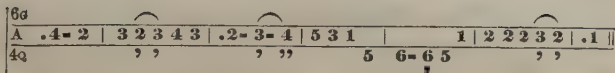
* Mason's Sacred Harp, by permission.

27. 10s & 11s.

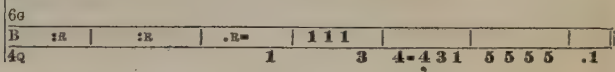
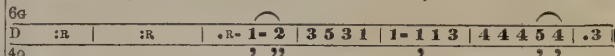
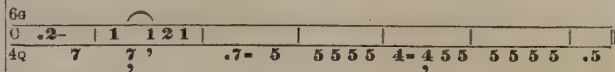
- 1 O PRAISE ye the Lord, prepare a new song,
And let all his saints in full concert join,
With voices united, the anthem prolong,
And show forth his praises in strains all divine.
- 2 O praise ye the Lord, ye saints of his house ;
His wonders record, and pay him your vows ;
Ye angels adore him, who worship on high,
Fall prostrate before him whose power built the sky.
- 3 Yea all that have breath, each breath now accord ·
Nor cease until death, exalting the Lord :
In loud adoration advancing his praise,
The Lord of creation ! the fountain of grace

28. 10s & 11s.

- 1 THOUGH troubles assail and dangers affright,
Though friends should all fail, and foes all unite,
Yet one thing secures us, whatever betide,
The scripture assures us the Lord will provide.
- 2 The birds without barn or storehouse are fed ;
From them let us learn to trust for our bread ;
His saints, what is fitting, shall ne'er be denied,
So long as 'tis written the Lord will provide.
- 3 We may, like the ships, by tempests be tossed
On perilous deeps, but need not be lost :
Though Satan enrages the wind and the tide,
The promise engages the Lord will provide.
- 4 His call we obey, like Abrah'm of old,
Not knowing our way, but faith makes us bold ;
For, though we are strangers, we have a good guide,
And trust in all dangers the Lord will provide.
- 5 No strength of our own or goodness we claim ;
But since we have known the Saviour's great name,
In this, our strong tower, for safety we hide,
The Lord is our power, the Lord will provide.
- 6 When life sinks apace, and death is in view,
The word of his grace shall comfort us through ;
Not fearing or doubting with Christ on our side,
We hope to die shouting the Lord will provide.



God ! Her walls before thee stand, Dear as the apple of thine eye,
And graven on thy hand.



2 For her my tears shall fall,
For her my prayers ascend;
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end:
Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways,
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

3 Jesus, thou friend divine,
Our Saviour, and our King,
Thy hand from every snare and foe
Shall great deliverance bring.
Sure as thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven.

32. S. M.

1 COME you that love the Lord,
And let your joys be known;
Join in a song of sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.
The sorrows of the mind
Be banished from this place!
Religion never was designed
To make our pleasures less.

2 Let those refuse to sing
Who never knew our God,
But children of the heavenly King
May speak their joys abroad.

The God that rules on high,
And thunders when he please,
That rides upon the stormy sky,
And calms the roaring seas.

3 This mighty God is ours,
Our Father and our love;
He will send down his heavenly powers
To carry us above.
There shall we see his face,
And never, never sin;
There, from the rivers of his grace,
Drink endless pleasures in.

4 Yes, and before we rise
To that immortal state,
The thoughts of such amazing bliss
Shall constant joys create.
The men of grace have found
Glory begun below;
Celestial fruits, on earthly ground,
From faith and hope may grow.

5 The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heavenly fields
Or walk the golden streets;
Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry;
We're marching through this barren
ground,
To fairer worlds on high.

33. MEEKNESS. 9s, 8s.

1p 1

A	6-6 s5 5	6 ' 7 6 5	3	5-5 3	5 5 6 5 3	s5	6-6 s5
23s	''''	''''			''''''		

Low down in this beautiful valley, Where love crowns the meek and the lowly, Where dark seas of

1p

B	6-6 3 3	6 6 5 3 3	3	2- 2 1	3 3 4 3 1	3	6- 6 3
23s	''''	''''''			''''''''		

1p 1 2-2 1 2 3-2 1 2 2 3-3 2 3 5 3 3 2

A	6 ' 7 6 5	3	''''	''''	''	''''''	7	6-6 s5
23s	''''							

envy and folly, May roll on their billows in vain,
The meek soul in humble subjection, Shall here find un-

1p 1- 1-1 1

B	6 6 5 3 3	3	5-5 6 7	' 7 6 5	5	5	6 ' 6 6 5	5	6-6 3
23s	''''''		''''	''''			''''''''		

1p 1 2-2 s1 2 3-2 3 2 3 1

A	6 ' 7 6 5	3		''''	''''	s5-6	7 6 s5 6-
23s	''''						''''

shaken protection, The soft gales of cheering reflection,
The mind soothed from sorrow and pain.

1p 1-

B	6 6 5 3 3	3	5-5 3	6 ' 7 6 5	3	3-4 3	2 3 s5 6-
23s	''''''			''''			''''

2 This low vale is far from contention, 3 Come, drop, drop the tear of contrition,
Where no soul can dream of dissen- And yield to the spirit's direction;
sion, And come make the noble confession,
Nor dark wiles of evil invention, And bow to the Saviour also.
Can find out this region of peace. Then rise, rise to walk in his favor,
Oh! there, then the Lord will deliver, And show by your constant behavior,
And souls drink of this beautiful river, That Christ is your King and your
Which flows peace for ever and ever, Saviour, [wee
And love's joys shall ever increase. From sin, from death, from sorrow and

34. MARTYN.* 7. DOUBLE. S. B. MARSH.

4G 5

A	.3 3 .3 1	.2 2 .2 R	.3 3 .5 4	.3- .2-
23s				

Ma - ry to the Saviour's tomb, Hastened at the ear - ly
4G Spice she brought, and sweet perfume; But the Lord she loved had

C	.1 1 .1 1		.1 1 .3 2	.1-
23s		.7 7 .7 R		.7-
4G				

D	.5 5 .5 3	.5 5 .5 R	.5 5 .5 6	.5- .1-
23s				
4G				

E	.1 1 .1 1		.1 1 .1	
23s		.5 5 .5 R	4	-5- .5-

Trembling, while a crystal flood Issued from her weeping

*By permission.

4G REP. REP. 3s. 1s & 2s.
 A .1- .1 R || .5 5 .5 5 | .6- .6- | .5- .5 R ||
 23s

dawn; } For awhile she lingering stood,
 gone; } Filled with sorrow and sur - prise

4G REP. REP. 3s. 1s & 2s.
 C .1- .1 R || .1 1 .1 1 | .1- .1- | .1- .1 R ||
 23s

4G REP. REP. 3s 1s & 2s.
 D .3- .3 R || :R- :R- | :R- :R- ||
 23s

4G REP. REP. 3s 1s & 2s.
 B .1- .1 R || .1 1 .1 1 | .1- .1 R ||
 23s

eyes.

2 But her sorrows quickly fled,
 When she heard his welcome voice;
 Christ had risen from the dead,
 Now he bids her heart rejoice
 What a change his word can make,
 Turning darkness into day!
 Ye who weep for Jesus' sake,
 He will wipe your tears away.

35. 7s. D.

1 WHAT could your Redeemer do
 More than he has done for you!
 To procure your peace with God,
 Could he more than shed his blood?
 After all this flow of love,
 All his drawings from above.
 Why will you your Lord deny!
 Why will you resolve to die?

2 Turn, he cries, O sinner turn,
 By his love your God makes known.
 He would have you turn and live,
 He would all the world receive.
 If your death were his delight
 Would he thus to life invite?
 Would he ask, beseech, and cry,
 Why will you resolve to die?

3 Sinners turn while God is near,
 Do not think him insincere;
 Now, e'en now, your Saviour stands,
 All day long he spreads his hands:

Cries, "You will not happy be,
 No, you will not come to me;
 Me who life to none deny,
 Why will you resolve to die?"

4 Can you doubt if God is love,
 That to all his bowels move?
 Will you not his word receive?
 Will you not his oath believe?
 See the suffering Lord appears,
 Jesus weeps — believe his tears;
 Mingled with his blood they cry,
 "Why will you resolve to die?"

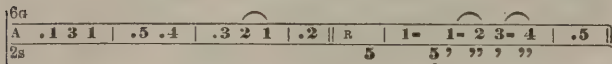
36. 7s.

1 SINNER, are you still secure?
 Still resolved to disobey,
 Can your heart or hands endure,
 In the Lord's avenging day?

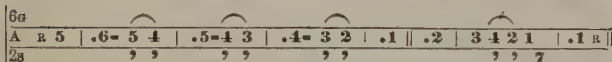
2 Who his advent may abide?
 You that glory in your shame,
 Can you find a place to hide,
 When the world is wrapt in flame?

3 Hasten now, the time improve,
 Listen to your Saviour's voice;
 Seek the things that are above,
 Scorn the world's pretended joys.

37. LIFT UP YOUR STATELY HEADS. C. M.

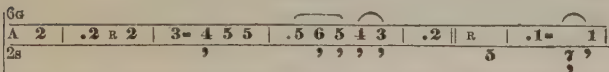


Lift up you stately heads ye doors, With hasty reverence rise,

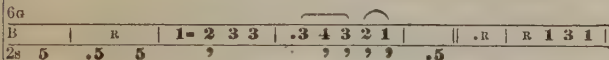
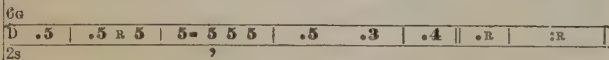
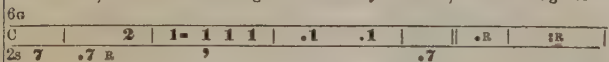


Ye ev - er - last - ing doors that guard The passage to the skies.

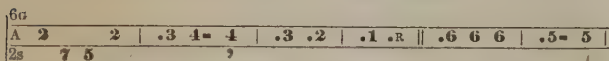
CHORUS.



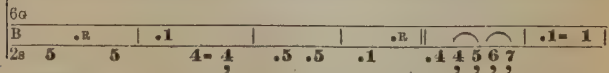
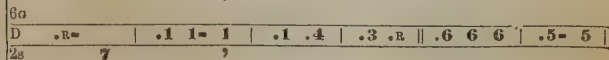
For see, For see The King of Glo - ry comes, The King of



For see he



Glory comes A - long the e - ter - nal road, For see the King, the



comes.

6g																	
A	5	1	3	1	1	.3	R	.1	1	2	2	.3	5	1	.3	.2	.1
2s	'	'				5		7	'	7	5						

King of Glory comes, the King of Glory comes, Along the eternal road.

6g															
U	1		1	.1	.R		:R		.R=						
2s	5	5							5	.5	5=	6	.5	.5	.5

6G																		
D	5	4	3	4	4	.3	.R	:	R	.	R	=	.1	1	1	.1	.1	.3
2s	'	'											7					

6g																	
B						.1	=	.R	R	1	3	1	.R	.1			
2s	5	5	5	5							5	5		3=4	.5	.5	.1

For see he comes.

- 2 Swift on your golden hinges move,
Your barriers roll away,
And throw your blazing portals wide,
And burst the gates of day.
For see, For see, &c.

38. AYLESBURY. S. M. DR. GREEN.

7P	3	2	.1	.3	5	4	.3	-2	:3	.1	.3	.1	2	1	P	3	2	.1							
A	6		.7	:6							7	6		.7	:7		.7	:6							
3s																									
7P			.1												P										
B	3	12	.3	.3	:6		3	4	.5	-5	:1	:6	3	1	.3	.6	5	6	.3	:3	-2	12	.3	.3	:6
3s																									

1 COME, Christians, come and take,
Your places at the board;
The emblematic loaf to break,
In memory of your Lord.

2 Come, Christians, take the cup;
Your covenants renew;
Remembering that Jesus supped
Death's bitter dregs for you.

39. S. M. L.

1 IN expectation sweet,
We'll wait, and sing, and pray,
Till Christ's triumphal car we meet,
And see an endless day.

2 He comes! the Conqueror comes!
Death falls beneath his sword;
The joyful prisoners burst the tombs,
And rise to meet their Lord.

3 The trumpet sounds, "Awake!
You dead, to judgment come!"
The pillars of creation shake,
While man receives his doom.

4 Thrice happy morn for those
Who love the ways of peace;
No night of sorrow e'er shall close,
Or shade their perfect bliss.

40. S. M.

1 WHEN gloomy thoughts and fears
The trembling heart invade,
And all the face of nature wears
A universal shade.

2 Religion can assuage
The tempest of the soul;
And every fear shall lose its rage
At her divine control.

3 Still we wait for thine appearing ;
Life and joy thy beams impart,
Chasing all our fears, and cheering
Every poor, benighted heart.

4 Come, and manifest the favor
Thou hast for the ransomed race ;
Come, thou glorious God and Saviour,
Come, and bring the gospel grace.

5 Save us, in thy great compassion,
O thou mild, pacific Prince !
Give the knowledge of salvation,
Give the pardon of our sins.

6 By thine all-sufficient merit,
Every burdened soul release ;
Every weary, wandering spirit,
Guide into thy perfect peace.

42. 8s,7s.

1 HEAR the blessed Redeemer call you,
Listen to his gracious voice ;
Dread no ills that can befall you,
While you make his ways your choice.
Jesus says, let each believer
Be baptized in my name :
He himself in Jordan's river
Was immersed beneath the stream.

2 Plainly here his footsteps tracing,
Follow him without delay ;
Gladly his commands embracing,
Lo ! your Captain leads the way :
View the rite with understanding,
Jesus' grave before you lies ;
Be interred at his commanding,
After his example rise.

43. 8s,7s.

1 DARK and thorny is the desert
Through which pilgrims make their
way ;
But beyond the vale of sorrow
Lie the realms of endless day.
Dear young soldiers do not murmur
At the troubles of the way ;
Meet the tempest, fight with courage,
Never faint but often pray.
3 He whose thunder shakes creation ;
He that bids the planets roll ;
He that rides upon the tempest,
And whose sceptre sways the whole ;
Jesus, Jesus, will defend you ;
Trust in him, and him alone ;
He has shed his blood to save you,
And will bring you to his throne.

3 There on the flowery fields of pleasure,
And the hills of endless rest,
Joy, and peace, and love, shall ever
Reign and triumph in your breast.
There ten thousand flaming seraphs
Fly across the heavenly plain ;
There they sing immortal praises !
Glory, glory is their theme.

4 But, methinks, a sweeter concert
Makes the crystal arches ring,
And a song is heard in Zion
Which the angels cannot sing ;
Who can paint those sons of glory,
Ransomed souls that dwell on high,
Who with golden harps for ever
Sound redemption through the sky.

5 See the heavenly host in rapture,
Gazing on these shining bands,
Wondering at their costly garments,
And the laurels in their hands.
There upon the golden pavement,
See the ransomed march along !
While the splendid courts of glory
Sweetly echo with their song.

6 Here I see the under shepherds,
And the flocks they fed below ;
Here with joy they dwell together,
Jesus is their shepherd now.
Hail ! you happy, happy spirits !
Welcome to the blissful plain,
Glory, honor, and salvation ;
Reign, sweet Shepherd, ever reign.

44. 8s,7s.

1 GRACIOUS Lord, this morn we'll
praise thee,
For the bliss thy love bestows :
For the pardoning grace that saves us,
And the peace which from it flows.
Help, O Lord, our weak endeavor ;
These poor hearts to rapture raise,
So that hence we may for ever
Render to thee equal praise.
2 Praise this day to God who sought us,
Wretched wanderers far astray ;
Found us lost and kindly brought us
From the paths of sin away.
Praise him with devoutest feeling,
Him who saw our guilty fear,
And the light of life revealing,
Bade the blood-stained cross appear.

45. THERE IS A CALM.* T. B. MASON.

6g
A 3 | 3 2 1 | 1 | 3 2 | 2 1 || | 4 3 | 3 2 1 | 5 3 1 | .2 ||
8c 7 6 5 5 5
There is a calm for those who weep, A rest for weary pilgrims found,
6g
C | | | | | | 1 | 1 | | | |
3c 5 .5 5 .4 4 3 5 4 4 3 5 .5 7 6 .5 5 .5
6g
D 5 | 5 4 3 | 3 2 1 | .1 | | | 1 | 1 | 5 4 3 | 2 1 1 | |
3c 5 .5 5 7 .7
6g
B | | | | | | 1 | | | | |
3c 1 | 1 2 3 | .4 4 | .5 5 | .1 5 4 | 3 2 1 | 7 6 | .5 5 | .5
; ,

6g
A | | | .1 | 4 3 2 1 | 1 || | | .1 1 | 1 2 | 2 1 || P
3c 5 5 6 7 5 6 ' ' ' ' 7 5 .6 7 7
They softly lie and sweetly sleep, Low in the ground,
Low in the ground. P
6g
C | | | | | | | | | | | |
3c 5 5 5 1 4 .3 3 4 5 6 .5 5 .4 4 .3 3 3 2 4 4 3
; ,
6g
D | | | 1 | 6 5 4 3 | 3 2 || 1 | .1 | | | | P
3c 5 .5 5 .5 ' ' ' 5 .5 5 .5 5 .5
6g
B | | | | | | | | | | | | P
3c 5 .3 5 .1 1 4 2 3 4 5 .5 3 .4 2 .1 3 .5 5 .1
; , , ,

2 The storm that wrecks the wintry sky
No more disturbs their deep repose,
Than summer evening's latest sigh,
That shuts the rose.

3 I soon shall lay this painful head,
And aching heart beneath the soil;
And slumber in that dreamless bed,
From all my toil.

* By permission.

46, EFFINGHAM. L. M.

5a
A 1 | 5 4 3 | 3 2 1 | 4 3 | 3 2 || | .1 | 1 2 3 | 4 3 2 | .1 ||

3q
5 5 7

5a
D 3 | .5 5 | .6 1 | 1 | 1 || | .1 2 | 3 5 5 | 6 5 4 | .3 ||

3q
.7 7 7

5a
B 1 | 3 2 1 | | | || | | | | | |

3q
5 4 3 .2 1 .5 5 .3 4 3 2 1 4 5 5 .1

5a
A 5 | .5 3 | .5 6 | 5 4 3 | 3 2 || 5 | 3- 4 5 5 | 5 5 | 6 5 4 3 2 | .1 ||

3q
" " " " "

5a
D 3 | .3 1 | .3 4 | 3 2 1 | 1 || 2 | 1 3 3 | .3 5 3 | 4 6 5 4 | .3 ||

3q
7 " " "

5a
3 1 | .1 1 | .1 1 | .1 1 | 1 || .1 1 | .1 1 | | |

3q
7 7 4 5 5 .1

- 1 I SEND the joys of earth away ;
Away, ye tempters of the mind,
False as the smooth, deceitful sea,
And empty as the whistling wind.
- 2 Your streams were floating me along
Down to the gulf of black despair ;
And while I listened to your song,
Your streams have e'en conveyed me there.
- 3 Lord, I adore thy matchless grace
That warned me of that dark abyss,
That drew me from those dangerous seas.
And bade me seek superior bliss.
- 4 Now to the shining realms above,
I stretch my hands, and glance mine eyes ;
Oh ! for the pinions of a dove,
To bear me to the upper skies.
- 5 There, from the presence of my God,
Oceans of endless pleasures roll ;
There would I fix my last abode,
And drown the sorrows of my soul.

47. ANTIOCH.* C. M.

HANDEL.

[illegible]

* Mason's Sacred Harp, by permission.

2 Come, let us bow before his feet,
And venture near the Lord ;
No fiery cherubs guards his feet,
Nor double-flaming sword.

3 The peaceful gates of heavenly bliss
Are opened by his Son ;
High let us raise our notes of praise,
And reach th' Almighty's throne.

4 To thee ten thousand thanks we bring,
Great Advocate on high ;
And glory to th' eternal King
Who lays his anger by.

48. C. M.

1 BORNE o'er the ocean's stormy wave,
The beacon's light appears,
When yawns the seaman's watery grave,
And his lone bosom cheers.

2 Then, should the raging ocean foam,
His heart shall dauntless prove,
To reach, secure, his cherished home,
The haven of his love.

3 So, when the soul is wrapt in gloom,
To worldly grief a prey,
Thy beams, blest Hope, beyond the tomb,
Illume the pilgrim's way.

4 They point to that serene abode
Where holy faith shall rest,
Protected by the sufferer's God,
And be forever blest.

5 O, still, though sorrow's rayless night
O'ershade our worldly way,
May pure religion's holy light
Shine with o'erpowering ray.

49. C. M.

1 JOY to the world, the Lord is come,
Let earth receive her King ;
Let every heart prepare him room,
And heaven and nature sing.

2 Joy to the earth — the Saviour reigns,
Let men their songs employ ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and
plains,
Repeat the sounding joy.

3 No more let sins and sorrows grow
Nor thorns infest the ground ;
He comes to make his blessings flow,
Far as the curse is found.

4 He rules the world with truth and
grace ;
And makes the nations prove
The glories of his righteousness,
And wonders of his love.

50. C. M.

1 MORTALS, awake, with angels join,
And chant the solemn lay,
Joy, love, and gratitude combine,
To hail th' auspicious day.

2 In heaven the rapturous song began,
And sweet seraphic fire
Through all the shining regions ran,
And strung and tuned the lyre.

2 Swift through the vast expanse it
flew.
And loud the echo rolled ;
The theme, the song, the joy was new,
'Twas more than heaven could hold.

4 Down through the portals of the sky
The impetuous torrent ran ;
And angels flew with eager joy,
To bear the news to man.

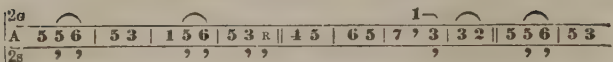
5 With joy the chorus we'll repeat,
" Glory to God on high !
Good will and peace are now complete,
Jesus was born to die."

51. C. M. L.

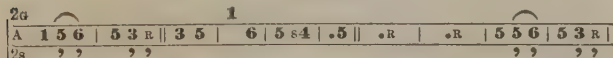
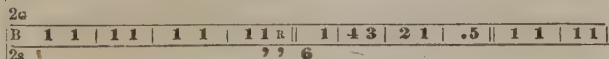
1 HAIL the blest day the Lord has
made,
This glorious day of rest :
Unto our God be honors paid ;
Let love fill every breast.

2 Let saints rejoice in Christ their King
Their Saviour, Brother, Friend ;
Loud let the swelling anthems ring ;
His kingdom ne'er shall end.

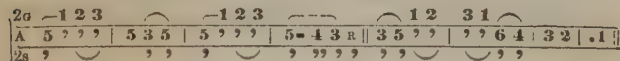
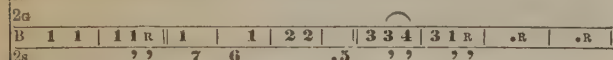
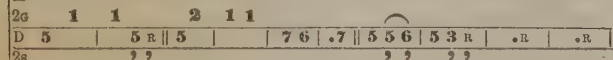
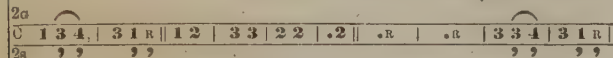
52. OLIPHANT.* 8s, 7s, 4s.



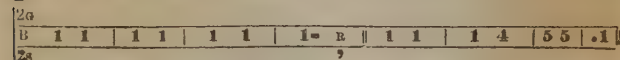
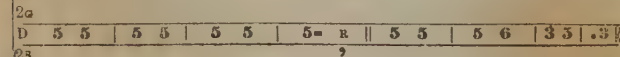
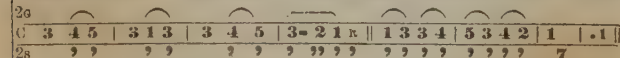
Guide me, O thou great Jehovah, Pilgrim through this barren land;
I am weak, but



thou art mighty, Hold me with thy powerful hand;
Bread of heaven, Bread of heaven,



Feed me till I want no more, Feed me till I want no more.



* Mason's Sacred Harp, by permission.

2 Open now the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing streams do flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
Lead us all our journey through:
Strong Deliverer,
Be thou still our strength and shield.

3 When we tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid our anxious fears subside;
Bear us through the swelling current,
Land us safe on Canaan's side;
Songs of praises,
We will ever give to thee.

53. 8s, 7s, 4s.

1 ENTER, Jesus bids thee welcome,
In the fullness of his grace:
With this hand of love, we give thee
In our hearts the warmest place.
Firm together,
Let us run the Christian race.

2 Trials hard may oft beset thee,
Firm on the armor brace;
Fight the fight—a crown awaits thee,
Slacken not thy cheerful pace;
Firm together,
Let us run the Christian race.

3 Joys thou'lt find beyond expression,
Find in Zion's loved embrace;
Losses here are turned to treasures,
Gladness smiles in every face;
Aye together,
Let us run the Christian race.

4 Come and share our joys and sorrows,
Zion's friends bring no disgrace;
Blush not, then, to speak her praises,
Loud proclaim her Saviour's grace,
And together,
He will crown us in the race.

54. 8s, 7s, 4s.

1 O THOU God of my salvation,
My Redeemer from all sin,
Moved by thy divine compassion,
Who hast died my heart to win,
I will praise thee;
Where shall I thy praise begin?

2 Though unseen, I love the Saviour;
He hath brought salvation near,
Manifests his pard'ning favor,
And, when Jesus doth appear,
Soul and body
Shall his glorious image bear.

3 While the angel choirs are crying,
Glory to the great I AM!
I with them will still be vieing,
Glory! glory to the Lamb!
O how precious
Is the sound of Jesus' name!

4 Angels now are hov'ring round us,
Unperceived they mix the throng;
Wond'ring at the love that crowns us,
Glad to join the holy song!
Hallelujah!
Love and praise to Christ belong!

5 Now I see with joy and wonder,
Whence the gracious spring arose;
Angel minds are lost to ponder
Dying love's mysterious cause,
Yet the blessing
Down to all, to me, it flows.

6 Thsi hath set me all on fire;
Strongly glows the flame of love.
Higher mounts my soul, and higher,
Struggles for its swift remove:
Then I'll praise Him
In a nobler strain above!

55. 8s, 7s, 4s.

1 MEN of God, go take your stations,
Darkness reigns throughout the earth;
Go, proclaim among the nations,
Joyful news of heavenly birth;
Bear the tidings
Of the Saviour's matchless worth.

2 What, though earth and hell united,
Should oppose the Saviour's plan?
Plead his cause, nor be affrighted;
Fear ye not the face of man:
Vain their tumult,
Stop his work, they never can.

3 When exposed to fearful dangers,
Jesus will his own defend;
Borne afar 'midst foes and strangers,
Jesus will appear your friend:
And his presence
Shall be with you to the end.

56. OLD HUNDRED. L. M. LUTHER.

6G	P										P
A	.1	.1		.1 .2	.3	.3	.3 .3	.2 .1	.4 .3	.2	
4s	.7 .6 .5										
Be thou, O God, ex - alted high, And as thy glory fills the sky,											
6G	P										P
C	.3	.5 .5	.3 .5	.3 .5	.5	.5	.5 .6	.7 .1	.1 .1	.2	
4s											
6G	P										P
D	.1	.3 .2	.1 .1	.1	.1	.1	.1 .5	.5 .3	.6 .5	.5	
4s	.7										
6G	P										P
B	.1	.1				.1	.1 .1				
4s	.5 .6 .3 .6 .5 .1 .5 .6 .4 .1 .5										
6G	P										P
A	.1	.2 .3	.2 .1		.1	.5	.3 .1	.2 .4	.3 .2	.1	
4s	.6 .7										
So let it be on earth displayed, Till thou art here as there obeyed.											
6G	P										P
C	.6	.7	.7 .5	.6 .5	.5		.5 .6	.7 .2	.1	.1	
4s	.7										
6G	P										P
D	.3	.5 .5	.5 .3	.4 .3	.3	.3	.1 .3	.5 .6	.5 .4	.3	
4s											
6G	P										P
B		.1				.1	.1				
4s	.6 .5 .5 .3 .4 .5 .1 .6 .5 .2 3 4 .5 .1										

2 O God, my heart is fixed ; 'tis bent,
 Its thankful tribute to present ;
 And, with my heart, my voice I'll raise
 To thee, my God, in songs of praise.

3 Thy praises, Lord, I will resound
 To all the listening nations round ;
 Thy mercy highest heaven transcends ;
 Thy truth beyond the clouds extends.

4 Be thou, O God, exalted high ;
 And as thy glory fills the sky,
 So let it be on earth displayed,
 Till thou art here, as there, obeyed.

57. L. M.

- 1 BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations bow with sacred joy;
Know that the Lord is God alone,
He can create and he destroy.
- 2 His sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay and formed us men;
And when like wandering sheep we strayed,
He brought us to his fold again.
- 3 We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs;
High as the heavens our voices raise;
And earth with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.
- 4 Wide as the world is thy command,
Vast as eternity thy love;
Firm as a rock thy truth shall stand,
When rolling years have ceased to move.

58. L. M.

- 1 SWEET is the day of sacred rest,
No mortal care shall seize our breast;
Oh may our hearts in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound.
- 2 Our souls shall triumph in the Lord,
And bless his works — and praise his word;
His works of grace — how bright they shine!
How deep his counsels, — how divine!
- 3 Sure we shall share a glorious part,
When grace has well refined the heart;
When fresh supplies of joy he sheds,
Like holy oil upon our heads.
- 4 Then shall we see, and hear, and know,
All we desired, or wished below;
And every power find sweet employ,
In that eternal world of joy.

59. L. M.

- 1 WITH Israel's God who can compare?
Or who, like Israel, happy are?
Oh, people saved by the Lord,
He is our shield and great reward.
- 2 Upheld by everlasting arms,
We are secure from foes and harms!
In vain their plots and false their boasts —
Our refuge is the Lord of hosts

60, 61. OLIVET. 6s, 4s.

5g

A .1 3 5 | 5- 4 .3 || 2 4 | 4- 3 .2 || .3 2 6 | :5 || .5 3 4 |

4c My faith looks up to thee, Thou Lamb of Calvary, Saviour divine!

Now hear me

5g

C | | 2 | 2- 1 | | .1 1 | | .3 1 2 |

4c .5 5 5 | 5- 5 .5 .5 7 | .7 7 | :7

May thy rich grace impart Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire ; As thou hast

5g

D .3 1 3 | 3- 2 .1 || .5 5 5 | 5- 5 .5 || .5 5 4 | :5 || :R |

4c While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs around me spread,
Be thou my guide : Bid darkness

5g

B .1 1 1 | .1 || | | .1 2 | | :R |

4c 5- 5 | .5 5 5 | 5- 5 .5 | 2 | :5

5g

A 5- 6 .5 || .5 3 4 | 5- 6 .5 || .1 7 6 | 5- 4 3 1 | .2 .5 | :1 ||

4c when I pray, Take all my guilt away, O let me from this day be wholly thine.

5g

C 3- 4 .3 || .3 1 2 | 3- 4 .3 || .1 1 1 | 1- 1 1 | | :1 ||

4c died for me, Oh ! may my love to thee, Pure, warm, and changeless, be
A burning fire.

5g

D :R || :R | :R || .6 5 4 | 3- 2 1 5 | .4 .2 | :3 ||

4c turn to-day, Wipe sorrow's tears away, Nor ever let me stray From thee aside.

5g

B :R || :R | :R || .1 1 1 | 1- 1 1 | | :1 ||

4c 3 .4 .5

4 When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll.
Blest Saviour then in love
Fear and distress remove ;
Oh ! bear me safe above,
A ransomed soul.

1 SOUND, sound the news abroad,
Bear you the word of God
Through the wide world :
Tell what the Lord has done,
Tell how the day is won,
Tell from his lofty throne
Satan is hurled.

Far over sea and land,
Tis Jesus' own command,
Bear you his name;
Bear it to every shore —
Regions unknown explore;
Enter at every door —
Silence is shame.

3 Speed on the wings of love,
Jesus who reigns above,
Bids us to fly:
They who his message bear,
Should neither doubt nor fear;
He will their friend appear,
He will be nigh.

4 When on the mighty deep
He held their spirits keep,
Stayed on his word;
When in a foreign land,
No other friend at hand,
Jesus will by them stand —
Jesus their Lord.

5 You who forsaking all
At your loved Master's call
Comforts resign;
Soon will your work be done,
Soon will the prize be won;
Brighter than yonder sun,
Then shall you shine.

62. 6s, 4s.

1 GLORY to God on high!
Let earth and sky reply,
Praise ye his name;
His love and grace adore,
Who all our sorrows bore;
Sing loud for evermore.
Worthy the Lamb.

2 Jesus our Lord and God
Bore sin's tremendous load,
Praise ye his name;
Tell what his arm hath done,
What spoils from death he won;
Sing his great name alone,
Worthy the Lamb.

3 While they around the throne
Cheerfully join in one,
Praising his name;
Those who have felt his blood
Sealing their peace with God;
Sound his dear fame abroad,
Worthy the Lamb.

4 Join all ye ransomed race,
Our holy Lord to bless;
Praise ye his name;

In him we will rejoice,
And make a joyful noise,
Shouting with heart and voice
Worthy the Lamb.

5 What though we change our place,
Yet we shall never cease
Praising his name;
To him our songs we bring,
Hail him our gracious King,
And without ceasing sing,
Worthy the Lamb.

6 Then let the hosts above,
In realms of endless love,
Praise his dear name:
To him ascribed be
Honor and majesty,
Through all eternity;
Worthy the Lamb.

63. 6s, 4s.

1 COME, all you saints of God;
Wide through the earth abroad
Spread Jesus' fame;
Tell what his love has done;
Trust in his name alone;
Shout to his lofty throne.

"Worthy the Lamb."
2 Hence, gloomy doubts and fears!
Dry up your mournful tears;
Swell the glad theme:

Praise you our gracious King;
Strike each melodious string;
Join heart and voice to sing,
"Worthy the Lamb."

3 Hark! how the choirs above,
Filled with the Saviour's love,
Dwell on his name!
There, too, may we be found,
With light and glory crowned,
While all the heavens resound,
"Worthy the Lamb."

64. 6s, 4s.

1 LET us awake our joys;
Strike up with cheerful voice;
Each creature sing;
Angels, begin the song;
Mortals the strain prolong,
In accents sweet and strong,
"Jesus is King."

2 Proclaim abroad his name;
Tell of his matchless fame;
What wonders done;
Above, beneath, around,
Let all the earth resound,
"Till heaven's high arch rebound,
"Victory is won."

65, WILMOT. 7s.

MASON.

[illegible]

1c	4	1	2	1	1	1	3	2	.1
A	6	5			7	R	6	5	7
4s									
Lord, thy mercies nev - er fail, Hail, celestial goodness, hail!									
1c									
C	6	4	3	3	5	4	3	2	3 R
4s									
Purer rose we hope to bring, When around thy throne we sing.									
1c	1	1	1	1			1	1	1
D					5	5	5	R	
4s									
There in joyful songs of praise, Our triumphant voices raise.									
1c									
B	1	1	1	1		1	R	4	4
4s									
5 5 5									

66. 7s.

1 SONGS of praise awoke the morn,
When the Prince of Peace was born ;
Songs of praise arose, when he
Captive led captivity.

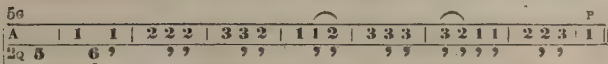
2 Heaven and earth must pass away,
Songs of praise shall crown that day ;
God will make new heavens and earth,
Songs of praise shall hail their birth.

3 And will man alone be dumb,
Till that glorious kingdom come?
No; the church delights to raise
Psalms, and hymns, and songs of praise

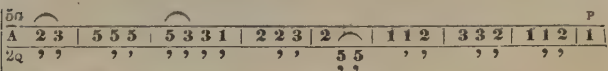
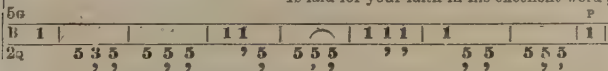
4 Saints below, with heart and voice,
Still in songs of praise rejoice ;
Learning here, by faith and love,
Songs of praise to sing above.

5 Borne upon the latest breath,
Songs of praise shall conquer death ;
Then amidst eternal joy,
Songs of praise their powers ev' ploy.

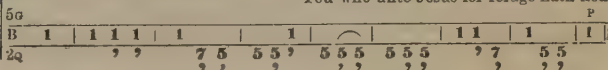
72. FIDELITY. 11s. BY R. H. P.



How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,
Is laid for your faith in his excellent word;



What more can he say than to you he hath said,
You who unto Jesus for refuge hath fled.



- 2 In every condition, in sickness, in health,
In poverty's vale, or abounding in wealth,
At home, or abroad, on the land, on the sea,
As your days may demand, so your succor shall be.
- 3 "Fear not, I am with you: O be not dismayed!
I, I am your God, and will still give you aid;
I'll strengthen you, help you, and cause you to stand,
Upheld by my righteous, omnipotent hand.
- 4 "When through the deep waters I cause you to go,
The rivers of sorrow shall not you o'erflow:
For I will be with you, your troubles to bless,
And sanctify to you your deepest distress.
- 5 "When through fiery trials your pathway shall lie,
My grace all-sufficient shall be your supply:
The flames shall not hurt you; I only design
Your dross to consume and your gold to refine.
- 3 "E'en down to old age all my people shall prove,
My sov'reign, eternal, unchangeable love.
And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn,
Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be borne.
- 7 "The soul that on Jesus has leaned for repose,
I will not, I cannot desert to his foes:
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,
I'll never — no, never — no, never forsake."

73. PILESGROVE.* L. M. N. MITCHELL.

5G
A 1 | .3 5 | .5 3 2 | .1 | .1 || 3 | .5 4 3 | .2 1 | .5 8 4 | .5 ||
3C
O render thanks to God above. The fountain of e - ternal love,
5G
C | | .1 | | | || | 1 | | --- 1 | ||
3C 5 | .7 7 | 5 6 | .5 5 | .5 5 | .5 | .7 6 | 5-6 7 | .7 ||
5G
D 3 | .1 2 | .3 5 4 | .3 2 4 | .3 || 5 | .3 6 5 | 5-4 3 | 2-3 2 6 | .5 ||
3C
Who can his mighty deeds express, Not only vast but number - less ?
5G
B 1 | .1 | .1 1 | | | || 1 | .1 1 | | 1 2 | | ||
3C 5 | | ' 4 | .5 5 | .1 | | .5 6 | 7-'' | 2 | .5 ||
5G
A 5 | .5 3-2 | .1 | .1 3 | .2 || 1 | .1 3 | 5-6 5 4 | .3 2 | .1 ||
3C
Whose mercy firm, through ages past, Has stood, and shall for ever last.
5G
C 2 | .1 | | 1 | | || | 1 | 3-4 3 2 | .1 | .1 ||
3C 5 | .5 5 | .5 | .7 5 | 5-6 5 | ' '' | 7 ||
5G
D 2 | .3 3-4 | .5 4 | .3 5 | .5 || 3 | 3-4 3 5 | 6 | .5 4 | .3 ||
3C
What mortal eloquence can raise His tri - bute of immortal praise.
5G
B | .1 1-2 | .3 3-2 | .1 | | || 1 | .1 1 | .1 | | | ||
3C 7 | ' '' | '' | 1 | .5 | | 4 | .5 5 | .1 ||

74. L. M.

- 1 HAPPY the church, the sacred place,
The seat of thy Creator's grace;
Thine holy courts are his abode,
The earthly palace of our God.
- 2 Thy foes in vain designs engage,
Against thy throne in vain they rage;
Like rising waves with angry roar,
That break and die upon the shore.
- 3 God is our shield — and God our Sun;
Swift as the fleeting moments run,
On us he sheds new beams of grace,
And we reflect his brightest praise.

* By permission.

75. L. M.

- 1 HAIL, God our Father, glorious King !
Hail, Jesus, Lord, of thee we sing :
Thy death, thy life, thy love shall be
Our anthem through eternity.
- 2 Ye glittering orbs around the skies,
That speak his glories in disguise,
Your silent circlings ne'er can tell
The wisdom of Immanuel.
- 3 Tall mountains that beset the sky,
With all the hills that round you lie,
While time endures, you ne'er can tell
The grandeur of Immanuel.
- 4 Ye seas, tumultuous as you roar,
Whose billows bound from shore to shore,
Your thundering voices ne'er can tell
The power of our Immanuel.
- 5 Ye worlds on worlds, with all your throng,
Through every clime extend your song :
Your thousand tongues would fail to tell
The love of our Immanuel.
- 6 His fame shall spread from pole to pole,
And glory roll from soul to soul ;
The word of God alone shall tell
The glories of Immanuel.

76. L. M.

- 1 WHILE life prolongs its precious light
Mercy is found — and peace is given ;
But soon — ah, soon ! approaching night
Shall blot out every hope of heaven.
- 2 While God invites — how blest the day,
How sweet the gospel's charming sound !
Come, sinners, haste — oh haste away,
While yet a pardoning God is found.
- 4 Soon, borne on time's most rapid wing,
Shall death command you to the grave ;
Before his bar your spirits bring,
And none be found to hear or save.
- 4 Now God invites — how blest the day !
How sweet the gospel's charming sound !
Come, sinners, haste — oh, haste away,
While yet a pardoning God is found.

78. SWISS. 8s. 7s.

36

A	5-	5	5	5	6	5		5	4	4	•R		4-	3	2	3	4	5		•3	•R	5	
4C		?	?	?	?	?		?	?					?	?	?	?	?					

36

B	4-	3	3	3	4	3		3	2	2	•R		2-	1		1	3			•1	•R	1	
4C		?	?	?	?	?		?	?					?	?	?	?	?					

3g 1- P

A	7	6	5	4	3		2	6	.6	R		5-	6	5	5	6	7	
4c	,	,	,	,	,		,	,				,	,	,	,	,		

3g P

B	5-	5	4	3	2	1			4	.4	R		3-	4	3	3	3	4	
4c	,	,	,	,	,			,					,	,	,	,	,		

3a	1-	1	2	1																
A	'	7	"	'	'	7	6	R		5-	6	5	5	4				.1	R	
4c		"				'	'				'	'	'	'	7					
3a																				
B								R		3-	4	3	3	2	4			.3	R	
4c											'	'	'	'	'					

- 1 WEARY pilgrim, why thy sadness ?
Why 'mid sorrow's scenes decline ?
The "trial strange" brings joy and gladness,
For all things shall yet be thine !
Yes, all things shall yet be thine !
- 2 Earth anew, with robe of glory,
Shall rejoice in hill and vale ;
And sweetest harpings tell the story
Of the love that could not fail !
Yes, the love that could not fail !
- 3 Thou shalt range the fields of pleasure,
Where joy's gushing songs arise ;
And have all thy well-stored treasure
In the new earth, paradise !
In the new earth, paradise !
- 4 Weary pilgrim, leave thy sadness,
To Mount Zion thou art come !
Now swell thy songs of joy and gladness,
And rejoice in thy blest home !
Thine and Jesus' heav'nly home !

79. KEDRON'S GLOOMY VALE. T. J. EDMONDSON.

T^G

A 1 | 3 3 3 2 | 1- 1 1 | 2 2 2 1 | 6- 6 | 1 | 3 3 3 2 1 |
 23c ' , , , , , , 6- 6 , , , ,

Among the mountain trees The winds were whispering low,
 And night's ten thousand

T^G

E 1 | 1 1 1 | 5- 5 5 | 6 6 6 5 | 3- 3 5 | 1 1 1 1 |
 23c 1 , , 6 5- 5 5 6 6 6 5 3- 3 5 , , ,

It was the Saviour's prayer That on the silence broke,
 Imploring strength from

T^G

A 3 2 3 s 4 | 5- 6- | 3 3 5 5 | 1- 1 R || 4- 4 4 | 1- 1 R | 6- 5 5 | 3- 3 R ||
 23c , , , , , , , , , , , , , , , ,

harmonies, Were harmonies of woe; A voice of grief was on the gale,

T^G

B 1- 1 2 | 5 5 5 5 | 1- 1' | 6- 6 6 | 5 5' | 4- 3 2 | 1- 1' |
 23c , 5- 4- 5 5 5 5 1- 1' 6- 6 6 5 5' 4- 3 2 1- 1'

heaven to bear The sin avenging stroke: As in Gethse - mane he knelt,

T^G

A 1 1 | 1 1 2 2 | 3- 3 R || 5- 5 5 | 5 4 3 1 | 3- 2- | 1- 1 R ||
 23c 5- , , , , , , , , , , , , , , , ,

It came from Kedron's gloomy vale — It came from Kedron's gloomy vale.

T^G

B .R- | .R- | .R || 1- | 5 3 | 3- 3 1 | 5- 5- | 1- 1' |
 23c , , , , , , , , , , , , , , , ,

And pangs unknown his bosom felt — And pangs unknown his bosom felt.

3 The fitful starlight shone
 In dim and misty gleams;
 Deep was his agonizing groan,
 And large the vital streams
 That trickled to the dewy sod,
 While Jesus raised his voice to God.

4 The chosen three that staid,
 Their nightly watch to keep,
 Left him through sorrows deep to wade,
 And gave themselves to sleep:
 Meekly and sad he prayed alone,
 Strangely forgotten by his own.

5 Along the streamlet's banks
 The reckless traitor came,
 And heavy on his bosom sank
 The load of guilt and shame:
 Yet unto them that waited nigh
 He gave the Lamb of God to die.

6 Among the mountain trees
 The winds were whispering low,
 And night's ten thousand harmonies
 Were harmonies of woe:
 For cruel voices filled the gale
 That came from Kedron's gloomy vale.

80. CLARK. S. M. L.

2g .1 1 .1
A 5 | .5 3 | .5 7 | || 6 | .5 3 | .2 ||

3c
Let party names no more The Christian world o'erspread,

2g
B 1 | .3 1 | .3 5 | .1 || 5 | .5 2 | .3 1 | ||
3c .7

2g .1 2 .1
A 5 | .5 3 | .5 6 7 | || 6 | .5 1 | .3 2 | .1 ||

3c
Gen - tile and Jew, and bond and free, Are one in Christ our head.

2g
B 1 | .3 1 | .3 4 2 | .5 5 | .1 || 4 | .3 1 | .5 | .1 ||
3c 5

- 2 Among the saints on earth,
Let fervent love be found ;
Heirs of the same inheritance,
With equal blessings crowned.
- 3 Thus will the church below
Resemble that above,
Where streams of pleasure ever flow,
And every heart is love.

81. S. M.

- 1 JESUS invites his saints,
To meet around his board :
Here pardoned sinners sit and hold
Communion with their Lord.

- 2 For food, he gives his flesh ;
And bids us drink his blood :
Amazing favor — matchless grace —
Of our descending Lord !

- 3 Let all our powers be joined,
His glorious name to raise :
Let joy and love fill every mind
And every voice be praise.

82. S. M.

- 1 NOT all the blood of beasts
On Jewish altars slain,
Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away its stain.

- 2 But Christ the heavenly Lamb,
Takes all our sins away :
A sacrifice of nobler name,
And richer blood than they.
- 3 Believing, we rejoice,
To see the curse remove,
We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
And sing his dying love.
- 4 Hosannas to our King,
In loftiest strains prolong :
Our ravished hearts shall ever sing
In an immortal song.

83. S. M.

- 1 SERENE I laid me down,
Beneath his guardian care ;
I slept — and I awoke, and found
My kind Preserver near.
- 2 Thus does thine arm support,
This weak, defenceless frame ;
But whence these favors, Lord, to me
All worthless as I am ?
- 3 O, how shall I repay
The bounties of my God ?
This feeble spirit pants beneath
The pleasing, painful load.
- 4 My life I would anew
Devote, O Lord, to thee ;
And in thy service I would spend
A long eternity.

84. MAGNETIC TELEGRAPH. S. W. L.

3g	1-										1-											
A	1	2	3	4	5	7	6	5-6	5	5	3-	1	2	3	4	5	7	6	5	1	3	2
2q	5	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	5	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,

Along the smooth and slender wires, The sleepless heralds run,
Fast as the clear and living rays, Go streaming from the

3g																						
B	1	2	3	4	5	4	3	2	1	1	1-1	1	1	2	3	2	1	1				
2q	5	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	5-5	5	5	,	7	,	,	,	,	5	5	5	5

3g	1										1- VERY SLOW.										
A	1-5	7	7	6	6	3	5	4	5-	5	3-	1	2	3	4	5	7	6	5-1	3-2	1-
2q	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	5	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,

sun ; No peals or flashes heard or seen, Their wondrous flight betray,
And yet their words are plainly felt, In cities far away.

3g																			VERY SLOW.									
B	1-1	5	5	4	4	3	2	1	1	1	1-	1	2	3	4	5	4	3	2	1	1-							
2q	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	5	5	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	5-5	5-5	,							

2 No summer's heat nor winter's cold,
Can check their rapid course,
They meet, unmoved, the fierce wind's
rage.

The rough wave's sweeping force ;
In the long night of rain and wrath,
As in the blaze of day,
They rush with news of weal or woe,
To thousands far away.

3 But faster still than tidings borne
On that electric cord,
Rise the pure thoughts of him who loves
The Christian's life and Lord ;
Of him who taught in smiles and tears,
With fervent lips to pray,
Maintains high converse here on earth,
With bright worlds far away.

4 Ah, though no outward wish is
breathed,
Nor outward answer given,
The sighing of that humble heart
Is known and felt in heaven ;
Those long, frail wires, may bend or
break,
Those viewless heralds stray,
But faith's least word shall reach the
throne
Of God, though far away.

85. C. M.

1 BLESSED be the wisdom and the power,
The justice and the grace,
That joined in council to restore
And save our ruined race.

2 Our father ate forbidden fruit,
And from his glory fell ;
And we, his children, thus were brought
To death, and near to hell.

3 Christ honored all his Father's laws,
Which we have disobeyed ;
He bore our sins upon the cross,
And our full ransom paid.

86. C. M.

1 COME, let us join, with sweet accord,
In hymns around the throne :
This is the day our rising Lord
Hath blessed and called his own.

2 This is the day that God hath blest—
The sweetest of the seven ;
Oh may we reach the heavenly rest,
And see his face in heaven.

87. HOSANNA. L. M. 6s.

6c\$ REP. REP. 2s\$
 A 1 21 111 2 .21 12 321 1R .111R
 4c 34 555 7 666 77 56 75 7 7 7 7P 7

Thy worthiness is all our song, O Lamb of God! for thou wast slain;
 And by thy blood broughtest us to God, Out of each nation, tribe, and tongue;
 To our God mad'st us kings and priests,
 And we shall reign upon the earth. Hosanna

6c\$ REP. REP. 2s\$
 C 1 1 1 1 2 2 2 1 5 5 3 4 5 3 3 2 1 7 .7 7 5 7 1 1 1 R .666
 4c 32 1111 2221 5534 53 321 7 .7 7 5 7 P .666

6c\$ REP. REP. 2s. \$
 D 54 3333 4444 3 22 121 333 4 .4 3 2 3 1 5 5 5 R .333R
 4c 77 777 777 P 77

6c\$ REP. REP. 2s. \$
 B 1 1 1 1 2 2 2 1 5 5 3 4 5 3 3 2 1 7 .4 5 2 5 .5 5 1 .133
 4c 54 3135 4644 5253 351 5 .4 5 2 5 .5 5 1 .133

6c REP. 3s.
 A .3 1 R .4 3 3 3 3 2 2 .1 35 35 65 4 3 .4 4 2 1 2 5 4 3 2 .3
 4c 66 777 777 777

Hosanna! Hosanna to the Lamb of God! Glory, glory, let us sing,
 Grateful honors to our King.

6c REP. 3s:
 C R .1 1213 4321 .2 2 2 321 .1
 4c .4 2 2 .2 1 1 1 1 4 5 7 7 7 7 7

6c REP. 3s.
 D 1 1 21 1
 .6 4 4 R .4 5 5 5 5 6 5 .5 5 7 6 .6 6 4 6 4 7 6 5 .5
 4c 77 777 777 777

6c REP. 3s.
 B R 1 1 2 2 2 2 2 3 .1
 4c .5 4 4 .6 5 5 5 5 4 2 .1 1111 1 1 .2 2 2 2 2 2 3 .1

2 Salvation to our God, who deigns
 To look upon us from his throne;
 All honor to the Son who reigns,
 The just, the true, the mighty one.
 On earth, his saints their voices raise,
 And angels chant his solemn praise.

Hosanna, &c.

3 To him who loved us and has died
 Our souls to cleanse, by his own blood;
 And who has made us kings and priests,
 To his own Father, and our God.
 All glory and dominion be
 To him eternally. Amen.

Hosanna, &c.

90. C. M.

1 OUR souls are in our Saviour's hand,
And he will keep them still,
And you and I shall surely stand
With him on Zion's hill.

2 Him eye to eye there we shall see,
Our face like his shall shine;
O! what a glorious company
When saints and angels join!

3 O! what a joyful meeting there!
In robes of white array:
Palms in our hands we all shall bear,
And crowns that ne'er decay.

4 When we've been there ten thousand
years,
Bright shining as the sun,
We've no less days to sing God's praise
Than when we first begun.

5 Then let us hasten to the day
When all shall be brought home.
Come, O Redeemer! come away!
O Jesus! quickly come!

91. C. M.

1 COME let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne;
Ten thousand thousand are their
tongues,
But all their joys are one.

2 Worthy the Lamb that died, they cry,
To be exalted thus!
Worthy the Lamb, our lips reply,
For he was slain for us!

3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honor and power divine;
And blessings more than we can give
Be, Lord, forever thine.

4 Let all who dwell above the sky,
On earth, in air, and seas,
Conspire to lift thy glories high,
And speak thy endless praise.

5 The whole creation join in one
To bless the sacred name
Of him that sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

92. C. M.

1 IN all my Lord's appointed ways,
My journey I'll pursue;
Hinder me not, ye much-lov'd saints,
For I must go with you.

2 Through floods and flames, if Jesus
lead,
I'll follow where he goes;
I will arise and be baptized,
Though earth and hell oppose.

3 Through duty and through trials too,
I'll go at his command;
Hinder me not, for I am bound
To my Immanuel's land.

4 And when my Saviour calls me home,
Still this my cry shall be,
Hinder me not, come, welcome death,
I'll gladly go with thee.

93. C. M.

1 DO not I love thee, O my Lord?
Behold my heart, and see;
And turn each cursed idol out,
That dares to rival thee.

2 Is not thy name melodious still,
To mine attentive ear?
Doth not each pulse with pleasure bound,
My Saviour's voice to hear?

3 Would not my ardent spirit vie
With angels round the throne,
To execute thy sacred will,
And make thy glory known?

4 Thou know'st I love thee, dearest Lord,
But O, I long to soar
Far from the sphere of mortal joys,
And learn to love thee more.

94. C. M.

1 NOW to the Lamb that once was slain,
Be endless blessings paid;
Salvation, glory, joy, remain
For ever on thy head.

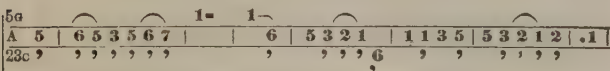
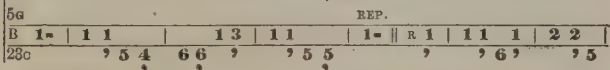
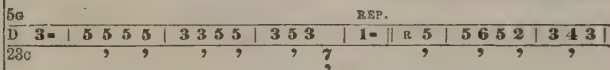
2 Thou hast redeemed us by thy blood,
And set the prisoners free;
Hast made us kings and priests to God,
And we shall reign with thee.

95. THE TRUMPETER. C. M.



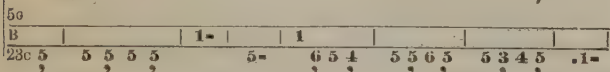
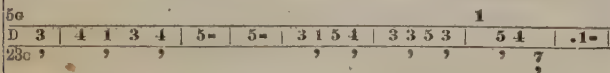
I'm not ashamed to own my Lord, Nor to defend his cause ;
Maintain the honor of his word, the glory of his cross.

Jesus, my Lord, I know his name,



His name is all my trust, Nor will he put my soul to shame,

Nor let my hope be lost.



3 Firm as his throne his promise stands,
And he can well secure
What I've committed to his hands
Till the decisive hour.

4 Then will he own my worthless name
Before his Father's face,
And in the new Jerusalem
Appoint for me a place.

2 I'll read the hist'ries of thy love,
And keep thy laws in sight,
While through the promises I rove,
With ever fresh delight.

3 'Tis a broad land of wealth unknown,
Where springs of life arise ;
Seeds of immortal bliss are sown,
And hidden glory lies —

96. C. M.

1 LORD, I have made thy word my
choice,
My lasting heritage ;
This shall my noblest powers rejoice,
My warmest thoughts engage.

4 The best relief that mourners have,
It makes our sorrows blest ;
Our fairest hope beyond the grave,
And our eternal rest.

97. C. M.

- 1 TO him that loved the sons of men,
And washed us in his blood,
To royal honors raised our heads,
And made us priests to God :
- 2 To him let every tongue be praise,
And every heart be love ;
All grateful honors paid on earth,
And nobler songs above.
- 3 Behold, on flying clouds he comes,
His saints shall bless the day ;
While they that pierced him sadly mourn
In anguish and dismay.
- 4 Thou art the First, and thou the Last ;
Time centers all in thee ;
Almighty Lord, who wast and art,
And evermore shalt be.

98. C. M.

- 1 AS on the cross the Saviour hung,
And groaned, and bled, and died,
He looked with pity on a wretch
That languished by his side.

- 2 The dying thief in Jesus saw
A majesty divine ;
While scoffing Jews around him stood,
And asked him for a sign !
- 3 The kingdom Lord, is thine, he said,
'Tis thine o'er men to reign ;
Thy wondrous works thy Lordship
prove,
These pains thy love proclaim :
- 4 Honors divine await thee soon,
A scepter and a crown ;
With shame thy foes shall yet behold
Thee seated on a throne.
- 5 Then, gracious Lord, remember me !
Is not forgiveness thine ?
My crimes have brought me to thy side,
Thy love brought thee to mine !
- 6 His prayer the dying Jesus hears,
And instantly replies,
To-day your parting soul shall be
With me in Paradise.

DYING BACKSLIDER. C. M.

6P ♪ REP.

A	.3	1 2 3 3	1	6	6	7	1 1		.2	3 s 5 6 6	5 4 3
4s			7 6 s 5 6 7				6 s 5 .6				
			,,				,,				
6P ♪											
B		1 1	1						1 1 1 1		
4s	.6	6 5	6 3 4 5 ' 7		6 6 2 3	.6	.5			5 6 3	
			,,								
6P											
A	1	2 2 5 4	.3 .3	6 6 5 3	1	6	7		1 1		
4s						7 6 s 5 6 7			6 s 5 .6		
						,,			,,		
6P											
B	1		.1	1							
4s		5 5 3 6	.6	6 3 4 5 ' 7		6 6 3 3	5 3 2 3		.6		
				,,							

99. C. M.

- 1 LIFE is a span — a fleeting hour :
How soon the vapor flies !
Man is a tender, transient flower,
That e'en in blooming dies.
- 2 The once lov'd form, now cold and
dead,
Each mournful thought employs ;

- And Nature weeps her comforts fled,
And withered all her joys.
- 3 Hope looks beyond the bounds of time,
When what we now deplore
Shall rise in full, immortal prime,
And bloom to fade no more.
- 4 Cease, then, fond Nature, cease thy
tears ;
Thy Saviour dwells on high.
There everlasting spring appears ;
There joys shall never die.

100. HALLOWED BE THY NAME.

G. W. B.

4P 1 1 1— 3 3 3 s5 6 s5 6 3 1 1—REP. 1 1 3 3 3
 A 6 7 | ' ' 7 6 | ' ' | ' ' | ' ' 7 6 || 6 | ' 6 6 | ' |
 23s " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " "

List to the dreamy tone that dwells In rippling wave or sighing tree;
 Go, hearken to the old church bells, The whistling bird, the whizzing bee.
 Interpret right, and you will find,

4P REP. 1 1 1
 D 1 2 | 3 3 3 4 2 | 1 1 1 3 | 4 3 4 5 | 3 3 3 || 3 | 5 5 3 3 | ' |
 23s " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " "

4P 1 1 REP.
 B 6 s5 | 6 6 6 5 3 | 6 6 6 7 | 7 6 | 3 s5 6 || 6 | 3 3 1 1 | 5 5 5 |
 23s "P" " " " " " " " " " " " " " " "

4P 3 3 3 3 3 4 2 3 3 5 5 3 3 6 3 3 2 1 1
 A ' | ' | ' P || ' | 6 6 ' | ' ' | ' ' ' 7 ' 7 | 6 s5 6 |
 23s " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " "

'Tis power and glory they proclaim; The chimes, the creatures,
 waters, wind, All echo, Hallowed be thy name.

4P 1 1 1 1 2 1 1 1
 D ' | ' ' | 7 || ' | 4 4 5 3 | 6 6 4 ' | 7 6 5 4 2 4 | 3 s2 3 |
 23s " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " "
 4P P H 1—
 B 5 | 5 5 5 5 | 6 s4 5 || 5 | 1 1 3 3 | 6 7 7 | ' 7 6 4 3 2 | 3 3 6 |
 23s " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " "

2 The pilgrim journeys till he bleeds,
 To gain the altar of his sires:
 The hermit pores above his beads
 With zeal that never wanes or tires:
 But holiest rite or longest prayer
 That art can yield or wisdom frame,
 What better import can it bear
 Than, "Father, hallowed be thy name."

3 Or nature, or the Bible, read,
 Those precious words you'll find there still:
 We trace them in the flowering mead,
 We hear them in the flowing rill.
 One chorus hails the great Supreme,
 Each varied breathing tells the same;
 The strains may differ, but the theme
 Is, "Father, hallowed be thy name."

101. DUNLAP'S CREEK. C. M.

5g 1

A .1 | 3 5 .3 | 2- 1 1 | :1 | .5 7 | .6 5 3 | :5 | .5 .5 |

4q 6

How peaceful is the closing scene, When virtue yields its breath; How

5g 1 -1 .2 .3 .2 .2

C .5 | 5 .6 | 7- 6 5 | :5 | .5 5 6 7 | | | .5 |

4q , ,

The Christian's heart no fear can blight, No pain his peace destroy: He

5g 1 .2 .1 :2 .2 .3

D .1 | 1 .3 | .5 3 5 | :5 | .3 5 3 | .2 .1 | :2 | .2 .3 |

4q 6

Oh who can gaze with heedless sight, On scenes so fair as this? Who

5g 1 .1

B .1 | 1 | 1 | | .1 1 3 | .2 .1 | | | .1 |

4q 5 .6 .5 5 :1 :5 .5

5g 1 .1 .3 .2 :1

A 7 .6 | .5 6 5 3 2 | :1 | .1 3 5 | .3 .2 | :1 |

4q , , , ,

sweetly beams the smile serene, Upon the cheek of death.

5g .1 2 1 2 .1 :1

C 6 7 .6 | | | :5 | .5 6 | | .7 | ||

4q

views, beyond the realms of light A pure and boundless joy.

5g 1 .1 .2 :3

D 1 3 .2 | .3 6 5 | :5 | 3 6 3 2 | .1 .2 | :3 |

4q

but exclaims — "Thus let me die, And be my end like his!"

5g 1 .1 .1 .1 :1

B | .1 | | | :1 | .1 | | .1 | | :1 |

4q 6 5 .6 4 5 6 7 .5 :1

102. C. M.

1 LET others boast of wealth or power,
And glory in their pride;
Thy word, O God, we value more,
Than all the world beside.

2 Here mines of knowledge, love, and
joy,
Are open to our sight;
The purest gold without alloy,
And gems divinely bright.

3 The counsels of redeeming grace
These sacred leaves unfold,
And here the Saviour's lovely face
Our raptur'd eyes behold.

4 Here light descending from above,
Directs our doubtful feet;
Here promises of heavenly love
Our ardent wishes meet.

5 Our numerous griefs are here re-
dress'd,
And all our wants supplied;
Naught we can ask to make us blest
Is in this book denied.

6 For these inestimable gains,
That so enrich the mind,
O may we search with eager pains,
Assured that we shall find.

4 " Oh ! weep not for me, I am anxious to go
 To that haven of rest where tears never flow ;
 I fear not to enter that dark lonely ward ;
 For soon shall I rise from the old church yard :
 Yes, soon shall I join that heavenly band
 Of glorified souls at my Saviour's right hand ;
 Forever to dwell in bright mansions, prepared
 For the saints, who shall rise from the old church yard."

104. NEW ALBANY. 8s,6s, peculiar. S. W. L.

4G														REP.
A	5	5	3	3	6	5	1	1	3	4	3	2	1	5
2C		,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	P

Sing hal - le - lu - jah, praise the Lord ! Sing with a cheerful voice ;
 Ex - alt our God with one ac - cord, And in his name re - joice.

4G													RRP.	
B	1	3	1	1	4	3		1	2	1		1		
2C		,	,	,	,	,	5	5	,	,	,	7	5	P
							,	,				,	,	

4G	1	1	1	2	1	P										P
A	5	,	,	,	,	,	5	5	3	4	3	4	3	6	5	5
2C							,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,

Ne'er cease to sing, you ransomed host, Or in your Saviour cease to boast,

4G	P												P			
B	1	5	5	5	6	5	3	3	1	2	1	2	1	4	3	3
2G		,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,

4G	1 1 1 2 1 P													
A	5	,	,	,	,	,	5	5	6	5	1	3	2	.1
2C	,						,	,	,	,	,	,	,	

Till in the realms of endless light Your praises shall u - nite.

4G													P					
B	1	5	5	5	6	5	3	3	4	3	1	1	.1					
2C	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	7					

2 There we to all eternity
 Shall join the angelic lays,
 And sing in perfect harmony
 To God our Saviour's praise.

He bath redeemed us by his blood,
 And made us kings and priests to God ;
 For us, for us the Lamb was slain,
 Praise ye the Lord ! Amen !

105. THY WILL BE DONE. KINGSLEY.

8g												1													
A		1		5-432		123		R3		4-321		2		R2		3-453		6-7		6		5-342		1	
2c				''''		''''		''''		''''		''''				''''		''''		''''		''''			

How sweet to be allowed to pray To God the holy One,

With filial love and trust to say, O God, thy will be done.

8g	P											
C	1	3-21	123	R1			R	1-231	4-56	4	3-1	1
2c		''''7	''''	''''	6-666	7	7	''''	''''	''''	''''67	

We in these sacred words can find A cure for every ill,

They calm and soothe the troubled mind, And bid all care be still.

8a	P																
B	1	1-11		1	R1	2-342		R	1-111	4-14		1-1	1				
2c		9	999	5	65	9999	9	9999	5	9	5	99999	9	999	9	9999	5

3 O let that will, which gave me breath,
And an immortal soul,
In joy or grief, in life or death,
My every wish control.

4 O could my heart thus ever pray,
Thus imitate thy Son!
Teach me, O God, with truth to say,
"Thy will, not mine, be done."

106. C. M.

1 HOW sweet, how heavenly is the sight
When those who love the Lord,
With one another thus unite,
And so fulfill the word!

2 O may we feel our brother's sigh,
And with him bear a part:
May sorrows flow from eye to eye,
And joy from heart to heart.

3 Free us from envy, scorn, and pride,
Our wishes fix above;
May each his brother's failings hide,
And show a brother's love.

4 Let love in one delightful stream,
Through every bosom flow;
And union sweet, and dear esteem,
In every action glow.

5 Love is the golden chain that binds
The happy world above:
And he's an heir of heaven that finds
His bosom glow with love.

107. C. M.

1 ALL nature feels attractive power,
A strong, embracing force;
The drops that sparkle in the shower,
The planets in their course.

2 Thus in the universe of mind
Is felt the law of love;
The charity, both strong and kind,
For all that live and move.

3 In this fine, sympathetic chain
All creatures bear a part;
Their every pleasure, every pain,
Linked to the feeling heart.

4 More perfect bond, the Christian plan
Attaches soul to soul:
Our neighbor is the suffering man,
Though at the farthest pole.

5 To earth below, from heaven above,
The faith in Christ professed,
More clear reveals that God is love,
And whom he loves is blest.

108. C. M.

- 1 O for a thousand tongues to sing
My great Redeemer's praise!
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of his grace!
- 2 My gracious Master and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,—
To spread through all the earth abroad
The honors of thy Name.
- 3 Jesus! the name that charms our
fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.
- 4 He breaks the power of cancell'd sin,
He sets the pris'ner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean;
His blood avail'd for me.
- 5 He speaks—and, listening to his
voice,
New life the dead receive;
The mournful, broken hearts rejoice;
The humble poor believe.
- 6 Hear him ye deaf; his praise, ye dumb,
Your loosen'd tongues employ;
Ye blind, behold your Saviour come,
And leap, ye lame, for joy.

109. C. M.

- 1 JESUS, in thee our eyes behold
A thousand glories more
Than the rich gems and polished gold
The sons of Aaron wore.
- 2 They first their own burnt offerings
brought,
To purge themselves from sin:
Thy life was pure, without a spot,
And all thy nature clean.
- 3 Fresh blood, as constant as the day,
Was on their altar spilt;
But thy one offering takes away
Forever all our guilt.
- 4 Their priesthood ran through several
hands,
For mortal was their race;
Thy never-changing office stands
Eternal as thy days.

- 5 Once, in the circuit of a year,
With blood, but not his own,
Aaron within the veil appeared
Before the golden throne.
- 6 But Christ, with his own precious
blood,
Ascends above the skies,
And in the presence of our God
Shows his own sacrifice.
- 7 Jesus, the King of glory, reigns
On Zion's holy hill;
Looks like a lamb that had been slain,
And wears his priesthood still.
- 8 He ever lives in heaven to plead
The cause which cost his blood,
And saves unto the utmost, all
Who by him come to God.

110. C. M.

- 1 SWEET is the prayer whose holy
stream
In earnest pleading flows;
Devotion dwells upon the theme
And warm and warmer glows.
- 2 Faith grasps the blessing she desires;
Hope points the upward gaze;
And love, celestial love, inspires
The eloquence of praise.

111. C. M.

- 1 HIS reconciling sacrifice,
Hath answered all demands;
And peace and pardon from the skies,
Come to us by his hands.
- 2 'Tis by thy death we live, O Lord,
'Tis on thy cross we rest;
Forever be thy love adored,
Thy name forever blest.

112. C. M.

- 1 BEHOLD, what pity touched the heart
Of God's beloved Son;
Descending from the heavenly court,
He leaves his Father's throne.
- 2 His living power and dying love
Redeemed unhappy man,
And raised the ruins of our race,
To life and God again.

113. HEAVENLY HOME. 7s.

3P	.3- 4	.2- 3	1-	-1	.2-	.1- 4	.3- 2	1-	REP.
A			7 6		R			6 .7	:6

4C §

Brethren, while we so - journ here, Fight we must, but should not fear;
Foes we have, but we've a friend, One that loves us to the end.

3P						.1- 2	.3		REP.
B	.6- 6	.7- 3	.6	.6	.5- R	.6- 7		.3	:6

4C

3P	.6 .3	.6- 8	7 6 s 5 6	.7-	.6 5 4	.3 .6	.3 5 4	.3 1
A			⌣ ⌣		R		⌣	⌣ R

4C

Forward, then, with courage go, Long we shall not dwell be - low ;

3P						.1		.1-
B	.6 .6	.6- 6	.3 .3	.3- R	.6 .7	.6	.5 .5	R

4C

3P	.2-	.2- 2	3 4	5 3	.6-	.3- 1	.2-	1-
A	7		⌣ ⌣		R		7	6 .7 :6

4C

Soon the joyful time will come, Child, your Father calls, come home.

3P			1 2 3 1					
B	.5- 5	.5- 5	⌣ ⌣	.6- R	.6- 6	.5- 5	.6 .3	:6

4C

2 In the way a thousand snares

Lie, to take us unawares :

Satan, with malicious art,

Watches each unguarded heart ;

But from Satan's malice free

Saints shall soon in glory be ;

Soon the joyful news will come.

" Child, your Father calls, come home "

3 But of all the foes we meet

None so oft mislead our feet,

None betray us into sin

Like the foes that dwell within :

Yet let nothing spoil your peace,

Christ shall also conquer these ;

Then the joyful news will come,

" Child, your Father calls, come home "

114. 7s.

1 FATHER of eternal grace,

Glorify thyself in me,

Meekly beaming in my face,

May the world thine image see.

2 Happy only in thy love,

Poor, unfriended, or unknown,

Fix my thoughts on things above,

Stay my heart on thee alone.

3 Humble, holy, all resign'd,

To thy will — thy will be done ;

Give me, Lord, the perfect mind

Of thy well-beloved Son.

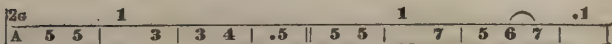
4 Counting gain and glory loss,

May I tread the path he trod,

Die with Jesus on the cross,

Rise with him to thee, my God

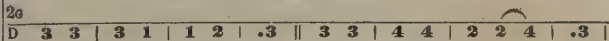
115. CELEBRATION. 7s. T. HARRISON.



2q §

REP.

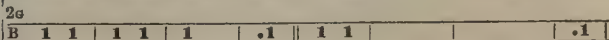
Swell the anthem, raise the song, Praises to our God be - long:



2q §

REP.

Saints and angels join to sing Praises to the heavenly King.



2q

7

5

5

5

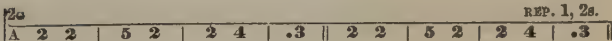
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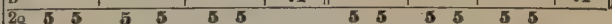
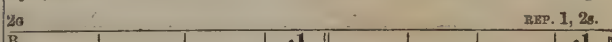
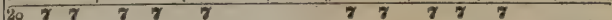
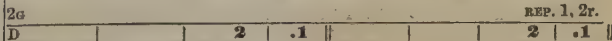
Guarded by his watchful eye, We still stand se - cure - ly high



REP. 1, 2s.



Blessings from his liberal hand, Flow around this happy land.



2 Here, beneath bright freedom's ray,
We enjoy a glorious sway —
Never feel oppression's rod —
Always have the smile of God.
Hark! the voice of nature sings
Praises to the King of kings:
Let us join the choral song,
And the grateful notes prolong.

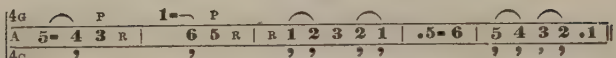
2 Shout, ye little flock, and blest,
You near Jesus' throne shall rest;
There your seats are now prepared,
There your kingdom and reward.
Fear not, brethren, joyful stand
On the borders of our land
Jesus Christ, our Father's Son,
Bids you undismayed go on.

116. 7s.

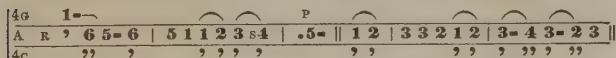
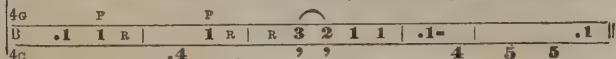
1 CHILDREN of the heav'nly King
As ye journey sweetly sing;
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in his works and ways.
We are traveling home to God,
In the way the fathers trod;
They are happy now and we
Soon their happiness shall see.

3 O, ye banished seed, be glad!
Christ our Advocate is made;
Us to save, our flesh assumes,
Brother to our souls becomes.
Lord! obediently we'll go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Only thou our leader be,
And we still will follow thee!

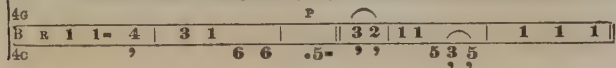
117. PILGRIM'S FAREWELL.



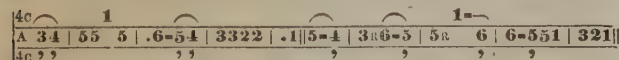
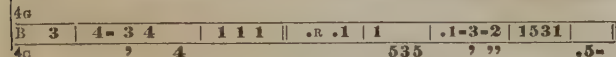
Farewell! Farewell! Farewell, dear friends, I must be gone,



I have no home or stay with you; I'll take my staff and travel on

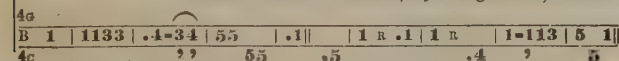


Till I a better world do view, I'll march to Canaan's land,
 I'll land on Canaan's shore,



Where pleasures never end, Where troubles come no more.

Farewell! Farewell! Farewell, my loving friends, Farewell.



2 Farewell, my friends, time rolls along,

Nor waits for mortals' care or bliss;

1 leave you here, and travel on,

Till I arrive where Jesus is.

I'll march, &c.

3 Farewell, old soldiers of the cross,

You've struggled long and hard for heaven;

You've counted all things here but dross,

Fight on, the crown will soon be given.

I'll march, &c.

Fight on, &c.

ASCENSION. L. M.

3P §

A	2	2	2	3	4	3	1	1	2	3	6	6	3	2	1	2	1	REP.
23s	6	,	,	,	,	,	6	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	7	6

3P §

B						1		1	1	2	2	1						REP.
23s	6		6	6	6	6		6	,	,	,	7	6		5	5	6	

3P §

A	3	3	s	5	6	6	3	2	3	5	s	5	6	6	3	2	1	2	1	1	2	3	6	6	3	2	1	2	1	REP. 2s.
23s	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	6	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	7	6	

3P §

B	1	1	2	3	3	1	1	2	2	3	3	1						1	2	3	5	3								REP. 2s.
23s	,	,	,	5	,	,	,	,	7	6	6	6	5	5	6	6	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	6			

118. L. M.

- 1 HE dies, the friend of sinners dies!
 Lo ! Salem's daughters weep around ;
 A solemn darkness veils the skies,
 A sudden trembling shakes the ground.
- 2 Here's love and grief beyond degree,
 The Lord of glory dies for men !
 But, lo ! what sudden joys we see !
 Jesus the dead revives again !
- 3 The rising Lord forsakes the tomb !
 (The tomb in vain forbids his rise !)
 Cherubic legions guard him home,
 And shout him welcome to the skies.
- 4 Break off your tears you saints, and tell
 How high our great Deliv'rer reigns ;
 Sing how He spoiled the hosts of hell,
 And led the monster Death in chains !
- 5 Say, live forever, wondrous King !
 Born to redeem, and strong to save !
 Then ask the monster, Where's thy sting ?
 And where's thy victory, boasting grave ?

119. FLORENCE. 8s, 7s, 4s. L.

L.

1ST TIME. 2ND TIME.

REP. 19.

2ND TIME.

1.

1.

46	REP. 1s.		1-		1-						
A	335-3	6553	335-3	43.2	67	1	32.1	3-155	67	1	32.1

Yes, we trust the day is breaking ; Joyful times are near at hand ;
God — the mighty God is speaking, By his word in every land ;
When he chooses, Darkness flies at his command.

1ST TIME.

2ND TIME.

REP. 18.

4G	1-1	11	1-1	21	1					11	1	
D	55	'	6	5	55	'	.7	76-6	55.5	6-7	55-3	55.6

40 2 2 1

1ST TIME.

2ND TIME.

REP. 18.

B	111-1	1111	111-1	1	.1	3-211	1	.1
4c	?	?	65.5	54.5	57	?	55.5	57

4c	'	'	65.5	54-51	57	'	55-5	57
----	---	---	------	-------	----	---	------	----

120. LIFT YOUR HEADS.

	IP	\$	()	1- 2	3 2 1	2- 1		1-	()	()		1	REP.
A	6	6=	7	'		' , ' "	7		7	6 s5	6 7		7 .6
C	,	"			()	()			, , , ,				

40 ' 99

Lift your heads, ye friends of Je - sus, Partners in his patience here;
Christ, to all be - lievers precious, Lord of lords will soon appear.

1P \$ REP.

B	6	6	5	6	6	3	3	1	1	2	3	3
40	6							6	7	7		.6

40 6 ' 6- 7 ' 7 ' ' .6

P				1 1	2 2 3 6	1-				1
A	3 3	4 5	8 5	6 6 7				7 6	5 6 7	7.6
G	'	'		'		P		'	'	'

4C ' ' ' ' P ' ' ' ' ' '

Mark the tokens, Mark the tokens, Mark the tokens

Of his heavenly kingdom near.

1P 11 P

B 3 3 8 4 5 8 5 | 6 6 7 | 7 7 6 6 || 1 1 2 | 3 3 ||

4C 2 2 2 2 6- 7 7 7 7 .6

[illegible]

2 Hear all nature's groans proclaiming
Nature's swift approaching doom ;
War, and pestilence, and famine,
Signify the wrath to come ;
Cleaves the centre,
Nations rush into the tomb.

3 Close behind the tribulation
Of the last tremendous days,
See the flaming revelation !
See the universal blaze !
Earth and heaven
Melt before the Judge's gaze.

4 Sun and moon are both confounded,
Darkened into endless night,
When with angel-hosts surrounded,
In his Father's glory bright,
Beams the Saviour,
Shines the everlasting light.

5 See the stars from heaven falling!
Hark! on earth the doleful cry!
Men on rocks and mountains calling,
While the frowning judge draws nigh;
Hide us, hide us,
Rocks and mountains, from his eye!

6 With what different exclamation
Shall the saint his banner see!
By the monuments of passion,
By the marks received for me!
All discern him,
All with shouts cry out — "'Tis He!"

7 "Lo! 'tis He! our heart's desire,
Come for his espoused below;
Come to join us with the choir,
Come to make our joys o'erflow,
Palms of victory,
Crowns of glory to bestow."

8 Yes, the prize shall sure be given;
We his open face shall see:
Love, the earnest of our heaven,
Love our full reward shall be,
Love shall crown us
Kings through all eternity.

121. 8s, 7s, and 4s.

1 YES! we trust the day is breaking;
Joyful times are near at hand:
God — the mighty God is speaking,
By his word in every land:
When he chooses,
Darkness flies at his command.

2 While the foe becomes more daring,
While he enters like a flood,
Christ our Saviour is preparing
Means to spread his truth abroad.
Every language
Soon shall tell the love of God.

3 Oh! 'tis pleasant — 'tis reviving
To our hearts to hear each day,
Joyful news from far arriving,
How the gospel wins its way;
Those enlightening,
Who in death and darkness lay.

4 God of Jacob, high and glorious,
Let thy people see thy hand:
Let the gospel be victorious
Through the world — in every land;
Then shall idols
Perish, Lord, at thy command.

122. 8s, 7s, 4s.

1 CHRISTIANS, see the orient morning
Breaks along the heathen sky,
Lo! the expected day is dawning,
Glorious day spring from on high,
Halleluiah, Halleluiah,
Glory be to God on high.

2 Soon the valleys and the mountains,
Breaking forth in joy shall sing:
And the living crystal fountains
From the thirsty ground shall spring.

2 While the wilderness rejoices,
Roses shall the desert cheer;
And the dumb shall tune their voices —
Blind shall see, the deaf shall hear.

4 Light shall burst on every nation
Truth shall spread from pole to pole —
And the anthem of salvation
Round the universe shall roll.

123. 8s, 7s, 4s.

1 LORD, dismiss us hence with gladness,
Be thy people's lot our choice;
In thy love we know not sadness;
In thy love our souls rejoice.
Naught can harm us,
While we hear and know thy voice.

2 From thy word with food provided,
May we feed thereon and grow;
And by thee, our Saviour, guided
Through the pathless desert go,
While thy favors
In the streams of mercy flow.

3 Soon, all sin and error over,
All will be divinely bright;
For in love thou wilt discover,
All thy glory to our sight, —
God our portion,
God our everlasting light

2 Together let us praise and pray,
I am bound for the land of Canaan;
Together tread the good old way.
I am bound for the land of Canaan.
O Canaan, &c.

8 Together let the saints go on,
Who are bound for the land of Canaan;
Believers in the Lord are one,
We are bound for the land of Canaan.
O Canaan, bright Canaan;
We are bound for the land of Canaan,
O Canaan is our happy home;
We are bound for the land of Canaan.

125. 4 8s, 2 6s.

1 HOW happy is the pilgrim's lot;
How free from every anxious thought,
From worldly hope and fear!
Confin'd to neither court nor cell,
His soul disdains on earth to dwell,
He only sojourns here.

2 This happiness in part is mine,
Already sav'd from low design,
From every creature love!
Blessed with the scorn of finite good,
My soul is lighten'd of its load,
And seeks the things above.

3 The things eternal I pursue;
And happiness beyond the view
Of those that basely pant
For things by nature felt and seen;
Their honors, wealth, and pleasures mean
I neither have nor want.

4 I have no babes to hold me here:
But children more securely dear
For mine I humbly claim:
Better than daughters or than sons,
Temples divine of living stones,
Inscribed with Jesus name.

5 No foot of land do I possess,
No cottage in this wilderness:
A poor way-faring man,
I lodge awhile in tents below;
Or gladly wander to and fro,
Till I my Canaan gain.

6 Nothing on earth I call my own;
A stranger, to the world unknown,
I all their goods despise:
I trample on their whole delight,
And seek a city out of sight,
A city in the skies.

7 There is my house and portion fair;
My treasure and my heart are there,
And my abiding home;
For me my elder brethren stay,
And angels beckon me away,
And Jesus bids me come!

8 I come,—thy servant, Lord, replies;—
I come to meet thee in the skies,
And claim my heavenly rest!
Now let the pilgrim's journey end;
Now, O my Saviour, Brother, Friend,
Receive me to thy breast!

126. 8s, 6s.

1 COME, let us sing the coming fate,
Of Mystic Babylon the Great,
Her doom is drawing near:
Jesus now comes on earth to reign,
His cause and people to maintain,
For them he'll soon appear.

2 Before him flows a fiery stream.
The heavens above with lightning
gleam,
A thousand thunders roar:
A heavenly host with him descends,
His voice to all the earth extends,
His saints now grieve no more.

3 Eclipsed by glory so divine,
Sun, moon, and stars refuse to shine,
The spheres now cease to roll;
Earth, wrapt in darkness deep as night,
With horror stricken at the sight,
Now quakes from pole to pole.

4 Angels of light, at his command,
Ten thousand times ten thousand, stand,
Waiting his voice to hear:
The fiery cherubs spread their wings,
The air with loud hosannas rings,
While all his saints draw near.

127. 8s, 6s.

1 O COULD I speak the matchless worth,
O could I sound the glories forth,
Which in my Saviour shine;
I'd soar and touch the heav'nly strings
And vie with Gabriel while he sings,
In notes almost divine.

2 I'd sing the precious blood He spilt,
My ransom from the dreadful guilt,
Of sin and wrath divine:
I'd sing his glorious righteousness,
In which all perfect heav'nly dress,
My soul shall ever shine.

3 I'd sing the character He bears,
And all the forms of love he wears,
Exalted on his throne:
In loftiest strains of sweetest praise,
I would to everlasting days,
Make all his glories known.

128. ZION.* 8s, 7s, 4s. HASTINGS.

2c	1-		1-		1	2-	2	1	.1									
A	5-	5	5	3	'	5	6	5	'	''	'	''	7			5-	5	
3c	'	''			''											REP.	'	'

Lo! he comes with clouds descending, Once for favored sinners slain,

2c															REP.		
C	3-	3	3	1	3-	3	4	3	5-	5	4-	4	3	2	.3	3-	3
3c	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"

Thousand, thousand saints attending, Swell the triumph of his train, Hallel-

2c													REP.		
B	1-	1	1	1	1-	1	4	1	3-	3	4-	4	5	.1	.R-
3c	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	5		

2G	P																			
A	5	3	5-	5	4-	4	3	2	.3	5-	5	5	3	5-	5	4-	4	3	2	.1
3c	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"

lulah! Jesus comes, and comes to reign.

Hallelujah, Jesus comes, and comes to reign.

2G	P																			
C	3	1	3-	3	2-	2	1		.1	3-	3	3	1	1-	1	2-	2	1		.1
3G		"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"		"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"

2c	P									
B	.R-	.R-	E 1-	1	1	1 3-	3	4-	4 5	.1
3c	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	5

2 Every eye shall now behold him,
Robed in dreadful majesty!

Those who set at naught and sold him,
Pierced and nailed him to the tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the true Messiah see!

3 When the solemn trump has sounded,
Heaven and earth shall flee away;
All who hate him must, confounded,
Hear the summons of that day —
"Come to judgment!
Come to judgment! come away!"

4 Yes, amen! let all adore thee,
High on thine eternal throne!
Saviour, take the power and glory,
Make thy righteous sentence known,
O come quickly —
Claim the kingdom for thine own!

129. 8. 7. 4.

1 HEAR, O sinner, mercy hails;
Now with sweetest voice she calls;
Bids you haste — accept the Saviour
Ere the hand of justice falls;
Hear, O sinner —
'Tis the voice of mercy calls.

2 See the storm of vengeance gathering
O'er the path you dare to tread,
The reward which God is measuring,
Soon shall turn upon your head;
Turn, O sinner —
Lest his lightnings strike you dead.

3 Haste, and flee to Christ your Saviour,
Seek his mercy while you may;
Soon the day of grace is over,
Soon your life must pass away;
Haste, O sinner —
You must perish if you stay.

*By permission.

132. SONNET. L. M. WITH A CHORUS.

2g	1-	REP.	1-	P	1-	P	(1)
A	134	5-567	565	5-132	1- R5	555	555 6-56'6
8c	'''	'''	'''	'''	,	'''	''' P'
When for eternal worlds we steer, And seas are calm, and skies are clear, And faith in lively exercise, And distant hills of Canaan rise. My soul for joy she spreads her wings, and loud her lovely							
2g		REP.		P		P	P
B	111	1-142	1-345	1-1	1- R1	1-111	1-111 4-3434
8c	'''	'''	'''	55	,	'''	''' '''
2g	(P)	P	(1)	(1)	(P)	(P)	(P)
A	53324	3-2134	5-35'5	6-56'6	53321	2-432	1-
8c	'''	'''	''' P'	''' P'	'''	'''	'''
sonnet sings, Vain world adieu, vain world adieu ; And loud her lovely sonnet sings, Vain world adieu.							
2g	P	P	P	(P)	P	P	
B	11	1	1-111	1-111	4-3434	3151	1-
8c	'' 5	,	,	,	''' '''	,	.5 5

- 2 With cheerful hopes her eyes explore
 Each landmark on the distant shore,
 The trees of life, the pastures green,
 The golden streets, the crystal stream ;
 Again for joy she spreads her wings, &c.
- 3 When nearer still she draws to land,
 More eager all her powers expand,
 With steady helm and free bent sail,
 Her anchor drops within the vail.
 Oh then for joy she spreads her wings,
 And her celestial sonnet sings,
 On Canaan's shore, &c.

133. S. M.

- 1 WE lift our hearts to thee,
 Thou Day-star from on high ;
 The sun itself is but thy shade,
 Yet cheers both earth and sky.
- 2 Oh let thy rising beams,
 Dispel the shades of night,
 And let the glories of thy love,
 Come like the morning light.
- 3 How beauteous nature now —
 How dark and sad before ;
 With joy we view the pleasing change,
 And nature's God adore.

137. LOVELY MORNING. WITH A CHORUS.

6c§ REP. P P

A | 1.3 | 21234 | 3231 | 21 | 3-4 | 5-13-23-4 | .543 | 46543 | 32 ||

8c5 " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " "

The last lovely morning, All blooming and fair,
Is fast onward fleeting, And soon will appear ;
While the mighty, mighty, mighty trump Sounds "Come, come away.

6c§ REP. P REP. 1s

B | 1.1 | | 1 | P | 1-2 | 3-21- | 1-2 | .3 21 | 24321 | ||

8c1 7 6 5 4 5 1 5 1 " " " " " " " " " " " "

- O let us be ready, And hail the bright day,
- 2 All nations in judgment
That morning shall stand,
To hear their last sentence,
Jehovah's command ;
While the mighty, &c.
- 3 And when that bright morning
In splendor shall dawn,
Our tears will be ended,
Our sorrows all gone ;
While the mighty, &c.
- 4 The graves will be opened,
The dead will arise,
And with the Redeemer
Mount up to the skies ;
While the mighty, &c.
- 5 The saints then immortal
In glory shall reign !
The Bride with the Bridegroom
Forever remain ;
While the mighty, &c.

138. NEW ORLEANS. C. M. D.

5P §

A | | 1 2 .3 | .5 3 3 | 2 1 | | | 1 2 | .3 |

4c :6 6 6 6 5 6 " " 6 .5 .5 6 6 6 5 6 " "

When I look o'er the waste of years, My weary feet have passed,
I find my progress wet with tears,
Thus hope sometimes illumines the eye,

5P

B | 3 2 | 1 | .3 1 1 | || | 3 2 1 | |

4c :6 6 6 6 " " 7 .6 5 3 .5 .5 6 6 6 " " 7 .6

5P REP. 2s

A .5 | 3 3 2 1 | | || .2 3 s5 | 6 6 6 7 6 s5 | 6-5 3-1 | 2 1 |

4c " " 6 s5 :6 " " " " " " " " 6 .5

And dark from first to last :
Then leaves the heart to grieve.
The sun that lights the morning sky, Sinks down again at eve.

5P REP. 2s.

B .1 | 1 | || 1 2 | 3 3 3 4 3 2 | 3-2 1- | |

4c 6 5 s5 :6 .5 " " " " " " " " 6 5 3 .5

- 2 This head has worn a regal crown,
On Israel's throne erewhile ;
Destruction waited on my frown,
And fortune on my smile ;
I sought to fill my breast with mirth,
From dance, and song, and wine ;
But vain were all the joys of earth,
To light this heart of mine.
- 3 I gathered wealth from many a mart,
Built many a towering fane ;
But soon experience told my heart,
That these were all in vain.
I gave my mind with ardent zest,
To wisdom's varied lore ;
And found that knowledge lights the
To make it ache the more. [breast,

139. C. M.

1 ON Tabor's top the Saviour stood
With Peter, James and John ;
And while he talked of Calv'ry there,
His face resplendent shone.

2 While on his sufferings he conversed,
And spoke of griefs to come,
His countenance assumed a light
Much brighter than the sun.

3 In dazzling brightness all arrayed
Jesus transfigured stands,
From heaven descends the man who
gave
To Israel God's commands.

4 Elijah, too, of burning zeal,
Who did that law restore,
Appeared with Moses on this mount
And talked his sufferings o'er.

5 Transported with this glorious scene,
The witnesses exclaim,
'Tis good, Lord, with such guests to
dwell :
Here let us still remain,

6 Three tents with joyful hands we'll
raise,
And place them side by side,
For these celestials, and for thee,
And here let us abide.

7 While thus they spoke, a cloud de-
scends,
And takes them from their sight ;
But Jesus yet remains with them,
The Father's chief delight.

8 This is my Son, his voice declares,
Hear him in all he says,
Not Moses nor Elijah now
Shall guide you in my ways.

9 With joy this more illustrious guide
Henceforth we'll still obey,
Till we behold the glorious light
Of an eternal day.

140. C. M.

1 WE sing the Saviour's wondrous
death—
He conquered when he fell ;
'Tis finished, said his dying breath,
And shook the gates of hell.

2 'Tis finished, our Immanuel cries,
The dreadful work is done ;
Hence shall his sovereign throne arise,
His kingdom is begun.

3 His cross a sure foundation laid
For glory and renown,
When through the regions of the dead
He passed to reach the crown.

4 Raise your devotion, mortal tongues,
His praises to record ;
Sweet be the accents of your songs
To your victorious Lord.

5 Bright angels, strike your loudest
strings,
Your sweetest voices raise ;
Let heaven, and all created things
Sound our Immanuel's praise.

141. C. M.

1 WHEN floating on life's troubled sea,
By storms and tempests driven,
Hope, with her radiant finger points
To brighter scenes in heaven.

2 She bids the storms of life to cease,
The troubled breast be calm ;
And in the wounded heart she pours
Religion's healing balm.

3 Her hallowed influence cheers life's
hours,
Of sadness and of gloom ;
She guides us through this vale of tears,
To joys beyond the tomb.

4 And when our fleeting days are o'er,
And life's last hour draws near,
With still unwearied wing she hastes
To wipe the falling tear.

5 She bids the anguished heart rejoice ;
Though earthly ties are riven,
We still may hope to meet again
In yonder peaceful heaven.

144. HINTON. 113.

5a

A	5	5-135	4-324	31	2	.1		5	5-135	4-324	3121	.1-
40				6	7							

O thou who hast led us so safely along,
And borne with our weakness, and banished our fear,

5e 3 3-213 2-1 2 1 3 3-213 2-1 2 1 6432 .3-

4q , '7 344 .32 , '7 6432 .3-

The winter's keen frosts, and the spring's blooming flowers,
The summer that ripens the autumn's rich store,

56																						
B 1	.1	1	1		.1		1	.1	1	1		1	-									
4a				.5	5	7		4	4	.5	-			.5	5	7		4	5	5	.1	-

5a									
Λ	2	2-1	4-322	.3844	.5- 5	5-435	4-324	3421	.1-
40		75							7

To thee, O our God, would we tune the glad song,
Whose mercies have filled up our circle of years.

5a

D	2-1	.1 1 1	3	3-2 1 3	2-1	2	1	
4q	7 7-6 5 5	' 7 7	. 7 -	'	' 7	6 4 3 2	. 3 -	

The seed-time and harvest, the sunshine and showers,
Thy promise fulfill, and thy love we adore.

50				.12	1	.111		1	
40	5	.555	.555	2	.5		.557	455	.1

3 O Father, still guide us through life's troubled way,
Throw round us the shield of thy infinite love,
And bring us at last to the regions of day —
The regions of glory and rapture above.

145. 11s.

- 1 THE Prince of Salvation is coming, prepare
A way in the desert his blessings to share ;
He comes to release us from sins and from woes,
And make the rude wilderness bloom like the rose.
- 2 His reign shall extend from the east to the west,
Compose all the tumults of nature to rest ;
The day-spring of glory illumine the skies,
And ages on ages of happiness rise.
- 3 Hail, scenes of felicity, transport, and joy,
When hatred and passion shall cease to annoy :
Rich blessings of grace from above shall be given,
And life only serves as a passage to heaven.

146. A PILGRIM AND A STRANGER.

5G	P	P	P	REP.
A	1 2	3 1 1 R 1 2 3	5 4 2 R 5 4	3 3 3 3 5 4 2 3 1 R=
4c	''	'' '' '' '' '' '' ''	'' '' '' '' '' '' '' ''	'' '' '' '' '' '' '' ''
I'm a pilgrim and I'm a stranger, I can tarry, I can tarry but a night;				
5G	P	TEP.		
B	1	1 1 R 1 1	R P	1 1 1 1 1 R=
4c	5	'' '' '' '' '' '' ''	5 5	5 5 '' '' '' '' 5 5 5 5

5G			REP. 1. 2s.
A	1 1	2 5 R 4 3 2 1- 2 3 R 1 1	2 5 R 7 6 5 4 3 2 3 5 R
4c	'' ''	'' '' '' '' '' '' '' '' '' ''	'' '' '' '' '' '' '' '' '' ''
Do not detain me for I am going, To where the fountains are ever flowing.			
5G			REP 1, 2s.
B	1 2 1	R	1 1 R 1 2 1 R 1 1 R
4c	'' ''	5 5 '' 5 5 5	'' '' '' 5 5 '' 5 5 5

- 2 There the glory is ever shining!
 Oh, my longing heart, my longing heart is there;
 Here in this country so dark and dreary,
 I long have wandered forlorn and weary,
 I'm a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger,
 I can tarry, I can tarry but a night.
- 3 There's the city to which I journey;
 My Redeemer, my Redeemer is its light!
 There is no sorrow, nor any sighing,
 Nor any tears there, nor any dying!
 I'm a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger, &c.
- 4 Farewell, neighbors, with tears I've warned you,
 I must leave you, I must leave you and be gone!
 With this your portion, your heart's desire,
 Why will you perish in raging fire!
 I'm a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger, &c.
- 5 Father, mother and sister, brother!
 If you will not journey with me I must go!
 Now since your vain hopes you will thus cherish,
 Should I too linger and with you perish?
 I'm a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger, &c.
- 6 Farewell, dreary earth, by sin so blighted,
 In immortal beauty soon you'll be arrayed!
 He who has formed thee, will soon restore thee,
 And then thy dread curse shall never more be:—
 I'm a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger,
 Till thy rest shall end the weary pilgrim's night.

149. SCOTLAND. 12s, 11s.

DR. CLARKE.

7a 1-3-3 2 1 2 3 5 5 5 3 1 1 1- 13 32^P

A 3-4 | 5-6 5 | 5 ' ' ' ' | ' ' ' ' | ' ' ' ' | ' ' ' ' | 6' 6 | 5' ' ' ' |

8c ' ' ' ' | ' ' ' ' | ' ' ' ' | ' ' ' ' | ' ' ' ' | ' ' ' ' | ' ' ' ' | ' ' ' ' |

He is gone to the grave, but we will not deplore him,
Though sorrows and darkness encompass the tomb,

7a P P

C 1-1 | 1-1 1 | 1 1- 1 | 1 3 3 | 5 1 1 | 1 1 1-1 | 1 3 1 | 1 |

8c ' ' ' ' | ' ' ' ' | ' ' ' ' | 7 6 7 | ' ' ' ' | ' ' ' ' | ' ' ' ' | ' ' ' ' | 7

He has gone to the grave, we no longer behold him,
Nor tread the rough path of the world by his side ;

7a P

D 1-2 | 3-4 3 | 3 5- 5 | 5 6 5 | 5 5 5 | 5 5 5 | 6 4 4-4 | 3 5 5 | 5 |

8c ' ' ' ' | ' ' ' ' | ' ' ' ' | ' ' ' ' | ' ' ' ' | ' ' ' ' | ' ' ' ' | ' ' ' ' |

He has gone to the grave, and its mansion forsaking,
Perhaps his tried spirit in doubt lingered long ;

7a P P

B 1-1 | 1-1 1 | 1 1- 1 | 5 5 5 | ' ' ' ' | ' ' ' ' | 4 4 4-4 | 3 3 1 | 5 |

8c ' ' ' ' | ' ' ' ' | ' ' ' ' | ' ' ' ' | ' ' ' ' | ' ' ' ' | ' ' ' ' | ' ' ' ' |

7a 2 2 3 5 4 3 2 3 5 5 2 1 2 3 4 2 3 5 5 5 4 3 2 1 1 1 3

A ' ' ' ' ' ' ' ' | ' ' ' ' | ' ' ' ' ' ' ' ' | ' ' ' ' | ' ' ' ' ' ' ' ' | 6 6-5 5- ' ' ' |

8c ' ' ' ' ' ' ' ' | ' ' ' ' | ' ' ' ' ' ' ' ' | ' ' ' ' | ' ' ' ' ' ' ' ' | ' ' ' ' ' ' ' ' |

The Saviour has passed through its portals before him,
And the lamp of His love was his guide through the

7a P

C | 2 | 1 3 1 || 2 | 1 3 3 | 3 1 1 | 1 1 1-1 | 1 3 1 |

8c 7 | 7 ' 7 ' ' ' | 7 ' 7 ' ' ' | ' ' ' ' | ' ' ' ' | ' ' ' ' | ' ' ' ' |

But the wide arms of mercy were spread to enfold him,
And sinners may hope, since the Saviour hath

7a P

D 5 | 5 5 5 | 5 5 5 | 5 5 5 | 5 5 5 | 6 4 4-4 | 3-5 5 |

8c ' ' ' ' | ' ' ' ' | ' ' ' ' | ' ' ' ' | ' ' ' ' | ' ' ' ' | ' ' ' ' |

But the sunshine of heaven beamed bright on his waking,
And the sound that he heard was the seraphim's

7a P

B 5 | 5 5 5 | ' ' ' | 5 5 5 | ' ' ' | ' ' ' | 4 4 4-4 | 3-3 1 |

8c ' ' ' ' | ' ' ' ' | ' ' ' ' | ' ' ' ' | ' ' ' ' | ' ' ' ' | ' ' ' ' |

7a	3	2	2	3	1	3	P	5	1-	1	2-	1	2	P	3	1
A	9	9	9	9	9	9		9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9
8c	P															
7g	gloom, And the lamp of His love was his guide through the gloom.															
C	1			1	1	1	P	3						P		
3c	9	7	7	9	9	9		5-	5	5-	5	5	5		5	
7g	P															
D	5	5		5	5	5	P	5	3-	3	5-	5	5		3	
3c	9															
7g	P															
B	5	5		9	3	1	P	1-	1	5-	5	5		1		
3c	9															

- 4 He has gone to the grave! but 't were wrong to deplore him,
 When God was his ransom, his guardian, and guide;
 He gave him, and took him, and soon will restore him,
 And death hath no sting since the Saviour hath died.

150. 12s.

- 1 WHEN through the torn sail the wild tempest is streaming,
 When o'er the dark wave the red lightning is gleaming,
 Nor hope lends a ray the poor seaman to cherish,
 We fly to our Maker — "Save, Lord, or we perish!"
- 2 O Jesus! once tossed on the breast of the billow,
 Aroused by the shriek of despair from thy pillow,
 Now, — seated in glory, — the mariner cherish,
 Who cries in his danger — "Save, Lord, or we perish!"
- 3 And O! when the whirlwind of passion is raging,
 When hell in our heart his wild warfare is waging,
 Arise in thy strength, thy redeemed to cherish,
 Rebuke the destroyer — "Save, Lord, or we perish!"

151. 11s, 12s.

- 1 A VOICE from the savage, a voice from the slave,
 Comes afar o'er the mount and the dark rolling wave:
 'Tis heard in the zephyrs perfumed by the myrrh,
 And heard in the winds from the forests of fir.
- 2 And, hark! from the islands that spot the blue sea,
 I heard a wild cry as they bend low the knee!
 They are groping their way 'mid the gloom of the night,
 While the dim star of nature yields only its light.

2 Prince of Peace, in love be near us,
 Fix in all our hearts thy home;
 With thy blessed presence cheer us, —
 Let thy sacred kingdom come.
 Raise to heaven our expectation;
 Give our favored souls to prove
 Glorious and complete salvation,
 In the realms of bliss above.

153. 8s,7s.

1 IN the cross of Christ I glory,
 Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
 All the light of sacred story,
 Gathers round its head sublime.

2 When the woes of life o'ertake me,
 Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,
 Never shall the cross forsake me;
 Lo! it glows with peace and joy.

3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
 Light and love upon my way,
 From the cross the radiance streaming,
 Adds new lustre to the day.

4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
 By the cross are sanctified;
 Peace is there that knows no measure,
 Joys that through all time abide.

5 In the cross of Christ I glory,
 Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
 All the light of sacred story,
 Gathers round its head sublime.

154. 8s,7s.

1 HAIL, you sighing sons of sorrow,
 Learn with me your certain doom;
 Learn with me your fate to-morrow,
 Dead, perhaps laid in the tomb.
 See all nature fading, dying,
 Silent, all things seem to mourn,
 Life from vegetation flying,
 Calls to mind the mouldering urn.

2 While the autumn frosts are cropping
 Leaves and tendrils from the trees,
 So our friends are yearly dropping —
 We are like to one of these.
 What to me is autumn's treasure,
 Since I know no earthly joy;
 Long I've lost all youthful pleasure,
 Time will health and youth destroy.

3 Former friends — how oft I've sought
 them,
 Just to cheer a troubled mind;
 Now they're gone, like leaves of autumn,
 Driven before the dreary wind.
 When a few more days are wasted,
 And a few more scenes are o'er,
 When a few more griefs I've tasted,
 I shall rise to fall no more.

4 Fast my sun of life's declining,
 Soon 't will set in shades of night,
 But my hopes, so brightly shining,
 Rise to fairer worlds of light.
 Cease this trembling, mourning, sighing,
 Death shall burst this sullen gloom,
 Then my spirit, fluttering, flying,
 Shall be borne beyond the tomb.

155. 8s,7s.

1 WHEN I see thee hanging, bleeding,
 Dying, on the cruel tree,
 Pale in woe, yet interceding
 For the men that murdered thee;
 How can I refrain from giving
 Life and soul and all away,
 On thy promise ever living,
 Thee adoring, night and day!

2 When I see thee upward breaking
 From the grave, on high to stand,
 And thy rightful empire taking
 At the Father's blest right hand;
 Can I longer doubt thy favor,
 Or thy willingness to bless?
 No, my interceding Saviour,
 Words can ne'er my hope express.

3 When I feel the fresh bedewing
 Of thy spirit on my heart,
 All the Father's mercy viewing
 In the gifts thy pangs impart;
 Faith accepts the heavenly sealing;
 Tenderness and joy combine,
 Peace o'er all my soul is stealing,
 I am Christ's, and Christ is mine.

4 Thus when life's short day is ending
 And this mortal yields its power,
 May thy spirit condescending
 Cleanse and arm me for the hour.
 At the river's brink arriving,
 In thy smile I lose my fear,
 Victory then crowns my striving,
 Death is gain, for Christ is here!

156. LEBANON. L. M. D. L. C.

6P 1 3- 3 1 1 1 1 1 2 2 2 2 1 1 1
A 6 | 6- 6 3 | 6 3 6 | 7 7 7 | 7 |
23c
Time speeds away, away, away, Another hour, another day,
Another month, another year,

Drop from us like the leaflets sear, Drop like the life-blood from our hearts,
The rose bloom from the cheek departs,

5p

C 6 | 6- s5- | 6- s5- | 6- 6 3 | 3- 3 | 3- 3- | 1- 1- | 3- 6- | s5- 5-

23c'

5p

D 6 | 6- 7- | 1- 4- | 3 2 1 2 | 1- 1 | 1- 1- | 2- | 1-

23c'

REP. 48.

Uproots the tree and snaps the flower, And sweeps from our distracted breast
The friends that loved, the friends that blessed

§ 1-1-

B	3	1-		2-	1	2	3	3	(		3	'	7	6	s5-5-	6-4-	3-3
28c		7=	6=						6=	6'	"			"			

REP. 48.

[illegible]

The tresses from the temples fall, The eye grows dim and strange to all,
The eye grows dim and strange to all

[illegible]

- 3 Time speeds away, away, away,
 No eagle through the skies of day,
 No wind along the hills can flee
 So swiftly, or so smooth as he.
 Like fiery steed from stage to stage
 He bears us on, from youth to age.
 Then plunges in the fearful sea
 Of fathomless eternity.

157. L. M. D.

- 1 OH ! let me sing of sins forgiven,
 The tranquil triumph of my soul ;
 Oh ! let me sing a song of heaven,
 While streams of living comfort roll.
 Adieu to every earthly toy,
 For nobler objects I am bound ;
 Since not one single drop of joy,
 I ever yet from earth have found.
- 2 Its brightest beauties fade away,
 Its richest jewels are but dross ;
 Its honors scarcely live a day,
 And every gain has proved a loss.
 But there's an honor that will live,
 A gem that never will decay ;
 There is a gain that can't deceive,
 And beauty fading not away.
- 3 This priceless boon I humbly claim,
 This speechless joy of sins forgiven ;
 The love of God, that, like a flame,
 Burns on, and lights the soul to heaven.
 By faith I have this treasure found,
 And gaze with wonder and surprise,
 While in this dark, enchanted ground,
 " The day-spring " opens from the skies.
- 4 My home is in the distance seen,
 And gales come soft from Canaan's shore ;
 Though dark the wilderness between,
 I have sweet hopes of getting o'er.
 Oh ! happiness ! it is no dream,
 For glory's opened in my soul ;
 And love divine shall be my theme,
 Long as eternal ages roll !

158. TRURO. L. M.

BURNEY.

8a .1 .1 () ()
 A .1 3- 4 | .5- 5 | .6 .7 | R || 5 | .5 | 4 3 2 1 | .4 .3 | .2 R ||
 4q ,
 Come, let us with a joyful heart, In this blest labor share a part ;
 8a () ()
 B .1 1- 1 | .1- 3 | .4 .5 | .1 R || 1 | .3 .1 | 6 5 4 3 | .2 .1 | R ||
 4q , .5
 8a 2 2 1 () .1 () ()
 A 2 | .5 .6 | .7- | 7 6 | .5- || 5 | .5 | 2 6 5 4 | .3 .2 | :1 ||
 4q
 Not prayers alone, but offerings bring, To aid the triumphs of our King.
 8a ()
 B | .2 | .5- | .1 .2 | || .1 .3 | .4 3 4 | .5 | :1 ||
 4q 5 .7 7 .5- 5 .5

- 2 Our hearts exult in songs of praise,
 In hope to see the latter days;
 Oh may we not forget to prove
 By generous deeds how much we love.
- 3 Where'er his hand has spread the skies,
 His bounty every need supplies;
 Shall we not imitate his grace,
 And fill with gifts this favoring place?
- 4 A generous heart the Lord approves,
 A liberal hand our Saviour loves;
 Come, then, you saints, approve his will,
 And let your gifts his treas'ry fill.

159. L. M.

- 1 GOD is the refuge of his saints,
 When storms of sharp distress invade;
 Ere we can offer our complaints,
 Behold him present with his aid.
- 2 Loud may the troubled ocean roar;
 In sacred peace our souls abide;
 While every nation, every shore,
 Trembles, and dreads the swelling tide.
- 3 Zion enjoys her Monarch's love,
 Secure against a threatening hour;
 Nor can her firm foundation move,
 Built on his truth and armed with power.

160. L. M.

- 1 BLESSED are the humble souls that see
Their emptiness and poverty;
Treasures of grace to them are given,
And crowns of joy laid up in heaven.
- 2 Blessed are the men of broken heart,
Who mourn for sin with inward smart;
The blood of Christ divinely flows,
A healing balm for all their woes.
- 3 Blessed are the souls who thirst for grace,
Hunger and thirst for righteousness;
They shall be well supplied, and fed
With living streams and living bread.
- 4 Blessed are the men of peaceful life,
Who quench the glowing coals of strife;
They shall be called the heirs of bliss,
The sons of God, the God of peace.
- 5 Blessed are the faithful who partake,
Of pain and shame for Jesus' sake;
Their souls shall triumph in the Lord:
Glory and joy are their reward.

161. L. M. D.

- 1 OUR Lord is risen from the dead;
Our Jesus is gone up on high!
The powers of hell are captive led,
Dragged to the portals of the sky.
There his triumphant chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay:
Lift up your heads, ye heav'nly gates;
Ye everlasting doors, give way.
- 2 Loose all your bars of massy light,
And wide unfold th' ethereal scene;
He claims these mansions as his right —
Receive the King of Glory in.
Who is the King of Glory? Who?
The Lord that all our foes o'ercame,
The world, sin, death, and hell, o'erthrew;—
And Jesus is the conqu'ror's name.

162. UXBRIDGE. L. M.

MASON.

4g .1 3 2 3 2 .1 .1 .3 5 5 6 7 .1 P
 4q .7
 There is a stream whose gentle flow Supplies the city of our God;
 4g P
 B .1 1 1 .1 .1 1 .1 .2
 4q 5 4 .5 .5 7 6 5 .5
 4g 1 P
 A .5 5 6 5 .4 .3 .2 .2 3 5 5 4 .3 .2 .1
 4q
 Life, love, and joy, still gliding through, And watering our divine a - bode.
 4g P
 B .1 3 1 4 3 .2 .1 1 1 .1
 4q .5 .5 7 4 .5 .5

2 That sacred stream, thy holy word,
 Supports our faith, our fear controls;
 Sweet peace thy promises afford,
 And give new strength to fainting souls.

163. GRATITUDE. L. M.

BOST.

3c§ —1 REP.
 A 5 5 3 3 5 3 2 4 .1 3 4 5 4
 8c 7
 My God, how endless is thy love, } And morning
 Thy gifts are ev - ery evening new, }
 3c§ 1 3 1 1 REP.
 D 7 5 5 4 6 4 .3 5 7 5 6
 8c
 3c§ REP.
 B 1 .1 1 1 .1 1 .1 1
 8c .5 .5 5 .5 5
 8g
 A 3 2 3 4 5 4 .3 5 5- 4 3 3- 2 1 2 4 .1
 8c , , 7
 mercies from a - bove, Gen - tly dis - till like early dew.
 8g .1
 D 5 4 5 7 5 6 .5 5 5 5- 4 3 .5 5 .3
 8c ,
 8g
 B 1 1 2 .1 1 1 .1 1 2 .1
 8c 7 5 5 .5 .5

- 2 I yield my power to thy command,
To thee I consecrate my days,
Perpetual blessings from thy hand,
Demand perpetual songs of praise,
- 3 Thy sovereign word restores the light,
And quickens all my drowsy powers ;
Thou spread'st the curtains of the night,
Great Guardian of my sleeping hours.

164. L. M.

- 1 WELCOME, thou well beloved of God,
Thou heir of grace, redeemed by blood ;
Welcome with us, thine hand to join
As partner of our lot divine.
- 2 With us the pilgrim's state embrace,
We're traveling to a blissful place ;
The Holy Spirit knows the way,
And he'll conduct from day to day.
- 3 Take up thy cross and bear it on,
It shall be light, and not be long ;
Soon shalt thou sit with Jesus down,
And wear an everlasting crown.

165. L. M.

- 1 COME, ye who know the Saviour's love,
And his unbounded mercies prove ;
In cheerful songs his praise express,
For He'll not leave you comfortless.
- 2 He ever acts the Saviour's part,
With strong compassions in his heart ;
The least and weakest saint he'll bless,
Nor will He leave him comfortless.
- 3 His wisdom, goodness, power and care,
They largely, sweetly, daily share ;
He will their every fear suppress,
Nor will he leave them comfortless.
- 4 While they are strangers here below,
And travel through this world of woe ;
In storms and floods of deep distress,
He will not leave them comfortless.

166. BARTLETT. L. M. DOUBLE, G. W. B.

A	1	1	1		1-	2	2	2		2-		4	3	2	1		1-	5		1-		2	3	2		1-	2	2	3		2-	
B	C																															

The turf shall be my fragrant shrine, My temple, Lord, that arch of thine,
My censor's breath, the mountain air.

6a

B 1 1 1 | 1- | | 1 1 1 | 1- 2 | | 1- | 1 | 1- 1 | |

3c ' ' ' 5 5 5 5- ' ' ' ' 5 5 5 5 5 5 4-

2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2

6a

A	4	3	2	1-	2	1-	5	5	5	6	3	4	5	6	5-
3c	9	9	9	7	9	5	5	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9

And solitude shall hear my prayer, My choir shall be the moonlit waves,

B	1	1	1				1	1	1	3-	3	3	3	1-
3c	'	'	'	5-	6	4	5	1-	'	'	'	'	'	'

6g 11 1-

A	3	4	3	2	3	4-5	6	5	3-	3	5	'	'	6	5	3	1-	4	3	4	3	2	1-2	1-
8c	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	

55
22

When murm'ring homeward to their caves, Or when the stillness
of the sea, E'en more than music breathes of th e.

6a																					
B	1	1	1	1-1	3	2	1-	3	3	3	3-	3	2	1		1	1	1			
3c	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	5-	9	9	9	5-6	4	5	1-	

2 I'll seek by day some glade unknown,
All light and silence like thy throne,
And the pale stars shall be at night
The only eyes that watch my rite.
Thy heaven, on which 't is bliss to look,
Shall be my pure and shining book ;
Where I shall read, in words of flame,
The glories of thy wondrous name.

167. PORTUGAL. L. M.

56

A	12	3135	432	.1	R3	21	212	2	1	
2c	5	???	??				???	57	76	.5

How lovely, how di - vinely sweet, O Lord, thy sacred courts appear:

5G									
B		1	1			R 1			
2C	5	15		45	.1	56	5	5	12 .5

10																													
A	B	5	(5	3	5	6	(4	2	3	5	(3	1	5	3	(3	2		R	(1	2	(3	1	3	5	(4	3	2	(.1	
2c			9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	5				9	9	9	9	9			
Fain would my longing passions meet, The glories of thy presence there																													
53																													
B	R	3	(3	1	3	4	(2	1	(1								R				(1	1							
2c			9	9	9	9	7				1	.5	5	15							4	5		.1					

- 2 Oh ! blest the men, blest their employ,
Whom thy indulgent favors raise,
To dwell in those abodes of joy,
And sing their never-ceasing praise.
- 3 Happy the men whom strength divine,
With ardent love and zeal inspires ;
Whose steps to thy blest way incline,
With willing hearts and warm desires.
- 4 One day within thy sacred gate,
Affords more real joy to me,
Than thousands in the tents of state ;
The meanest place is bliss with thee.

168. L. M.

- 1 NOW in a song of grateful praise,
To our blest Lord our voices raise ;
Let all the saints unite to tell
Our Saviour has done all things well.
- 2 All worlds his glorious power confess,
His wisdom all his works express ;
But, oh, his love, what tongue can tell !
Our Saviour has done all things well.
- 3 We spurned his grace, we broke his laws,
But yet he undertook our cause,
To save our ruined souls from hell ;
Our Saviour has done all things well.
- 4 And now our souls have known his love,
What mercy has he made us prove !
His mercy doth all praise excel ;
Our Saviour has done all things well.
- 5 Soon shall we pass the vale of death,
And in his arms resign our breath ;
And then our happy souls shall tell
Our Saviour has done all things well.

169, 170. ORTONVILLE.* C. M. HASTINGS.

7a
A | 1 1 2 2 | 3 2 1 || | 1 | | 1 1 2 2 |
28s 5 , , , , 5 6 6 6 5- 5 5 , ,
Majestic sweetness sits enthroned, Upon the Saviour's brow,
His head with radiant

7a
C | | | | | | | | |
28s 3 5 5 5 5 5 4 3 3 4 4 6 4 3- 3 3 5 5 5 5
He saw me plunged in deep distress, And flew to my relief;
For me he bore the

7a
D 1 | 1 1 | 1 1 || 1 | 1 1 1 1 | 1- 1 || 1 | 1 1 |
28s ? , 7 7 , 7 , , , 1- 1 , , 7 7 ,
To heaven, the place of his abode, He brings my weary feet,
Shows me the glories

7a
B | | 1 | | | | | | | | |
28s 1 3 3 5 5 , 5 1 1 , 4 4 4 4 1- 1 1 3 3 5 5 ,
glories crowned, His lips with grace o'erflow, His lips with grace o'erflow.

7a
A 3 4 5 || 3 2 | 1 1 2 2 | 1- 1 || 1 | 3 3 2 2 | 1- 1 ||
28s , , , , , , , , , , , , , , , ,
glories crowned, His lips with grace o'erflow, His lips with grace o'erflow.

7a
C | | | | | | | | |
28s 5 5 5 5 4 , 3 3 4 4 3- 3 3 5 5 5 4 3- 3
shameful cross, And carried all my grief, And carried all my grief.

7a
D 1 2 3 || 1 | | | | | | | | |
28s , , 5 5 5 5 5- 5 , , 7 7 ,
of my God, And makes my joys complete, And makes my joys complete.

7a
B 1 1 1 || | | | | | | | | |
28s , 1 5 5 5 5 1- 1 1 , 5 5 1- 1
of my God, And makes my joys complete, And makes my joys complete.

4 Since from his bounty I receive
Such proofs of love divine,
Had I a thousand hearts to give,
Lord, they should all be thine.

1 AM I a soldier of the cross,
A follower of the Lamb?
And shall I fear to own his cause,
Or blush to speak his name?

* By permission.

- 2 Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize,
And sailed through bloody seas ?
- 3 Are there no foes for me to face ?
Must I not stem the flood ?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God ?
- 4 Sure I must fight if I would reign ;
Increase my courage, Lord !
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.
- 5 Thy saints, in all this glorious war,
Shall conquer though they die ;
They see the triumph from afar,
By faith they bring it nigh.
- 6 When that illustrious morn shall rise,
And all thine armies shine
In robes of victory, through the skies,
The glory shall be thine.

171. C. M.

- 1 JESUS, great Shepherd of thy sheep,
To thee for help we fly,
Thy little flock in safety keep ;
For oh ! the wolf is nigh.
- 2 He comes, of hellish malice full,
To scatter, tear, and slay ;
He seizes every stragglng soul,
As his own lawful prey.
- 3 Us into thy protection take,
And gather with thy arm ;
Unless thy fold we first forsake,
The wolf can never harm.
- 4 We laugh to scorn his cruel power,
While by our Shepherd's side ;
The sheep he never can devour,
Unless he first divide.
- 5 O do not suffer him to part
The souls that here agree ;
But make us of one mind and heart,
And keep us one in thee !
- 6 Together let us sweetly live,
Together let us die ;
And each a starry crown receive,
And reign in worlds on high !

172. C. M.

- 1 O FOR a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame ;
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb.
- 2 Where is the blessedness I knew,
When first I saw the Lord ?
Where is the soul-refreshing view,
Of Jesus and his word ?
- 3 What peaceful hours I once enjoyed !
How sweet their mem'ry still !
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.
- 4 Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest !
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.
- 5 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.
- 6 So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame ;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

173. C. M.

- 1 DREAD Sovereign, let my evening
song
Like holy incense rise ;
Assist the off'ings of my tongue,
To reach the lofty skies.
- 2 Through all the dangers of the day,
Thy hand was still my guard ;
And still to drive my wants away,
Thy mercy stood prepared.
- 3 Sprinkled afresh with pard'ning blood
I lay me down to rest ;
As in the embraces of my God,
Or on my Saviour's breast.

174. BALERMA. C. M.

7a
A 1 | .3 2 | .1 | | .1 || 2 | .3 2 | 3 5 3 | .2 ||

8c 6 .5 6
With cheerful notes let all the earth To heaven their voices raise.

7a
C | | | | | || | | | | | ||

8c 3 .5 4 .3 4 .3 4 .3 5 .5 5 .5 5 .5

7a
D | | | 1 | .1 1 | .1 || | .1 | .1 1 | | ||

8c 5 .5 5 .5 7 7 .7
God's tender mercy knows no bound, His truth shall ne'er de - cay;

7a
B | | | | | || | .1 | .1 | | ||

8c 1 .1 1 .1 1 .1 1 .1 5 5 1 .5

7a
A 2 | .3 2 | .1 | | 2 | 3 5 3 | 2- 1 2 | .1 ||

8c 6 .5 3 .5
Let all inspired with holy mirth, Sing solemn hymns of praise.

7a
C | | | | | || | | | | | ||

8c 5 .5 4 .3 4 .5 1 .2 5 .5 5 4- 3 4 .3

7a
D | .1 | .1 1 | .1 1 | | 1 3 1 | | .1 ||

8c 7 7 .7 7 .5 7
Then let the willing nations round, Their grateful tribute pay.

7a
B | .1 | | | | | || | .1 | | | ||

8c 5 5 .6 4 .1 6 .5 5 1 .5 5 .1

175. C. M.

1 HERE will we meet the Saviour's poor,
And fill their souls with bread;
The wretched step at Jesus' door,
And shall be largely fed.

2 Accept, O Lord, our prayers and vows,
The offerings which we bring.
Shall fill, like incense, all thy house,
The palace of our King.

3 Thanks to thy great, thy glorious
name,
For all that we receive;

'Tis meet that we should have the same,
And all thy poor relieve.

176. C. M.

1 I'LL haste me to some secret place,
Where I may find the Lord;
I'll spread my wants before his face,
And pour my words abroad.

2 Arise, my soul, from deep distress,
And banish every fear;
He calls thee to his throne of grace.
To spread thy sorrows there.

177. C. M.

- 1 FATHER of mercies, in thy word,
What endless glory shines!
Forever be thy name adored,
For these celestial lines!
- 2 Here may the wretched sons of want
Exhaustless riches find;
Riches above what earth can grant,
And lasting as the mind.
- 3 Here the fair tree of knowledge grows,
And yields a rich repast;
Sublimers sweets than nature knows,
Invite the longing taste.
- 4 Here springs of consolation rise,
To cheer the fainting mind,
And thirsty souls receive supplies,
And sweet refreshment find.
- 5 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice,
Spreads heavenly peace around;
And life and everlasting joys
Attend the blissful sound.
- 6 Oh may these heavenly pages be
My ever dear delight;
And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light.

178. C. M.

- 1 ON Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
And cast a wishful eye,
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie.
- 2 Oh! the transporting, rapt'rous scene,
That rises to my sight!
Sweet fields arrayed in living green,
And rivers of delight!
- 3 There gen'rous fruits that never fall,
On trees immortal grow;
There rocks, and hills, and brooks, and
vales,
With milk and honey flow.
- 4 All o'er these wide extended plains,
Shines one eternal day;
There God, the Son, forever reigns,
And scatters night away.

5 No chilling winds nor pois'nous breath
Can reach that healthful shore;
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and feared no more.

6 When shall I reach that happy place,
And be forever blest!
When shall I see my Father's face,
And in his bosom rest!

7 Filled with delight, my raptured soul
Would here no longer stay;
Though Jordan's waves around me roll,
Fearless I'd launch away.

179. C. M.

- 1 GREAT God, where'er we pitch our
tent,
Let us an altar raise:
And there, with humble frame, present
Our sacrifice of praise.
- 2 To thee we give our health and
strength,
While health and strength shall last;
For future mercies humbly trust,
Nor e'er forget the past.

180. C. M.

- 1 MY God was with me all the night,
And gave me sweet repose;
His angels watched me while I slept,
Or I had never rose.
- 2 Now, for the mercies of the night,
My humble thanks I'll pay;
And unto God I'll dedicate
The first fruits of the day.
- 3 In midst of dangers, fears, and deaths
Thy goodness I'll adore;
And praise thee for thy mercies past,
And humbly hope for more.
- 4 My life, if thou preserve my life,
Thy sacrifice shall be;
My death, when death shall be my lot,
Shall join my soul to thee.

181.

INVITATION. C. M.

L.

3c♯ P P
 A 1 | 3 2 | 1 3 | 4 3 | 2 4 | 5- 4 | 3 2 | 1 ||

2c
 O sinner, come to Jesus now, Come taste redeeming love ;

3c♯ P P
 C 3 | 1 | 1 | 2 1 | 2 | 3- 2 | 1 | 1 ||

2c 7 6 7 5 7
 Then, sinner, come to Jesus, come, Count all things else but loss.

3c♯ P P
 B 1 | | 1 | 2 1 | | 1- 2 | | 1 ||

2c 5 5 5 5 7 5 5

3g P 1 1 1 P
 A 5 | 7 | 6 | 7 6 | 5 6 | 7- 7 | 3 s4 | 5 ||

2c
 The Holy Spirit calls to you, The voice of God a - bove.

3g P P
 C 3 | 5 5 | 4 5 | 2 2 | 3 2 | 5- 5 | 3 2 | 2 ||

2c
 3g P P

B 1 | 3 2 | 1 1 | 4 4 | 3 4 | 2- 1 | | 1 ||

2c 5 5

8g P 1 1 3 2 1 REP. 1s. P
 A 5 | 7 | 6 | | 3 | s4 5 | 6 s4 | 5 ||

2c
 What more could he have done for you, Who died up - on the cross.

3g P REP. 1s. P
 C 3 | 5 6 | 3 5 | 5 5 | 5 1 | 2 2 | 4 2 | 3 ||

2c
 3g P P

B 1 | 3 2 | 4 3 | 5 4 | 3 | | | 5 ||

2c 5 6 5 4 6 5

2 Come, sinner, come, cast far away
 Your love of wealth and fame,
 And seek by humble confidence
 An interest in his name ;
 The name of Him who died for you,
 Who ever lives on high,
 To advocate the cause of those
 Who, by His blood, draw nigh

3 By faith, by true repentance, and
 Confession, sinner, come,
 Come, nothing doubting — linger not
 For yet there still is room ;
 Come, make the promises your own,
 And from destruction flee ;
 Live godly in Christ Jesus, and
 Be saved eternally.

183. HIBERNIA. 8s, 6s.

4g										
A	1	246	533-5	56543	133	1	246	533-5	56542	.1-
4c	7					7				

I've wandered long in folly's maze, Wildly pursuing sweets that cloy,
And madly tracing sin's dark ways, Which lead but to destroy;

4g										
B	1	24	311-3	34321	11	1	24	311-3	3432	.1-
4c	57				5	57				5

4g	1												P	1																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																											
A	1	46	6	533-5	56542	133	1	46	6	533-5	56542	.1-																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																													

But now by faith I trace the way, The narrow path to life and light,
Which leads to everlasting day, To climes of pure delight.

4g										
B	1	2464	311-3	3432	11	1	2464	311-3	3432	.1-
4c					7	5				7

2 Farewell, farewell, ye joys of earth,
I'm on my way to heaven above;
I join not in your noisy mirth,
I sing my Saviour's love:
I sing the joys of sins forgiven;
My soul is filled with light and peace;
I sing the hope that lifts to heaven,
The place where Jesus is.
2 Farewell to sorrow, toil and care,
And sin a final full adieu;
My heart 's in heaven, my treasure 's
there;
I've Canaan's land in view.
Loved ones have gone to that blest land,
Who oft have joined with me in prayer;
I long to join that glorious band,
And dwell forever there.

184. 8s, 7s, 4s.

1 CROWN the Saviour, angels crown
him!
Rich the trophies Jesus brings;
In the seat of power enthroned him,
While the heavenly concave rings:
Crown him, crown him!
Crown the Saviour, King of kings!
2 Hark! those bursts of acclamation,
Hark! those loud triumphant chords,
Jesus takes the highest station:
Oh what joy the sight affords!
Crown him, crown him!
King of kings and Lord of lords.

185. 8s, 7s, 4s.

1 THOU hast said, exalted Jesus,
"Take thy cross and follow me;"
Shall the word with terror seize us?
Shall we from the burden flee?
Lord, I'll take it,
And, rejoicing, follow thee.
2 While this liquid tomb surveying,
Emblem of my Saviour's grave,
Shall I shun its brink, betraying
Feelings worthy of a slave?
No! I'll enter:
Jesus entered Jordan's wave.
3 Blest the sign which thus reminds me,
Saviour, of thy love for me;
But more blest the love that binds me
In its deathless bonds to thee:
Oh, what pleasure,
Buried with my Lord to be.
4 Should it rend some fond connection,
Should I suffer shame or loss,
Yet the fragrant, blest reflection,
I have been where Jesus was,
Will revive me,
When I faint beneath the cross.
5 Fellowship with him possessing,
Let me die to earth and sin;
Let me rise t' enjoy the blessing
Which the faithful soul shall win:
May I ever
Follow where my Lord has been.

CAROLINA. 8s, 7s. T. HARRISON.

REP. 1 & 2g.

1g \$	3-311	4-42	.1	22	1-133 .5
A	55	55	7	55 7-7	75 55
Bq					
1g \$	2-2	REP.	11	REP. 1s, 2s.	
D	33 5-533	33	75 .3	2-214 2	3-3 .7
Bq			77	7 77	
1g \$		REP.	11	REP. 1s, 2s.	
B	11 1-111	11	5-555 .1	55 5-555 55 55	1-1 .5
Bq					

188. S. M.

- 1 GOD of all created wonder ;
God of countless orbs of light,
God of rain, and wind, and thunder,
God of morning, noon, and night ;
Blessed be thy name forever,
Blessed be thy glorious reign ;
Thy great system faileth never,
All thy works in truth remain.
2. God of valley, plain, and mountain,
God of garden, field, and wood ;
God of river, stream, and fountain,
God of all created good ;
Thy great system faileth never,
All thy works in truth remain :
Blessed be thy name forever ;
Blessed be thy glorious reign.
- 3 God of mercy, God of heaven,
God of faith, and hope, and love,
Thankful are we that 't is given
Us to have our hopes above.

Gracious Father, by thy Spirit
And thy word may we be led
Safely, until we inherit
All that thou hast promised.

189. S. M.

- 1 HOW painful 't is to part
With friends so kind and dear,
As those with whom we are joined in
heart,
And mutual friendship share.
- 2 How painful to repeat,
"Beloved friends, farewell!"
We part, perhaps, no more to meet,
Until with Christ to dwell.
- 3 But glorious thought — to know
We part to meet above,
Where farewell tears will cease to flow,
And every heart is love.

CAMDEN. S. M. L.

4g											P 1									
A	3	5554	3-31	3353	2-2	1	3353	446	5542	1-1										
28s	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,										
4g											P									
D	5	5556	5-55	6655	5-5	5	5555	6663	3365	5-5										
28s	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,										
4g											P									
C	3	3332	1-11	1121		3	3333	2231	1122	1-1										
28s	,	,	,	,	7-7	,	,	,	,	,										
4g											P									
B	1	111	1-11	1		1	1111	1	12	1-1										
28s	,	7	,	6	7	6	5-5	,	,	7	7	6	5	7						

RELIGION

NOT LOUD

O God, ten thousand flowers, To thee sweet offerings bear,
And cheerful birds in shady bowers.

[illegible]

1	1-1	1	1-	1-1	1	1-	R	.R	.R	.R	R=
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1	3	2	1	5	5	3	4	2	1	1
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Sing forth thy ten - der care, Sing forth thy ten - der care.

1	○	○		3	3-1	○	○	
---	---	---	--	---	-----	---	---	--

1	1-1	2		1	1-1	
---	-----	---	--	---	-----	--

2 These living hearts of ours,
Thy holy name would bless ;
The blossom of ten thousand flowers
Would please the Saviour less.

8 While earth itself decays,
Our souls can never die ;
O tune them all to sing thy praise,
In better songs on high.

191. S. M.

1 THIS is the glorious day,
That our Redeemer made ;
Let us rejoice, and sing, and pray,
Let all the church be glad.

2 The work, O Lord, is thine,
And wondrous in our eyes ;
This day declares it all divine,
This day did Jesus rise.

3 Hosanna to the King,
Of David's royal blood ;
Bless him, you saints, he comes to bring
Salvation from your God.

4 We bless thy holy word,
Which all this grace displays,
And offer on thy altar, Lord,
Our sacrifice of praise.

192. S. M.

1 THE lilies of the field,
That quickly fade away,
May well to us a lesson yield,
For we are frail as they.

2 Just like an early rose,
I've seen an infant bloom ;
But death, perhaps, before it blows,
Will lay it in the tomb.

3 Then let us think on death,
Though we are young and gay ;
For God, who gave our life and breath,
Can take them both away.

4 To God, who made them all,
Let children humbly cry ;
And then, whenever death may call,
They'll be prepared to die.

193. DELAY NOT. 11s.

S. W. L.

4g 1-
 A 5 | 7 6 | 5 5 5 | 4 4 4 | .5 || 1 2 | 3 3 2 3 | 4 4 3 4 | 5 7 6 | .5 ||
 3c , , , , , , , ,

Delay not, delay not, O sinner draw near,

The waters of life are now flowing for thee;

4g
 C 1 | 3- 2 1 | 1 1 1 | 2 2 2 | .3 || 1 1 | 1 2 2 1 2 | 3 5 3 | .2 ||
 3c , 6 7 , , , , , ,

4g
 D 5 | 5- 4 3 | 3 3 3 | 5 5 5 | .5 || 5 | 5 5 4 6 | 3 5 5 6 | 7 6 | .5 ||
 3c , , , , , , , ,

4g
 B 1 | 1- 1 1 | 1 | .1 || 1 | 1 | 1 2 | .5 ||
 3c , 5 5 5 5 5 5 6 6 5 7

4g 1- P
 A 5 | 7 6 | 5 5 1 2 | 3 4 3 | .2 || 3 4 | 5 6 5 | 5 1 2 | 3 4 2 | .1 ||
 3c , , , , , , , ,

No price is demanded, The Saviour is here,

Redemption is purchased, salvation is free.

4g P
 C 3 | 3- 2 1 | 1 1 | 1 2 1 | || 1 2 | 3 4 3 | 3 1 | 1 2 | .1 ||
 3c , 6 7 , .7 , , 7 7

4g 1 1 P
 D 5 | 5- 4 3 | 3 3 3 4 | 5 6 5 | .5 || 5 | 5 | 5 1 5 | 5 6 5 | .1 ||
 3c , , , , , , , ,

4g P
 B 1 | 1- 1 1 | 1 | 1 2 1 | || 1 2 1 | 1 | .1 ||
 3c , 5 5 .5 5 5 6 5 4 5

2 Delay not, delay not, why longer abuse

The love and compassion of Jesus our Lord ?

A fountain is opened, how canst thou refuse

To wash and be cleansed in his pardoning blood ?

3 Delay not, delay not, O sinner, to come,

For mercy still lingers, and calls thee to-day ;

Her voice is not heard in the vale of the tomb,

Her message, unheeded, will soon pass away.

4 Delay not, delay not, the spirit of grace,

Long grieved and resisted, entreats thee to come ;

Beware, lest in darkness thou finish thy race,

And sink to the depth of eternity's gloom,

- 5** Delay not, delay not, the hour is at hand,
 The earth shall dissolve and the heavens shall fade,
 The dead, small and great, in the judgment shall stand,
 What power, then, O sinner, shall lend thee its aid ?

194. 10s, 11s.

- 1** MY God, I am thine, what a comfort divine,
 What a blessing to know that my Jesus is mine !
 In th' heavenly Lamb, thrice happy I am,—
 My heart doth rejoice at the sound of his name.
- 2** True pleasures abound in the rapturous sound ;
 Whoever hath found it, hath paradise found :
 My Jesus to know, and feel his blood flow,—
 'Tis life everlasting, 'tis heaven below.
- 3** Yet onward I haste to the heavenly feast
 That, that is the fullness ; but this is the taste !
 And this I shall prove, till with joy I remove
 To th' heaven of heavens in Jesus's love.

195. 11s.

- 1** DRAW nigh to the Holy, bend low at his throne ;
 There, penitent, lowly, thy sinfulness own.
 There, there, if thou yearnest for pardon and rest —
 There, fervent and earnest, prefer thy request.
- 2** Confess thy backsliding, thy weakness and fears ;
 In Jesus confiding, there pour out thy tears.
 Think not he will scorn thee, though wretched thy case ;
 His hand will adorn thee, with garments of grace.
- 3** More precious than treasure, more vast than the sea,
 His love has no measure, nor limit to thee.
 His easy yoke wearing, his pleasure abide —
 In all thy cross-bearing, he'll walk by thy side.

4 Oh Lord, in this valley of woe,
Our spirits for heaven prepare,
And shortly we also shall know,
And feel what it is to be there.

198. EXULTATION. 8s. T. HARRISON.

16	1 1 1	2 2 2	3-	1	4 4 4	3 3 3	2-	1 1 1	2 2 2	3-
A 5	' '	' '	'	' ', ' '	' ', ' '	5	' ', ' '	' ', ' '		
29	'						'			

As lightly and sweetly we tread The rose-scattered pathway of youth,
We'll triumph, that o'er us is spread

[illegible]

16	1- 1			111			1-					
B	1	111	555		'	444	'	5-	1	111	555	
20	'	'	'			'			'	'	'	

16	1	4	4	4	3	2	1	1
A	'	'	'	'	7		5	6 6 6
20								7 7 7

The banner of mercy and truth ; We'll pour forth our praises that he

lg																	
D	3	6	6	6	5	4	4	3-		3	4	4	4	5	5	5	3-
20	9		9	9		9	9			9		9	9		9	9	

lg	1					1														
B	'	4	4	4		5	5		1-		1	4	4	4		2	2	2		1-
20			'			'	'				'		'	'		'	'			

[illegible]

Who liveth and reigneth above, Forever our Guardian will be,
That God our Creator is love.

D	3	4	4	4	3	2	2				3	3	3	5	5	5	5-		3	6	6	6	5	4	4	3-
20'		"	"		"	"	7-	"		"	"		"	"	"	"	"		"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"

[illegible]

2 We know that his kindness and care
All parts of creation embrace —
That we shall especially share
The gifts of his infinite grace.
To him our thanksgivings ascend :
His blessings unlimited prove,
That he is our father and friend —
That God, our Preserver, is love.

3 His love he revealed in his Son,
Whose mercy no bounds ever knew;
We'll praise him for all he has done,
And all he has promised to do:
In feeling, in deed, and in word,
Be governed by grace from above;
And always rejoice in the Lord,
For God, our Redeemer, is love.

3 When with torrents of temptation,
Satan shall thy soul assail;
Then his standard of salvation,
Shall against the foe prevail:
He will give both grace and glory,
No good thing will he deny;
He a table spreads before thee,
And shall all thy wants supply.

202. 8s, 7s.

1 JESUS, I my cross have taken,
All to leave, and follow thee;
Friendless, poor, despised, forsaken,
Thou, from hence, my all shalt be.
Perish, every fond ambition,
All I've sought, or hoped, or known;
Yet how rich is my condition,
God and heaven are still my own!

2 Let the world despise and leave me;
They have left my Saviour too:
Human hearts and looks deceive me—
Thou art not, like them, untrue;
And while thou shalt smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love, and might,
Foes may hate and friends disown me;
Show thy face, and all is bright.

3 Go, then, earthly fame and treasure;
Come disaster, scorn and pain:
In thy service pain is pleasure;
With thy favor loss is gain:
I have called thee Abba, Father,—
I have set my heart on thee;
Storms may howl, and clouds may
gather,
All must work for good to me.

4 Man may trouble and distress me,—
'Twill but drive me to thy breast;
Life with trials hard may press me,—
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest.
Oh! 't is not in grief to harm me,
While thy love is left to me;
Oh! 't were not in joy to charm me,
Were that joy unmixed with thee!

5 Soul, then know thy full salvation;
Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care;
Joy to find in every station,
Something still to do or bear.
Think what spirit dwells within thee;
Think what Father's smiles are thine;
Think that Jesus died to win thee:
Child of heaven, canst thou repine?

6 Haste thee on from grace to glory,
Armed by faith, and winged by prayer;
Heaven's eternal days before thee,
God's own hand shall guide thee there.
Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days;
Hope shall change to glad fruition.
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

203. 8s, 7s.

1 SEE the leaves around you falling,
Dry and withered, to the ground;
Thus to thoughtless mortals calling
In a sad and solemn sound.
Youth, on length of days presuming,
Who the paths of pleasure tread,
View us, late in beauty blooming,
Numbered now among the dead.

2 What though yet no losses grieve you,
Gay in health and many a grace,
Let not cloudless skies deceive you,
Summer gives to autumn place.
On the tree of life eternal
Let your highest hopes be stayed,
This alone forever vernal,
Bears a leaf that shall not fade.

204. 8s, 7s.

1 COME, poor sinners, seek salvation,
Now embrace your precious Lord:
God commands that every nation,
Shall obey his saving word.

2 Sinners, none but he can save us
Fly, embrace your Saviour's love
He now breathes his Spirit in us;
Let his grace your bosom move.

205. 8s, 7s.

1 JESUS says that we must love him;
Helpless as the lambs are we;
But he very kindly tells us,
That our Shepherd he will be.

2 Heavenly Shepherd, please to watch us,
Guard us both by night and day;
Pity show to little children,
Who, like lambs, too often stray.

3 We are always prone to wander:
Please to keep us from each snare;
Teach our infant hearts to praise thee,
For thy kindness and thy care.

206. HEAVEN IS MY HOME. C. M. S. W.

[illegible]

I have no resting place on earth, On which to fix my love ;

But O my heart is yearning for The promised rest above.

'Tis true the earth is passing fair, O'er which I sadly roam,
But yet it hath no charms for me, For heaven is my home.

[illegible]

2G	1	1	REP.	111	1	111	REP.
D	5	5555	555	555	.5	5	555
8G	5	5555	555	555	.5	5	555

20	REP.										REP.									
B	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	.1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
30	9	9	9	9	9	4	5	5	9	9	5	5	9	9	9	9	.5			

2 A pilgrim long I've wandered here,
But with a steadfast eye

I see a rest reserved for me

At God's right hand on b

Then all the joys of earth in vain

Will tempt my feet to roam,

Or seek a rest on earth below,

Since heaven is my home,

3 Oh ! were this world as fair as when
Primeval Eden smiled.

I would not by its glowing charms,
To dwell here, be beguiled :

But I would seek a higher world.

Where God has bid me come.

Then seek no more to bind me here,
For heaven is my home.

KENTUCKY. S. M.

7G
A | .1 1 | .2 1 | || | .1 1 | .2 3 2 | .1 | 5 | .3 2 1 | 1 3 | .2 1 |
3C 5 6' 6' .5 5 6' '' '' .6 '' 6' .5
7G
B | 1 | | | 1 | | .1 | 3 | .1 | | | | |
3C 5 .5 .5 4 .3 5 .5 .5 7 6 .4 6 .5 4 .2

207. S. M.

1 QUICK as the spark inspires

This mortal flesh of ours.

So quick the word of Jesus fires

The soul's immortal powers.

2 He speaks our spirits wake.

Astonished and renewed,
And mounting up, his grace partake,
With strength divine endued.

4 We walk, we run, we fly.

Along the heavenly way!

'Scaped from the jaws of death, on high,
We seek a brighter day.

208. C. M.

- 1 O GOD, with humble heart and voice,
We now approach thy throne,
Released from every earthly thought,
To worship thee alone.
- 2 Thy all-sustaining hand has kept
Us safe since morning light,
And now we thy protection ask,
To guard us through the night.
- 3 O may our thankful songs to thee,
Like grateful incense rise,
And mingle with the praises which
Are sung above the skies.
- 4 But when we lift the voice in prayer,
With reverential fear.
Bow down from out thy high abode,
And condescend to hear.
- 5 For O, we come as children come,
And ask thee to supply
Our hungry souls with living food,
Which thou wilt ne'er deny.
- 6 But as the gentle dews descend,
So may thy grace be given,
To cheer us in thy earthly courts,
While on our way to heaven.
- 7 O may our hearts all yield to thee;
Our stormy passions cease,
As fall the waters of the deep,
When thou commandest peace.
- 8 And when all earthly scenes shall fade,
O may we joyful stand,
To worship with the ransomed throng
Who dwell at thy right hand.

209. C. M.

- 1 ATTEND, ye children of your God;
Ye heirs of glory, hear;
For accents so divine as these
Might charm the dullest ear.
- 2 Baptized into your Saviour's death,
Your souls to sin must die;
With Christ your Lord ye live anew,
With Christ ascend on high.
- 3 There, by his Father's side, he sits
Enthroned divinely fair,
Yet owns himself your brother still,
And your forerunner there.
- 4 Rise, from these earthly trifles rise,
On wings of faith and love;
Above, your choicest treasure lies,
Then set your hearts above.

210. C. M.

- 1 HOSANNA to the Prince of Light,
Who clothed himself in clay,
Entered the iron gates of death,
And tore the bars away.
- 2 Death is no more the king of dread,
Since our Immanuel rose;
He took the painful sting away,
And spoiled our hellish foes.
- 3 See how the Conqueror mounts aloft,
And to his Father flies,
With scars of honor in his flesh,
And triumph in his eyes.
- 4 There our exalted Saviour reigns,
And scatters blessings down;
Our Jesus with his Father sits
On the celestial throne.
- 5 Raise your devotion, mortal tongues,
To reach his blest abode;
Sweet be the accents of your songs,
To our incarnate God.
- 6 Bright angels, strike your loudest
strings,
Your sweetest voices raise;
Let heaven, and all created things,
Sound our Immanuel's praise.

211. S. M.

- 1 YOUR harps, you trembling saints,
Down from the willows take;
Loud to the praise of love divine,
Bid every strain awake.
- 2 His grace shall to the end,
Stronger and brighter shine;
Nor present things, nor things to come,
Shall mar his love divine.
- 3 The glorious time will come,
When all shall plainly see,
And know ev'n as we now are known,
Throughout Eternity.
- 4 Lord search and know our hearts,
Oh make our souls sincere:
Bid all hypocrisy depart,
And keep our conscience clear.

Doxology.

- O Holy, Holy Lord!
Salvation all is thine:
Righteous art thou in all thy ways,
Thy work is all divine.

217. 8s, 7s, 4s.

- 1 SINNERS, will you scorn the message,
Sent in mercy from above!
Every sentence — oh how tender!
Every line is full of love:
Listen to it —
Every line is full of love.
- 2 Hear the heralds of the gospel,
News from Zion's King proclaim,
"Pardon to each rebel sinner! —
Free forgiveness in his name."
How important!
"Free forgiveness in his name."

3 Tempted souls, they bring you succor;
Fearful hearts, they quell your fears;
And, with news of consolation,
Chase away the falling tears.
Tender heralds!
Chase away the falling tears.

4 False professors, groveling worldlings,
Callous hearers of the word,
While the messengers address you,
Take the warnings they afford;
We entreat you —
Take the warnings they afford.

5 Who hath our report believed?
Who received the joyful word?
Who embraced the news of pardon,
Offered to you by the Lord?
Can you slight it?
Offered to you by the Lord?

218. 8s, 7s, 4s.

1 LIGHT of them who sit in darkness,
Rise and shine — thy blessings bring;
Light to lighten all the Gentiles!
Rise with healing in thy wing:
To thy brightness
Let all kings and nations come.

2 Thou to whom all power is given,
Speak the word — at thy command,
In each nation under heaven
Preachers shall pervade the land:
Lord, be with them,
Who for truth and scripture stand.

219. 8s, 7s, 4s.

1 COME, thou soul-transforming Saviour,
Bless the sower and the seed:
Let each heart possess thy favor;
Raise the weak — the hungry feed:
By the gospel
Now supply thy people's need.

2 We are come to seek thy blessing;
Thou art here thy grace to give;
Let us all thy love possessing,
Joyfully the truth receive;
And forever
To thy praise and glory live.

220. 8s, 7s, 4s.

1 COME, you sinners, come to Jesus;
Think upon your gracious Lord;
He has pitied your condition,
He has sent his gospel word:
Mercy calls you;
Mercy flows in Jesus' blood.

2 Dearest Saviour, help thy servant
To proclaim thy wondrous love;
Pour thy grace upon this people,
That thy truth they may approve:
Bless, O bless them,
From thy shining courts above.

3 Now thy gracious word invites them
To partake the gospel feast;
Let thy Spirit sweetly draw them,
Every soul be Jesus' guest:
Oh, receive us!
Let us find thy promised rest.

221. 8s, 7s, 4s.

1 LORD, to us thy word is precious;
Thy redeeming love we sing;
Thou art ever, ever gracious,
Mediator, Priest, and King.
May thy people
Evermore thy glory sing.

2 May we feel thy full salvation,
In thy grace forever grow;
And may every tribe and nation,
Thy redemption fully know:
That thy glory
All the earth may overflow.

222. MILLENNIAL GLORY.

668 REP. REP. Is.

A 5	5-3 5	5-3 3	2 2 2 3 2	1-	1	222	1111	222	331
230	,	,	,	,	5	,	,	,	,

Rejoice, rejoice, the promised time is coming, } And Zion's children then shall sing,
Rejoice, rejoice, the wilderness shall bloom, }

Rejoice, rejoice, the wilderness shall bloom,								REP. 1s.						
6Gf	()	()	()				REP.							
C 3	3-1 3	3-1				1								
23c'	,		5	7	7	7	'7	3-3	3		4	4	4	3
			,								3	3	3	3
											4	4	4	3
											5	5	2	

8c6 REP. The deserts all are blossoming

6c9 REP. The deserts all are blossoming
B 1 | 1-11 | 1-11 | 1- ||
23c, , , 5 5 5 5 1

6G																			
A		133	2211	1		131	()	1	222										
2365	5	5	5	6	5'	'	'	'	66	6	5	5	5	6	5'	'	66	67'	'

The gospel banner, wide unfurled, Shall wave in triumph o'er the world.
And every creature, bond or free, Shall hail the glorious jubilee.

6a And every creature, bond or free. Shall hail the glorious jubilee.

0		11				1		
2303	3333	35	7766	4444	4	3334	556	4441555

- 2 Rejoice, rejoice, the promised time is coming,
Rejoice, rejoice, Jerusalem shall sing ;
From Zion shall the law go forth,
And all shall hear from south to north.
Rejoice, rejoice, the promised time is coming,
Rejoice, rejoice, Jerusalem shall sing ;
And truth shall sit on every hill,
And blessings flow in every rill,
And praise shall every heart employ,
And every voice shall shout for joy.
Rejoice, rejoice, the promised time is coming,
Rejoice, rejoice, Jerusalem shall sing.
- 2 Rejoice, rejoice, the promised time is coming,
Rejoice, rejoice, the Prince of Peace shall reign ;
And lambs may with the leopard play,
For nought shall harm in Zion's way.
Rejoice, rejoice, the promised time is coming,
Rejoice, rejoice, the Prince of Peace shall reign ;
The sword and spear of needless worth,
Shall prune the tree and plow the earth,
For peace shall smile from shore to shore,
And nations shall learn war no more.
Rejoice, rejoice, the promised time is coming,
Rejoice, rejoice, the Prince of Peace shall reign.

225. MERCY SEAT. L. M. ARR. BY S. W. L.

4g P 1 1 2 2 P
 A 1 | 5 5 6 | 5 3 1 4 | 3 2 | 1 || 5 | | | 5 5 4 | 5 ||
 2c , , , , , , , ,
 From every stormy wind that blows, From every swelling tide of woes,
 4g P
 C 1 | 3 3 4 | 3 1 1 2 | 1 | 1 || 3 | 5 5 | 7 7 | 7 6 | 5 ||
 2c , , , , , 7
 There is a place where Jesus sheds The oil of gladness on our heads,
 4g P P
 B 1 | 1 1 | 1 1 | | 1 || 1 | 3 3 | 4 4 | 3 1 | | ||
 2c 6 5 5

4g 1 1 P 1
 A | 3- 2 | 1 | 6 6 | 5 || | 5- 6 | 5 3 1 4 | 3 2 | .1 ||
 2c , , , , ,
 There is a calm, a sure retreat, 'Tis found beneath the Mercy Seat.
 4g P
 C 5 | 1- | 1 | 4 4 | 3 || 5 | 3- 4 | 3 1 1 2 | 1 | .1 ||
 2c 7 6 , , , , 7
 A place than all beside more sweet — It is the blood-bought Mercy Seat.
 4g P
 B 3 | 1- | 1 | 2 2 | 3 || 3 | 1- 2 | | | .1 ||
 2c 5 3 5 , 5 4 5 5

- 3 There is a scene where spirits blend,
 Where friend holds fellowship with friend;
 Though sundered far — by faith they meet,
 Around one common Mercy Seat.
- 4 Ah! whither could we flee for aid,
 When tempted, desolate, dismayed —
 Or how the host of hell defeat.
 Had suffering saints no Mercy Seat.
- 5 There! there, on eagle wings we soar,
 And sin and sense seem all no more,
 And heaven comes down our souls to greet,
 And glory crowns the Mercy Seat.
- 6 Oh let my hand forget her skill,
 My tongue be silent, cold, and still,
 This bounding heart forget to beat,
 If I forget the Mercy Seat.

226. LOOK ALOFT.

5G SOFT.

SOFT.

A	1 1-1	1 1	2 2-2	2 1	2 2-2	2 1 2	3 3-3	3 3
2q	5 5	7 7	7 7	7 7	7 7	7 7	7 7	7 7

In the tempest of life, when the wave and the gale

Are around and above, if thy footing should fall,

5G

0					2-1				11-1	1
2q	5 5	5 5-5	5 5 5	7 7-7	7 ' "	7 7-7	7 5 7		' "	
	2 2	2 2	2 2	2 2		2 2	2 2			

5G

D	5 4	3 3-3	3 4 3	5 5-5	5 5-5	5 5-5	5 5 4	3 3-3	3 3
2q	7 7	7 7	7 7	7 7	7 7	7 7	7 7	7 7	7 7

5G

B	1 1-1	1 1								
2q	5 5	7 7	5 5-5	5 5-5	5 5-5	5 5 5	5 5-5	5 5		
	2 2	2	2 2	2 2	2 2	2 2	2 2	2 2		

5G

A	55	53-3	333	3-23-2	16-6	66-6	6555	5555	13-33
2q	7 7	7 7	7 7	7 7	7 7	7 7	7 7	7 7	7 7

If thine eye should grow dim, and thy caution depart, "Look aloft! Look aloft!"
and be firm, and be fearless of heart. "Look aloft!"

5G

C	1 1	1 1-1	1 1 1	1 1-1	1 1-1	1 1 1	1 1 1	1 1-1	1 1
2q	7 7	7 7	7 7	7 7	7 7	7 7	7 7	7 7	7 7

5G

D	1 1	1 5-5	5 5 5	4 4-4	3 4-4	4 4-4	4 3 3 3	3 3 3	2 4 4-4	3 5-5	5 5
2q	7 7	7 7	7 7	7 7	7 7	7 7	7 7	7 7	7 7	7 7	7 7

5G

B	3 3	3 1-1	1 1 1	1 4-4	4 1-1	1 1 1	1 1 1	1 1-1	1 1
2q	7 7	7 7	7 7	7 7	7 7	7 7	7 7	7 7	7 7

- 2 If the friend who embraced in prosperity's glow,
With a smile for each joy, and a tear for each woe,
Should betray thee, when sorrow-like clouds are arrayed,
"Look aloft!" to the friendship which never will fade.
- 3 Should the visions which hope spreads in light to thine eye,
Like the tints of the rainbow, but brighten to fly,
Then turn, and in tears of repentant regret,
"Look aloft!" to the sun that is never to set.
- 4 Should they who are dearest — the son of thy heart,
The wife of thy bosom, in sorrow depart
To that soil where affection is ever in bloom,
"Look aloft!" from the darkness and dust of the tomb.

227. HEAVENLY VISION. 6s. S. W.

6c \$	REP.																REP. 1 & 2s.							
A	1	1	.2-	2	3	3	2	.1	.3	5	5	5	4	.3-	3	2	1	1						
4c	.5	5	7				7											7	6	.5				
The city of our God, Now bursts upon my sight, }																The crown of righteousness,								
And hosts of the redeemed, Arrayed in spotless white; }																								
6c \$	REP.																REP. 1s.							
C																								
4c	.3	3	3	3	3	.5-	5	5	5	5	.3	.5	5	5	5	5	.5-	5	5	5	5	4	.3	
																Encircles every brow.								
6c \$	REP.																REP. 1s.							
D	.1	1	1	3	1			1	1	2	2	.3	.1	3	3	3	2	.1-	1	2	3	3	2	2
4c																								
The toils and cares of earth, Are all forgotten now.																								
6c \$	REP.																REP. 1 & 2s.							
B								1	1			.1	1	1	1	1	.1-							
4c	.1	1	1	5	5	.5-	5			5	5	.1						5	1	1	2	2	.5	

2 The palm of victory
Is waving in the hand
Of all who, in that throng,
Before the Saviour stand;
They sing a lofty strain
The numbers of their hymn
Excel the noblest notes
Of the bright seraphim.

3 Salvation is their theme,
Salvation to our God!
Salvation to the Lamb!
Who saved us by his blood:
For in that precious blood
They've washed away each stain,
And in his kingdom now
Eternally they reign.

BREAST THE WAVE, CHRISTIAN. 5s, 6s. L.

3c \$	1st TIME. 2ND TIME.										REP. 1s.									
A	3-	2	1	3	5	1	1	2	3	1	4	4	2	6	5	5	6	7	5	3
28s	''''	''''	''''	''''	''''	''''	''''	''''	''''	''''	''''	''''	''''	''''	''''	''''	''''	''''	''''	''''
3c \$	1st TIME. 2ND TIME.										REP. 1s.									
D	5-	5	5	5	3	1	4	4	1	3	5	6	6	5	3	5	5	1	3	5
28s	''''	''''	''''	''''	''''	''''	''''	''''	''''	''''	''''	''''	''''	''''	''''	''''	''''	''''	''''	''''
3c \$	1st TIME. 2ND TIME.										REP. 1s.									
B	1-	1	1	1			1	1	1	1	1	1	2	2	1	1	1	1	1	1
28s	''''	''''	''''	''''	''''	''''	''''	''''	''''	''''	''''	''''	''''	''''	''''	''''	''''	''''	''''	''''

228. 5s, 6s.

1 BREAST the wave, Christian,
When it is strongest;
Watch for day, Christian,
When the night's longest;
Onward and onward still,
Be thine endeavor;
The rest that remaineth
Will be forever.

2 Fight the fight, Christian,
Jesus is o'er thee;
Run the race, Christian,
Heaven is before thee;

He who hath promised,
Faltereth never;
The love of eternity
Flows on forever.

3 Lift the eye, Christian,
Just as it closeth;
Raise the heart, Christian,
Ere it reposeth;
Thee from the love of Christ
Nothing shall sever;
Mount, when thy work is done;
Praise him forever

229. CONSOLATION. C. M.

2 A diadem is on each brow,
Whose sparkling jewels shine
Brighter than all that ever flashed
In India's richest mine.

2 Sign of the victory they have won,
A palm waves in each hand ;
A song of praise swells on each tongue
Of all that glorious band.

4 Behold ! they tune their golden harps,
And hark what strains they sing ;
" Glory and wide dominion now
Belong unto our King ! "

5 Are these the angels that looked on
And saw creation's birth ;
Who pealed their joyous anthems forth
When first uprose the earth ?

8 No: these can sing a nobler strain;
Salvation is the song.
Which bursts in rapture from the lips
Of that bright happy throng.

7 Redeemed, from every clime they came
Once man's lost fallen race,
To dwell forever in the smile
Of their Redeemer's face.

8 And while eternal years roll on,
Their harps they shall employ
To swell the high and lofty notes
Of triumph and of joy.

230. S. M.

1 RAISE your triumphant songs
To an immortal tune,
Let the wide earth resound the deeds
Celestial grace has done.

2 Sing how Eternal Love
His Chief Beloved chose,
And bade him raise our wretched race
From this abyss of woes.

3 His hand no thunder bears,
No terror clothes his brow ;
No bolts to drive our guilty souls
To fiercer flames below.

4 He shows his Father's love
To raise our souls on high ;
He came with pardon from above
For rebels doomed to die.

5 Now, children, dry your tears,
Let hopeless sorrow cease;
Yours is the sceptre of his love,
And yours the offered peace.

6 Lord we accept thy call,
And lay an humble claim.
To the salvation thou hast brought,
And love and praise thy name.

231. FAREWELL.

Smile, if the slow tolling bell you shall hear, When I am gone, I am gone,
Weep not for me when you stand by my grave.

Think of the crowns all the ransomed shall have, Think who has died his
When I am gone, I am gone, [beloved to save.

- 2 Plant ye a tree which may wave over me,
When I am gone, when I am gone;
Sing ye a song when my grave ye shall see,
When I am gone, I am gone.
Come at the close of a bright summer day,
Come when the sun sheds his last ling'ring ray,
Come and rejoice that I thus passed away,
When I am gone, I am gone.
- 3 Plant ye a rose that may bloom o'er my bed,
When I am gone, when I am gone;
Breathe not a sigh for the blest early dead,
When I am gone, I am gone;
Praise ye the Lord that I'm freed from all care,
Serve ye the Lord that my bliss ye may share,
Look up on high and believe I am there,
When I am gone, I am gone.

232.

- 1 HERE o'er the earth as a stranger I roam, Here is no rest, here
is no rest,
Here as a pilgrim I wander alone, Yet I am blest,— I am blest.
For I look forward to that glorious day,
When sin and sorrow will vanish away,
My heart doth leap while I hear Jesus say, There, there is rest —
there is rest.

2 Here fierce temptation beset me around; Here is no rest, here is
no rest:

Here I am grieved while my foes me surround; Yet I am blest — I
am blest.

Let them revile me, and scoff at my name,
Laugh at my weeping — endeavor to shame;

I will go forward, for this is my theme; There, there is rest — there
is rest.

3 Here are afflictions and trials severe; Here is no rest, here is no rest;
Here I must part with the friends I hold dear; Yet I am blest — I
am blest.

Sweet is the promise I read in his word;
Blessed are they who have died in the Lord;

They have been called to receive their reward; — There, there is
rest — there is rest.

4 This world of cares is a wilderness state, Here is no rest, here is
no rest;

Here I must bear from the world all its hate, — Yet I am blest — I
am blest.

Soon shall I be from the wicked released,
Soon shall the weary forever be blest,

Soon shall I lean upon Jesus's breast — There, there is rest — there
is rest.

233. 10s, 8s, 7s.

L.

1 WHERE are the fathers who guided our youth,

Where are they gone, where are they gone?

They taught us the lessons of wisdom and truth,

Where are they gone, are they gone?

They're gone from this low ground of sorrow and pain,

They're gone from earth's pleasures so fleeting and vain.

But say, oh! say, shall we meet them again?

Where are they gone, are they gone?

2 Where are the lovely — our fond hearts' delight,

Where are they gone, where are they gone?

They've left this lone valley of canker and blight,

Where are they gone, are they gone?

Sad memory treasures each fond look and tone,

Each kind word and token. Alone, all alone,

Affection remembers. Where are they gone,

Where are they gone, are they gone?

236. 8s, 7s.

1 REJOICE, O earth, the Lord is King!
To him your humble tribute bring;
Let Jacob rise, and Zion sing,
And all the world with praises ring:
And give to Jesus glory.

2 O may the saints of every name
Unite to serve the bleeding Lamb!
May jars and discords cease to flame,
And all the Saviour's love proclaim:
And give, &c.

3 We long to see the Christians join
In union sweet and love divine,
And glory through the churches shine,
And Gentiles crowding to the sign:
And give, &c.

4 O may the distant lands rejoice,
And sinners hear the Bridegroom's voice,

While praise their happy tongues em-
ploys,
And all obtain immortal joys:
And give, &c.

5 A few more days of pain and wo,
A few more sufferings here below,
And then to glory we shall go,
Where everlasting pleasures flow:
And give, &c.

6 Then we shall part and weep no more
When we have met on Canaan's shore,
For Zion's warfare now is o'er;
Such shouts were never heard before:
And give, &c.

7 Then tears shall all be wiped away,
And Christians never go astray;
When we are freed from cumbrous clay
We'll praise the Lord in endless day:
And give to Jesus glory.

237. THE GREAT REWARD. 6s, 4s. L.

1p

A	1	2	3	s4	5	5	3	s5	6	1	2	3	s4	5	3	7	6
2s	6	,	,	,	,				6	,	,	,	,				

When shall I see the day, That ends my woes; When shall I victory gain,
O'er all my foes;

1p

B		1	2	3	3	1	2	3		1	2	3	1	5	5	3
2s	6	6	7	,	,				6	6	7	,	,	,	,	

1p

A	3	6	6	6	s5	6	3	5	3	2	1	5	3	6	3	5	3	2	3	1	
2s	,	,	,	,		,	,	,	,	,		,	,	,	,					7	6

When will the trumpet sound, That calls the exile home,
The grand Sabbatic year, When will it come.

1p

B	1	3	3	3	3	4	1	2	1		1	3	1	2	1					
2s	,	,	,	,		,	,	7	6	5		,	,	7	6	6	s5	6		

2 A crown of glory bright,
By faith I see,
In yonder realms of light,
Prepared for me.
O, may I faithful prove,
And keep the prize in view;
And through the storms of life
My way pursue.

3 Jesus be thou my guide,
My steps attend;
O keep me near thy side,
Be thou my friend;
Be thou my shield and sun,
My Saviour and my guard;
And when my work is done,
My great reward.

238. FAVOR. 7. 6.

5c	\$									1st TIME . 2ND TIME.												
A			1		1	2		3	2	1	2	3		1	1		1	2			1	
2c	5	,	5	,	,	,	"	"	,	,	,	,	,	'	'	'	7	'	'		5	

Oh, when shall I see Je - sus, And reign with him a - bove!
And drink the flowing foun - tain, Of ever - lasting - - love,

5a	§											1st TIME.	2ND TIME
B		1	1	1							1		
2c	5	5	5	6	5	5	6	5	4	5	5		

And with my blessed Je - sus, Drink endless pleasures in.

5g													REP. 1s	
A	1	3	2	1	3	4	5	3	6	5	5	1	1	
2c		"	"	"	"	"		"	"	"	"	"	"	6 5

When shall I be de - livered from this vain world of sin.

[illegible]

2 But now I am a soldier,
My Captain's gone before,
He's given me my orders,
And tells me not to fear ;
And if I hold out faithful
A crown of life he'll give,
And all his valiant soldiers
Eternal life shall have.

3 Through grace I am determined
To conquer though I die,
And then away to Jesus
On wings of love I'll fly;
Farewell to sin and sorrow,
I bid them both adieu.
And you, my friends, prove faithful,
And on your way pursue.

4 And if you meet with troubles
And trials on the way,
Then cast your care on Jesus,
And don't forget to pray ;
Gird on the heavenly armor
Of faith, and hope, and love,
And when your warfare is ended
You'll reign with him above.

5 Oh! do not be discouraged,
For Jesus is your friend,
And if you lack for knowledge
On him you may depend;
Neither will he upbraid you,
Though often you request;
He'll give you grace to conquer,
And take you home to rest.

WESTERN. 7s. 6s.

REP. 1s.
 Ip⁶.3 2-1 1-233 2-1 REP. .3 55313 .5385 6-856-3 .2

A	'66	∪	'685	.6		'		'	'	
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 4C

REP. ls.

lp\$ REP. 11 .1 1 2-12-1

B .6 | 6-533 | 5-655 | 6-533 | .6|.6 | 656 | 6 | , | , | 6

c , , , , ,

239. HANTS. S. M.

7^g
A .1 3 2 | 1- | | 1 1 2 1 2 | .3 .2 | :1 | .2 2 2 | .3 .1 |
4^c 7 .6 .5- 5 7 ' ' ' ' ,
Lord, in the strength of grace, With a glad heart and free, Myself, my resi-

7^g
C .1 1 2 | .3 .2 | .2- || 2 | 1 2 3- 2 | .1 .2 | :3 | | .1 .3 |
4^c , 7 7 7 7
Thy ransomed servant I, Restore to Thee thine own, And from this moment

7^g
D .3 3 4 | .5 8 .4 | .5- || 5 | 4 5 3 4 3 4 | .5 .5 | :5 | .5 5 5 | .5 .3 |
4^c , , , , ,
Thy ransomed servant I, Restore to Thee thine own, And from this moment

7^g
B .1 1 | | | | .1 | | | .1 .3 |
4^c 5 .1 .2 .5- 5 6 5 6- 7 , .5 :5 .5 5 5
7^g
A .4 .3 | .2 || R | 1 | 1 2 1 2 .3 || .5 3 3 | 4- 3 .2 | :1 |
4^c 7 7 6 5 ' ' ' ' ,
due of days, I consecrate to Thee— I consecrate to Thee.

7^g
C .3 .1 | || R 2 | 1 2 3 2 | 3 2 3 2 .1 || .3 5 3 | .1 .2 | :3 |
4^c .7 ' ' ' ' ,
live or die, Will serve my God alone — Will serve my God alone.

7^g
D .6 .5 | .5 || R 5 | 5 5 6 5 | :3 || .5 5 5 | .6 .5 | :5 |
4^c :1
live or die, Will serve my God alone — Will serve my God alone.

7^g
B .2 .1 | || R | 1 | .1 || .1 1 1 | .4 .5 | |
4^c .5 5 6 5 7 6- 7 , :1

240. S. M.

- 1 HOW sweet to bless the Lord,
And in his praises join,
With saints his goodness to record,
And sing his power divine !
- 2 These seasons of delight
The dawn of glory seem,
Like rays of pure, celestial light,
Which on our spirits beam.
- 3 O, blest assurance this ;
Bright form of heavenly day ;
Sweet foretaste of eternal bliss,
That cheers the pilgrim's way.

- 4 Thus may our joys increase,
Our love more ardent grow,
While rich supplies of Jesus' grace
Refresh our souls below.
- 5 But O, the bliss sublime,
When joy shall be complete,
In that unclouded, glorious clime
Where all thy servants meet !
- 6 Then shall the ransomed throng
The Saviour's love record,
And shout, in everlasting song,
" Salvation to the Lord ! "

242. C. M.

1 JERUSALEM, my glorious home!
Name ever dear to me!
When shall my labors have an end,
In joy, and peace, and thee?

2 When shall these eyes thy heaven-
built walls,
And pearly gates behold?
Thy bulwarks, with salvation strong,
And streets of shining gold?

3 O when, thou city of my God,
Shall I thy courts ascend,
Where congregations ne'er break up,
And praises never end?

4 There happier bowers than Eden's
bloom,
Nor sin nor sorrow know;
Bless'd seats! thro' rough and stormy
scenes,
I onward press to you.

5 Why should I shrink at pain and woe?
Or feel at death dismay?
I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
And realms of endless day.

6 Jerusalem! my glorious home!
My soul still pants for thee;
Then shall my labors have an end,
When I thy joys shall see.

243. PITTSBURG. C. M.

7G
A 11 | 3122 .2-4 | 31 | R | 11 | 3125 .5-4 | 35421 | .1-R |
4c.5 76 .5 .5 7

Prayer is the soul's sincere desire, Unuttered or expressed,
The motion of a hidden fire, That trembles in the breast.

7G
B | 11 | | | R | 11 | | | R |
4c.511 55 .5-6 5122 .5- .511 55 .5-6 12 34 55 .1-
,, , ,

2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh
The falling of a tear,
The upward glancing of an eye;
When none but God is near.

3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That any lips can try —
Prayer the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.

4 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air;
His watchword at the gate of death;
He enters heaven with prayer.

5 Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,
Returning from his ways;
While angels in their songs rejoice,
And say, Behold! he prays.

6 The saints in prayer appear as one,
In word, in deed, in mind,
When with the Father and the Son
Their fellowship they find.

7 Nor prayer is made on earth alone,
The Holy Spirit pleads,
And Jesus, on th' eternal throne
For sinners intercedes.

8 Oh! Thou, by whom we come to God,
The Life, the Truth, the Way;
The path of prayer thyself hast trod,
Lord, teach us how to pray.

244. C. M.

1 APPROACH, my soul, the mercy seat,
Where Jesus answers prayer;
There humbly fall before his feet,
For none can perish there.

2 Thy promise is my only plea,
With this I venture high;
Thou callest the burden'd soul to thee,
And such, O Lord, am I.

4 Be thou my shield and hiding-place,
That, shelter'd near thy side,
I may my fierce accuser face,
And tell him thou hast died.

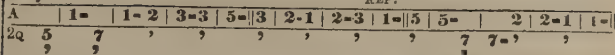
5 O, wondrous love! to bleed and die,
To bear the cross and shame,
That guilty sinners, such as I,
Might plead his gracious name.

6 "Poor tempest-tossed soul, be still,
My promis'd grace receive;"
'Tis Jesus speaks — I must, I will,
I can, I do believe.

248. MILDNESS. D. C. M.

6g \$

REP.



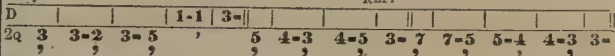
Oh! no, we cannot sing the song Formed for Jehovah's praise;

Our sorrowing harps refuse their strings, To Zion's gladsome lays.

They bid us be in mirthful mood,

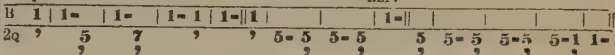
6g \$

REP.



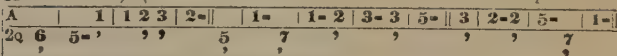
6g \$

REP.



6g

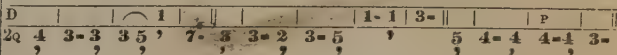
P



And dry those tears so sad; But Judah's hearths are desolate,

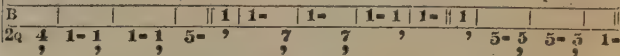
And how can we be glad?

6g



6g

P



2 Silent our harps o'er Babel's stream
 Are hung on willows wet;
 And Zion we no more shall see—
 But can we e'er forget,
 Jerusalem, thy banished ones
 Prove anguish and regret,
 But heaven's own curse shall rest on
 them
 If thee they e'er forget.

249. C. M.

1 SPEAK gently—It is better far
 To rule by love than fear;
 Speak gently—let no harsh word mar
 The good we might do here.
 Speak gently to the little child;
 Its love be sure to gain;
 Teach it, in accents soft and mild,
 From evil to refrain.

2 Speak gently to the young, for they
 Will have enough to bear:
 Pass thro' this life as best they may,
 'Tis full of anxious care.
 Speak gently to the aged one,
 Grieve not the care-worn heart;
 The sands of life are nearly run
 Let such in peace depart.

3 Speak gently—He who gave his life
 To bend man's stubborn will,
 When elements were fierce with strife
 Said to them—"Peace be still!"
 Speak gently—'tis a little thing,
 Dropp'd in the heart's deep well;
 The good, the joy, which it may bring,
 Eternity shall tell.

250. THE CONTRAST. J. P. WILLIAMSON.

4a											REP.	1	1												
A	1	2		3	3	2		3	5	5	1		3	3-	2		1	R							
2a	?	?		?	?		?	?	?	?		?	?	?		?	?								
I have sought round the verdant earth for unfading joy, } I have tried every source of mirth, but all, all will cloy; } Lord be-																									
4a											REP.														
D	3	4			5	5	4		3	3	3	5		5	5-	4		3	R		5	5			
2a	?	?		?	?		?	?	?	?	?	?		?	?		?	?							
I have wandered in mazes dark, of doubt and distress, } I have not had a kindly spark, my spirit to bless; } Cheerless																									
4a											REP.														
B	1			1	1			1	1	1								R		1	1				
2a	?	?		?	?		?	?	?	?	4		5	5-	5		1								
4a											1	1							P						
A	6	5	5		3	2	3	5		6	5	5			6	5	5		3	3-	2		1		
2a	?	?		?	?	?	?	?	?	?	?	?		?	?		?	?							
stow on me, grace to set my spirit free, Thine the praise shall be, mine, mine the joy.																									
4a	1											1						P							
D		5	5		6	6	6	3		4	3	3		5	5		5	5		5	5-	4		3	
2a	?	?		?	?	?	?	?	?	?	?	?		?	?		?	?		?	?				
unbelief filled my laboring soul with grief; What shall give relief, what shall give peace?																									
4a																		P							
B	3	1	1		1		1	3		2	1	1		1	1		3	1	1				1		
2a	?	?		?	?	?	?	?	?	?	?	?		?	?		5	5-	5						

- 3 I turned to thy gospel, Lord, from folly away;
 I trusted thy holy word, which taught me to pray;
 Here I found release, wearied spirit here found peace,
 Hope of endless bliss, eternal day.
- 4 I'm a stranger and pilgrim here in this world of woe,
 But I find my Redeemer near as onward I go;
 Jesus is my friend, he will be with me to the end,
 And from foes defend my path below.
- 5 I have heard my Redeemer say, "my promise is sure,
 I have taught thee to watch and pray, all hardness endure;"
 Jesus be my guide, in thy promise I'll confide;
 Keep me near thy side, my life, my way.
- 6 I will praise thee, my Heavenly King, I'll praise and adore,
 My heart's richest tribute bring to thee, God of power;
 And in Heaven above, saved by thy redeeming love,
 Loud the strains shall move for evermore.

251. THE SUNSET TREE.

2G § 3 .1						332	1-1	21	1-
A 5		3-33	55 3-3	2345	3-5	5 ' ' '	' ' '7	6 ' ' 7	

Love! love! love! Love for the fallen weak! From realms of joy he fled.
The lost in sin to seek, And to bring to life the dead

B	11	.1	1-11	111-1		1-1	3554	3-33	1	1-
2c			9999	9999	5555	9999	9999	9999	5555	

2G REF. 18
21 .1
A 3 2 5 5 8 4 5 5 5 7 6 5 8 4 6 5 5 4 - 4 4 4 3 3 3 2 ' 7

He left his glorious throne, And his angel hosts above, And claimed us
for his own, It was love, unbounded love.

26	REP. 18.									
B	1		111	4321	1		111		.1	
2c	'	5557	'	'	'	5	6-666	'	5555	

2 Love! love! love!
Love for the sick and faint!—
'T was love his footsteps moved:
Where sorrow dwelt he went,
And the poor his friendship proved—
The haunts of grief he sought,
And the dungeons of despair;
And oh! what deeds he wrought
For the sick and dying there.

8 Love! love! love!
Love on the cross displayed!
The Prince of Life to bleed!
In death's damp prison laid!—
It was love, pure love indeed!
For us from death arose!—
He arose and went on high—
He triumphed o'er our foes,
And he lives no more to die.

4 Love! love! love!
Love on the throne of Heaven!
He changes not his name;
All power to him is given,
And his love is still the same:
And we shall share his throne,
For he died and lived for this;
Bright heaven shall be our own—
An eternity of bliss.

The twilight star to heaven,
And the summer dew to flowers,
And rest to us is given
By the cool soft evening hours.
Come, come, &c.

2 Sweet is the hour of rest !
 Pleasant the heart's low sigh,
 And the gleaming of the west,
 And the turf whereon we lie.
 When the burden and the heat
 Of labor's task are o'er,
 And kindly voices greet
 The tired one at his door.
 Come, come, &c.

3 Yes; tuneful is the sound
That dwells in whispering boughs,
Welcome the freshness round,
And the gale that fans our brow—
But rest more sweet and still
Than ever night-fall gave,
Our longing hearts shall fill
In the world beyond the grave.
— Come, come, &c.

4 There shall no tempest blow,
No scorching noon-tide heat;
There shall be no more snow,
Nor weary wandering feet.
And we lift our trusting eyes,
From the hills our fathers trod,
To the quiet of the skies,
To the Sabbath of our God.
Come, come, &c.

252.

1 COME to the sunset tree,
The day is past and gone,
The woodman's ax lies low,
And the reaper's work is done.

253. DUANE STREET.

G. COLES.

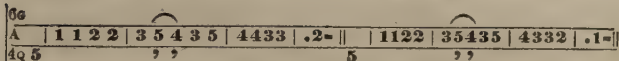
6a											P																							
A	1	3	3	1	2	4	4	2	3	1	1	2	1	3	3	1	2	4	4	2	3	1	2	3	4	2	1	1						
4q	5											7	5 5 5						7					7										
Jesus, my all, to heaven is gone, He whom I fix my hopes upon ; His track I see, and I'll pursue The narrow way till him I view.																																		
6a											P																							
B											1	1											1	1										
4q	5	1	1	1	3	5	5	5	5	5	6	5	5	5	4	3	2	1	1	1	1	5	5	5	5	4	4	5	5	1				
The way the holy prophets went, The road that leads from banishment, The King's highway of holiness, I'll go, for all his paths are peace.																																		
6a											P																							
A	3	1	5	3	3	5	1	2	2	4	4	3	1	1	2	1	3	3	1	2	4	4	2	3	1	2	3	4	2	1	1			
4q											7	5 5 5						7					7											
The way the holy prophets went, The road that leads from banishment, The King's highway of holiness, I'll go, for all his paths are peace.																																		
6a											P																							
B	1	1	3	1	1	3	2	1	1											1	1													
4q											5	5	5	5	6	5	5	5	4	3	2	1	1	1	1	5	5	5	5	4	4	5	5	1

- 3 This is the way I long have sought,
 And mourn'd because I found it not;
 My grief a burden long has been,
 Because I was not saved from sin.
- 4 The more I strove against its power,
 I felt its weight and guilt the more;
 Till late I heard my Saviour say,
 "Come hither, soul, I AM THE WAY."
- 5 Lo! glad I come, and thou bless'd Lamb,
 Shalt take me to thee as I am:
 Nothing but sin have I to give,
 Nothing but love shall I receive.

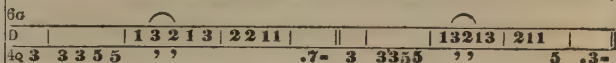
254. L. M.

- 1 MY Helper, God! I bless his name;
 The same his power, his grace the same:
 The tokens of his friendly care
 Open, and crown, and close the year.
- 2 I midst ten thousand dangers stand,
 Supported by his guardian hand;
 And see, when I survey my ways,
 Ten thousand monuments of praise.
- 3 Thus far his arm has led me on;
 Thus far I make his mercy known;
 And, while I tread this desert land,
 New blessings shall new songs demand.

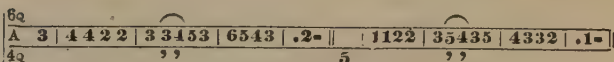
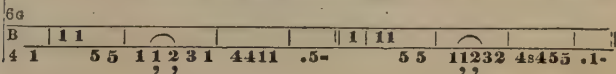
255. ENTERPRISE. D. C. M. GIORNIVICHI.



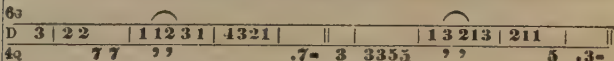
How happy every child of grace, Who knows his sins forgiven !
 This world, he cries, is not my place, I seek a home in heaven ;



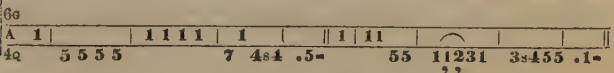
O, what a blessed hope is ours, While here on earth we stay !
 We more than taste the heavenly powers, And antedate that day :



A country far from mortal sight, Yet, O ! by faith I see,
 The land of rest, the saints' delight, The heaven prepared for me.



We feel the resurrection near, Our life in Christ concealed,
 And with his glorious presence here, Our earthen vessels filled.



256. C. M.

1 OH call my brother back to me,
 I cannot play alone,
 The summer comes with flower and bee,
 Where is my brother gone ?
 The butterfly is glancing bright
 Across the sun-beam's track,
 I care not now to trace its flight ;
 Oh call my brother back.

2 He would not hear thy voice, fair child,
 He may not come to thee ;
 The face that once like spring-time
 On earth no more thou'lt see. [smiled,

A rose's brief, bright life of joy,
 Such unto him was given ;
 Go — thou must play alone, my boy,
 Thy brother is in heaven.

3 And has he left his birds and flowers ?
 And must I call in vain ?
 And through the long, long summer
 hours,
 Will he not come again ?
 And by the brook, and in the glade,
 Are all our wanderings o'er ?
 Oh, while my brother with me played,
 Would I had loved him more !

257. HOW CHEERING THE THOUGHT. G. J. WEBB.

6a
A 3 | 3-11 | .3 1-1 | 2-12 | .3 3 | 3-11 | .3 1-1 | .2 3-2 | .1 |
3q , , , , , , , , , ,

How cheering the thought, that the spirits of bliss,
Will bow their bright wings to a world such as this;

6a
C | | | | | | | | | |
3q 5 | 5-33 | .5 3-3 | 5-55 | .5 5 | 5-33 | .5 5-5 | .6 5-4 | .3 |
 , , , , , , , , , ,

6a
D 1 | 1-11 | .11-1 | | .11 | 1-11 | .11-1 | .1 | | .1 |
3q , , , 7-67 , , , 7-7
 , , , ,

They come, on the wings of the morning they come,
Impatient to lead some poor wanderer home;

6a
B | | | | | | | | | |
3q 1 | 1-11 | .11-1 | 5-55 | .11 | 1-11 | .13-3 | .4 5-5 | .1 |
 , , , , , , , , ,

6a
A 1 | | .5 3-2 | 1-12 | .3 1 | | | | 1 3-2 | .1 ||
3q 7-65 , , , 7-65 5 6 7 ,
 , , , , , , , ,

Will leave the sweet joys of the mansions above,
To breathe o'er our bosoms some message of love.

6a
C | | | | .1 | | | | | |
3q 5 | 5-s45 | .5 5-5 | 5-57 | 5 5-s45 | 5s4N4 | 3 5-4 | .3 |
 , , , , , , , , ,

6a
D 3 | 2-1 | | 4 | 3-35 | .5 3 | 2-1 | | 1 2 | 11- | .1 ||
3q , 7 .7 7- , , , , 7 7 7 , 7
 , , , , , , , ,

Some pilgrim to snatch from his stormy abode,
And lay him to rest in the arms of his God.

6a
B | | | | 1-1 | | | | | |
3q 1 | 5-55 | .5 5-5 | , 5 | .11 | 5-55 | 5 5 5 | 1 1-5 | .1 |
 , , , , , , , , ,

258. 11s.

- 1 FAREWELL, my dear brethren, the time is at hand,
That we must be parted from this social band;
Our several engagements now call us away,
Our parting is needful, and we must obey.
- 2 Farewell, my dear brethren, farewell for a while,
We'll soon meet again, if kind Providence smile;
But when we are parted and scattered abroad,
We'll pray for each other, and wrestle with God.

- 3 Farewell, faithful soldiers, you 'll soon be discharged,
The war will be ended, your treasures enlarged ;
With shouting and singing, though Jordan may roar,
We 'll enter fair Canaan, and stand on the shore.
- 4 Farewell, you young converts, who 've 'listed for war,
Sore conflicts await you, but Jesus is near ;
Although you must travel the dark wilderness,
Your Captain's before you, he 'll lead you to peace.
- 5 Farewell, faithful Christians, farewell, all around,
Perhaps we 'll not meet till the last trump shall sound ;
To meet you in glory I give you my hand,
Our Saviour to praise in the heavenly land.

259. 11s.

- 1 O, HOW can we slumber ! the Master is come,
And calling on sinners to seek them a home ;
The Spirit and Bride now in concert unite,
The weary they welcome, the careless invite.
- 2 O, how can we slumber ! our foes are awake ;
To ruin poor souls every effort they make ;
To accomplish their object no means are untried,
The careless they comfort, the wakeful misguide.
- 3 O, how can we slumber ! when so much was done,
To purchase salvation by Jesus the Son !
Now mercy is proffered, and justice displayed,
Now God can be honored, and sinners be saved.

260. 11s.

- 1 O TURN you, O turn you, for why will you die,
When God in his mercy is coming so nigh ?
Now Jesus invites you, the Spirit says come,
The brethren are waiting to welcome you home.
- 2 How vain the delusion, that while you delay
Your hearts may grow better by staying away ;
Come wretched, come starving, come just as you be,
Here streams of salvation are flowing most free.
- 3 Here Jesus is ready your souls to receive ;
O how can you question since now you believe ?
Since sin is your burden why will you not come ?
He now bids you welcome — he now says there's room.
- 4 In riches, in pleasure, what can you obtain,
To soothe your affliction or banish your pain ?
'To bear up your spirit when summoned to die,
Or waft you to mansions of glory on high ?

261, 262. PARADISE. C. M.

[illegible]

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast :
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary, rest.

3 Dear Name, the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding place ;
My never-failing treasury, fill'd
With boundless stores of grace.

4 Jesus, my Shepherd, Husband, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King ;
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring.

5 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought,
But when I see thee as thou art,
I'll praise thee as I ought.

6 Till then I would thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath ;
And may the music of thy name
Refresh my soul in death.

WHEN blooming youth is snatched away
By death's relentless hand,
Our hearts the mournful tribute pay,
Which pity must demand.

2 While pity prompts the rising sigh,
O, may this truth, imprest
With awful power, "I too must die!"
Sink deep in every breast.

3 Let this vain world engage no more,
Behold the gaping tomb!
It bids us seize the present hour:
To-morrow death may come.

4 The voice of this alarming scene,
May every heart obey:
Nor be the heavenly warning vain,
Which calls to watch and pray.

5 Oh, let us fly — to Jesus fly,
Whose powerful arm can save;
Then shall our hopes ascend on high
And triumph o'er the grave.

263. C. M.

- 1 BRIGHT glories rush upon my sight,
And charm my wondering eyes —
The regions of immortal light,
The beauties of the skies.
- 2 All hail, you fair, celestial shores,
You lands of endless day;
A rich delight your prospect pours,
And drives my griefs away.
- 3 There's a delightful clearness now;
My clouds of doubt are gone;
Fled is my former darkness, too;
My fears are all withdrawn.
- 4 Short is the passage, short the space,
Between my home and me;
There, I behold the radiant place!
How near the mansions be!
- 5 Immortal wonders! boundless things,
In those bright worlds appear;
Prepare me, Lord, to stretch my wings,
And in thy glories share.

264. C. M.

- 1 GREAT God, with wonder and with
praise
On all thy works I look;
But still thy wisdom, power, and grace,
Shine brightest in thy book.
- 2 Here are my choicest treasures hid;
Here my best comfort lies;
Here my desires are satisfied,
And here my hopes arise.
- 3 Lord, make me understand thy law;
Show what my faults have been;
And from thy gospel let me draw
The pardon of my sin.

265. C. M.

- 1 GREAT God, how infinite art thou!
How frail and weak are we!
Let the whole race of creatures bow,
And pay their praise to thee.
- 2 Thy throne eternal ages stood,
Ere seas or stars were made:
Thou art the everliving God,
Were all the nations dead.
- 3 Eternity, with all its years,
Stands present in thy view;
To thee there's nothing old appears;
Great God! there's nothing new.

- 4 Our lives through varying scenes are
drawn,
And vexed with trifling cares,
While thine eternal thought moves on
Thine undisturbed affairs.
- 5 Great God! how infinite art thou!
How frail and weak are we!
Let the whole race of creatures bow,
And pay their praise to thee.

266. C. M.

- 1 FROM thee, O God, our joy shall rise,
And run eternal rounds,
Beyond the limits of the skies,
And all created bounds.
- 2 The holy triumphs of our souls
Shall death itself outbrave,
Leave dull mortality behind,
And fly beyond the grave.
- 3 There, where our blessed Saviour
reigns,
In heaven's unmeasur'd space,
We'll spend a long eternity
In pleasure and in praise.
- 4 Blest Saviour, every smile of thine
Shall fresh endearments bring,
And thousand tastes of new delight
From all thy graces spring.
- 5 Haste, our beloved, bear our souls
Up to thy blest abode;
Haste, for our spirits long to see
Our Saviour and our God.

267. C. M.

- 1 COMPARED with Christ, in all beside
No comeliness I see;
The one thing needful, dearest Lord,
Is to be one with thee.
- 2 The sense of thy expiring love,
Into my soul convey;
Thyself bestow! for thee alone,
My ALL in ALL I pray.
- 3 Less than thyself will not suffice
My comfort to restore;
More than thyself I cannot crave;
And thou canst give no more.
- 4 Whate'er consists not with thy love
O teach me to resign;
I'm rich to all th' intents of bliss
If thou, O God, art mine.

2 The kings and lords of nations,
Are not the kings for me ;
Too low their highest stations,
Too mean their dignity :
The King of kings and Lord of lords,
Almighty in his ways and words,
The word of his salvation,
O that's the King for me.

8 This house of death and mourning
Is not the house for me,
Where all to dust are turning,
In tears and agony ;
But there's a house not made with hands,
It ever stood and ever stands,
Beyond the world's last burning,
O that's the house for me.

4 The wars the hero fights in
Are not the wars for me.
The war my heart delights in
Shall end in victory ;
'Tis not a war of flesh and blood —
I fight for heaven, I fight for God,
A kingdom with my rights in,
O that's the war for me.

5 This land of sin and sorrow
Is not the land for me,
Where anguish oft I borrow
From dying company ;
Th' immortal land is far away,
It'll enter it on some bright day,
That day may be to-morrow,
O that's the land for me.

269. 7s, 6s, 8s.

1 THE pearl that worldlings covet,
Is not the pearl for me ;
Its beauty fades as quickly,
As sunshine on the sea.
But there's a pearl sought by the wise,
It's called the pearl of greatest price,
Though few its value see,
O that's the pearl for me !

2 The crown that decks the monarch,
Is not the crown for me ;
It dazzles but a moment,
Its brightness soon will flee :
But there's a crown prepared above,
For all who walk in humble love,
Forever bright 'twill be —
O that's the crown for me.

3 The road that many travel, —
Is not the road for me,
It leads to death and sorrow,
And endless misery :
But there's a road that leads to God,
'Tis marked by Christ's most precious
blood ;
The passage here is free —
O that's the road for me !

The hope that sinners cherish,
Is not the hope for me :
Most surely will they perish,
Unless from sin set free,
But there's a hope which rests in God,
And leads the soul to keep his word,
And sinful pleasures flee —
O that's the hope for me !

270. 8s, 6s, 7s.

1 MUST Simon bear the cross alone,
And all the world go free ?
No, there's a cross for every one,
And there's a cross for me.
Yes, there's a cross on Calvary,
Through which by faith the crown I see,
To me 'tis pardon bringing ;
O that's the cross for me !

2 How happy are the saints above,
Who once went mourning here !
But now they taste unmingled love,
And joy without a tear.
For perfect love will dry the fear,
And cast out all tormenting fear.
Which round my heart is clinging ;
O that's the love for me !

3 We'll bear the consecrated cross,
Till from the cross we're free ;
And then go home to wear the crown,
For there's a crown for me.
Yes, there's a crown in heaven above,
The purchase of my Saviour's love,
For me at His appearing ;
O that's the crown for me !

4 The saints shall hear the midnight
cry ;
The Lord will then appear,
And virgins wise, with burning lamps,
Will meet him in the air ;
For there's a home in heaven prepared,
A house by saints and angels shared,
Where Christ is interceding ;
O that's the home for me !

271. LOUISVILLE. D. C. M.

[illegible]

There's music in the upper heaven — The choral notes that swell.

Are sweeter, fuller,

[illegible]

The gliding rush of countless wings, Borne on the swelling breeze,

That wafts the rustling

[illegible]

262- 1

A	755	st	64	.5	5	4535	4-325	1535	.2	54	3-1567
42	,						,		,	,	,

richer far, Than human lips can tell. When rings the gush of golden harps

And heavenly lutes are swept, To tell the quenchless

20	1	7-55	3 1 1	3	23 13	2-1 3	23 13	32	1-23 156
4Q		7 6	.7-			7		.7-	7 7 7 7

music by, Amid embowered trees ; The echo of the myriad feet.

That fall on pavements fair, Of glittering, dazzling

2G
B 5-555 | 2222 | 1 | 1111 | 1 | 1111 | 1 | 1-1111
4Q ' .5- 5-55 .5- '

2G 2-	1 1 2 2	.3-		()		() - 1	4-2	1 1	2-	.1-
A	7 5 5				5 4	3- 4 5 6 7	'	7 7	'	7 7
40	'				'	'	'	'	'	'

love of Him, Who o'er a lost world wept. To tell the quenchless

love of Him, Who o'er a lost world wept

2a	.1-										2-																		
D	7	5	5	5	3	3	5	5			3	2	1	2	3	4	5	6			7	5	5	3	3	2	4	2	.3-
4b	,										,	,	,	,	,	,	,				,						,		

gold, that gleams In untold brightness there, Of glittering,

dazzling gold, that gleams In untold brightness there

2a

B 5-555 | 1155 | .1- || 1 | 1- 1 | 1 1 | 5-555 | 1155 | .1- |

3 The music of the pearly gates,
When back by angels flung,
Admitting there a ransomed soul,
Their sinless bands among :
The silvery sound that's swelling up
When flows the stream of life ;
The rustle of the emerald leaf
With healing virtues rise :

4 And then the tide of melody,
That swells, and bursts, when rings
The New Song in that far off world,
That thrilling rapture brings :—
But awed, we may not note its power,—
Its depths we may not sound ;
Unfathomed, fathomless it rolls
In glorious might around.

272. C. M.

1 OUR souls by love together knit,
Cemented, joined in one ;
One hope, one heart, one mind, one
voice,
'Tis heaven on earth begun :
Our hearts have burned while Jesus
spoke,
And glowed with sacred fire ;
He stooped, and talked, and fed and
blessed,
And filled the enlarged desire.

2 We're soldiers, fighting for our God,
Let trembling cowards fly :
We'll stand unshaken, firm and fixed,
With Christ to live and die :
Let Satan rage, and hell assail.
We'll fight our passage through ;
Though foes unite and friends desert,
We'll seize the prize in view.

3 The little cloud increases still,
The heavens are big with rain :
We haste to catch the teeming shower,
And all its moisture drain :
A rill, a stream, a torrent flows,
Now pours the mighty flood—
O sweep the nations, shake the earth,
Till all proclaim thee Lord !

4 And when thou mak'st thy jewels up,
And set'st thy starry crown,
And all thy sparkling gems shall shine,
Proclaimed by thee thine own,
May we, a little band of love,
We sinners saved by grace,
From glory unto glory changed,
Behold thy lovely face.

273. C. M.

1 YOU burdened souls to Jesus go,
Forgiveness you shall find—
You shall his Holy Spirit know,
And learn that he is kind.

2 You humble souls obey his voice,
And he who made you see,
Shall by his Spirit wake your joys,
And grant you liberty.

274. C. M.

1 THERE is a place of sacred rest,
Far, far beyond the skies,
Where beauty smiles eternally,
And pleasure never dies ;
My Father's house, my heavenly home,
Where "many mansions" stand,
Prepared by hands divine for all
Who seek the better land.

2 When tossed upon the waves of life,
With fear on every side—
When fiercely howls the gathering
storm,
And foams the angry tide—
Beyond the storm, beyond the gloom,
Breaks forth the light of morn,
Bright beaming from my Father's house,
To cheer the soul forlorn.

3 In that pure home of tearless joy,
Earth's parted friends shall meet,
With smiles of love that never fade,
And blessedness complete :
There, there adieus are sounds unknown ;
Death frowns not on that scene,
But life, and glorious beauty, shine,
Untroubled and serene.

275. C. M.

1 NOW let the saints rejoice to sing,
Of Christ, their risen Lord—
Of Christ the everlasting King—
The Great—the Incarnate Word.

2 Hail, mighty Saviour, thee we hail !
High on thy throne above,
Till time, and flesh, and heart shall fall,
We'll sing thy matchless love.

276. SIMPLICITY. C. M. T. HARRISON.

6a						P					P
A	.1	.1 .2	.3 .4	.3 .2	.1	.1	.2 .3	.4 .3	.2		
4c	Our life is like an idle dream, Or fleeting as the day:										
6a						P					P
C											
4c	.5	.5 .5	.5 .6	.5 .5	.5		.5	.5 .5	.6 .5	.5	
6a	If life's so brief, why then prepare, For all the joys it brings,										
D	.3	.3	.1 .1	.1 .4	.3	.3		.1	.1 .1		
4c	No more to trifling toys of time, Let precious hours be given,										
6a						P					P
B			.1					.1			
4c	.1	.1 .5	.4	.5 .5	.1	.1	.5	.4 .1	.5		
6a						P					P
A	.2	.3 .4	.5 .5	.4 .3	.2	.2	.3 .4	.3 .2	.1		
4c	A shining bubble on the stream, As soon to pass a-way.										
6a						P					P
C			.1 .1								
4c	.5	.5 .6		.5 .5	.5		.5	.5 .6	.5 .5	.5	
6a	Or give one thought of anxious care, To mere ter - restrial things.										
D		.1 .1	.3 .1		.1		.1 .1	.1 .1	.3		
4c	But live to God a life sublime, And wear a crown in heaven.										
6a						P					P
B		.1						.1			
4c	.5	.6	.5 .3	.2 .1	.5	.5		.4	.5 .5	.1	

ELMIRA. C. M. JACOB IMMEL.

6a											
A	1	.3-5	.5-4	.3 .2	.1-	2	3 5 3 1	.2-	5	.5 .3	
4q											
6a											
B	1	.1-1	.1-				1 1 1		1	.3 .1	
4q	4 .5 .5 .1- 5 1 .5-										
6a											
A	.2-1			1	3 5 3 1	.2-	2	.5 .5	.4 .2	.1-	
4q	.7 .6 .5-										
6a											
B	1	.2			1 1 1			.1 .1			
4q	.7- .2 .5- 5 1 .5- 5 .4 .5 .1-										

277. C. M.

- 1 O GOD, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home.
- 2 Beneath the shadow of thy throne,
Thy saints have dwelt secure :
Sufficient is thy arm alone,
And our defence is sure.
- 3 Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting thou art God,
To endless years the same.
- 4 A thousand ages in thy sight,
Are like an evening gone :
Short as the watch that ends the night,
Before the rising sun.
- 5 The busy tribes of flesh and blood,
With all their cares and fears,
Are carried downward with the flood,
And lost in following years.
- 6 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away ;
They fly forgotten as a dream,
Dies at the opening day.
- 7 O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come !
Be thou our guard while life shall last,
And our eternal home !

278. C. M.

- 1 OH Thou who didst uphold my way
From earliest infancy,
Before my lisping tongue could say,
Oh " Lord, remember me ! "
- 2 Still through the path of youth, my
guide
And my protector be ;
And when my feet would turn aside,
Oh " Lord, remember me ! "
- 3 And shouldst thou graciously ordain
That manhood I should see,
Oh, let me never live in vain ;
Oh " Lord, remember me ! "
- 4 If thou shouldst pain or sickness send,
From murm'ring keep me free ;
Or, if thy hand should riches lend,
Oh " Lord, remember me ! "
- 5 And when this earthly scene I leave,
And worldly prospects flee,
As then my latest sigh I heave,
Oh " Lord, remember me ! "

279. C. M.

- 1 'TIS faith supports my feeble soul,
In times of deep distress ;
When storms arise, and billows roll,
Great God, I trust thy grace.
- 2 Thy powerful arm still bears me up,
Whatever griefs befall ;
Thou art my life, my joy, my hope,
And thou my all in all.
- 3 Bereft of friends beset with foes,
With dangers all around,
To thee I all my fears disclose,
In thee my help is found.

280. C. M.

- 1 BEHOLD the sure foundation stone,
Which God in Zion lays,
To build our heavenly hopes upon,
And his eternal praise.
- 2 Chosen of God, to sinners dear,
Let saints adore thy name ;
They trust their whole salvation here,
Nor shall they suffer shame.
- 3 The foolish builders, scribes, and priest,
Reject it with disdain ;
Yet on this rock the church shall rest,
And envy rage in vain.
- 4 What though the gates of hell with
stood ;
Yet must this building rise ;
'Tis thine own work, almighty God,
And wondrous in our eyes.

281. C. M.

- 1 BY cool Siloam's shady rill,
How sweet the lily grows !
How sweet the breath beneath the hill
Of Sharon's dewy rose.
- 2 Lo, such a child, whose early feet,
The paths of peace have trod,
Whose heart, with holy influence,
Is upward drawn to God !
- 3 By cool Siloam's shady rill
The lily must decay ;
The rose that blooms beneath the hill
Must shortly fade away.
- 4 O Thou ! who giv'st us life and breath,
We seek thy grace alone ;
In childhood, manhood, age and death,
To keep us still thine own.

282. NEWRY. L. M.

HATTON.

4g $\overset{\cdot 1}{\text{A}} \ .1 \ 3 \ 4 \ | \ .5 \ 6 \ 7 \ | \ 7 \ 6 \ | \ :5 \ || \ .5 \ 5 \ 5 \ | \ .6 \ .5 \ | \ .4 \ .3 \ | \ :2 \ ||$

4q Lord, bless thy saints assem - bled here, In solemn cov'nant now to join;
O give this church a large increase, Of such as thou wilt own and bless;

4g $\text{D} \ .1 \ 1 \ 2 \ | \ .3 \ .4 \ | \ .3 \ 2 \ 1 \ | \ || \ .3 \ 3 \ 3 \ | \ .3 \ .3 \ | \ .2 \ .1 \ | \ ||$

4q $\text{B} \ .1 \ 1 \ | \ .1 \ 4 \ 2 \ | \ .1 \ .1 \ | \ || \ .1 \ 1 \ 1 \ | \ .4 \ .1 \ | \ .1 \ | \ ||$

4g $\text{A} \ .3 \ 3 \ 2 \ | \ 1 \ 3 \ 5 \ | \ 6 \ 5 \ 4 \ 3 \ | \ :2 \ || \ .5 \ 6 \ 7 \ | \ 4 \ | \ .3 \ .2 \ | \ :1 \ ||$

4q Unite them in thy ho - ly fear, And in thy love their hearts combine.
Lord, fill their hearts with joy and peace, And clothe them with thy righteousness.

4g $\text{D} \ .1 \ 1 \ | \ .1 \ .3 \ | \ 4 \ 3 \ 2 \ 1 \ | \ || \ .3 \ 4 \ 4 \ | \ .3 - 2 \ | \ .1 \ | \ :1 \ ||$

4q $\text{B} \ .1 \ 1 \ | \ .1 \ .1 \ | \ | \ || \ .1 \ 4 \ 2 \ | \ 1 - 2 \ 3 \ 4 \ | \ .5 \ | \ :1 \ ||$

4q $\text{B} \ .1 \ 1 \ | \ .1 \ .1 \ | \ | \ || \ .1 \ 4 \ 2 \ | \ 1 - 2 \ 3 \ 4 \ | \ .5 \ | \ :1 \ ||$

TRANQUILLITY. L. M.

3g $\text{A} \ 535 \ | \ 5654 \ | \ 32 \ | \ 1 - \ || \ 5 \ 7 \ | \ ' ' ' ' \ | \ 76 \ | \ 5 - \ || \ 5 \ 5654 \ | \ 3 ' 76 \ |$

2q $' ' ' ' \ | \ ' ' ' ' \ | \ ' ' ' ' \ | \ ' ' ' ' \ | \ ' ' ' ' \ | \ ' ' ' ' \ | \ ' ' ' ' \ | \ ' ' ' ' \ |$

3g $\text{D} \ 313 \ | \ 3432 \ | \ 1 \ | \ 1 - \ || \ 3 \ 32 \ | \ 3543 \ | \ 21 \ | \ || \ 3 \ 3432 \ | \ 1654 \ |$

2q $' ' ' ' \ | \ ' ' ' ' \ | \ ' ' ' ' \ | \ ' ' ' ' \ | \ ' ' ' ' \ | \ ' ' ' ' \ | \ ' ' ' ' \ | \ ' ' ' ' \ |$

3g $\text{B} \ 11 \ | \ 1 - 4 \ | \ 5 \ | \ 1 - \ || \ 1 \ 15 \ | \ 3151 \ | \ 22 \ | \ || \ 1 \ 1 - 1 \ | \ 1 - 1 \ |$

2q $' 5 \ | \ ' 5 \ | \ ' 5 \ | \ ' 5 \ | \ ' 5 \ | \ ' 5 \ | \ ' 5 \ | \ ' 5 \ |$

3g $\text{A} \ 565 \ 4 \ | \ 3 ' 76 \ | \ 567 \ | \ ' 7 \ | \ 65 \ 43 \ | \ 32 \ || \ 5 \ 67 ' ' \ | \ 7 \ | \ ||$

2q $' ' ' ' \ | \ ' ' ' ' \ | \ ' ' ' ' \ | \ ' ' ' ' \ | \ ' ' ' ' \ | \ ' ' ' ' \ | \ ' ' ' ' \ | \ ' ' ' ' \ |$

3g $\text{D} \ 3432 \ | \ 1654 \ | \ 345 \ | \ 665 \ | \ 4321 \ | \ 1 \ || \ 3 \ 4432 \ | \ 32 \ .3 \ |$

2q $' ' ' ' \ | \ ' ' ' ' \ | \ ' ' ' ' \ | \ ' ' ' ' \ | \ ' ' ' ' \ | \ ' ' ' ' \ | \ ' ' ' ' \ | \ ' ' ' ' \ |$

3g $\text{B} \ 1 - 1 \ | \ 1 - \ | \ 142 \ | \ 1 \ 1 \ | \ | \ || \ 1 \ 1234 \ | \ 5 \ .1 \ |$

2q $' \ | \ ' \ | \ ' \ | \ ' \ | \ ' \ | \ ' \ | \ ' \ | \ ' \ |$

283. L. M.

- 1 I LOVE to see the glorious sun
First tinge the east with purple dye,
And then with glowing splendor run,
Along the lofty azure sky.
- 2 I love to see the orb of night
Glide o'er her glittering starry way,
And with her brilliant silver light
Upon the water's surface play.
- 3 But lovelier far than these appear
Religion's calm and flowery ways:
They soothe vain sorrow, dry the tear,
And end with joy our earthly days.

284. L. M.

- 1 HOW blest the sacred tie that binds
In sweet communion kindred minds!
How glad the heavenly course they run,
Whose hearts, whose faith, whose hopes are one.
- 2 To each the soul of each how dear!
What tender love! what holy fear!
How does the generous flame within
Refine from earth and cleanse from sin.
- 3 Nor shall the glorious flame expire,
When dimly burns frail nature's fire:
Then shall they meet in realms above,
And celebrate their Saviour's love.

285. L. M.

- 1 GIVE thanks to God, he reigns above,
Kind are his thoughts, his name is love,
His mercy ages past have known,
And ages long to come shall own.
- 2 He feeds and clothes us all the day;
He guides our footsteps in the way,
And guards us with a powerful hand,
And brings us to the heavenly land.
- 3 Oh, let the saints with joy record,
The truth and goodness of the Lord;
How great his works! how kind his ways!
Let every tongue pronounce his praise!

287. L. M.

- 1 ETERNAL Power ! whose high abode
Becomes the grandeur of a God :
Infinite lengths beyond the bounds
Where stars revolve their little rounds.
- 2 Thee, while the first archangel sings,
He hides his face behind his wings ;
And ranks of shining thrones around
Fall worshiping, and spread the ground.
- 3 Lord, what shall earth and ashes do ?
We would adore our Maker too :
From sin and dust to thee we cry,
The Great, the Holy, and the High.
- 4 Earth from afar hath heard thy fame,
And worms have learnt to lisp thy name :
But, oh ! the glories of thy mind
Leave all our soaring thoughts behind.
- 5 God is in heaven, and men below ;
Be short our tunes : our words be few :
A solemn reverence checks our songs,
And praise sits silent on our tongues.

288. C. M.

- 1 WHAT glory gilds the sacred page,
Majestic like the sun !
It gives a light to every age —
It gives, but borrows none.
- 2 The hand that gave it still supplies
His gracious light and heat ;
His truths upon the nations rise —
They rise, but never set.
- 3 Let everlasting thanks be thine,
For such a bright display,
As makes the world of darkness shine
With beams of heavenly day.
- 4 My soul rejoices to pursue
The paths of truth and love,
Till glory breaks upon my view,
In brighter worlds above.

289. C. M.

- 1 ALMIGHTY GOD ! thy word is cast,
Like seed, into the ground ;
Now let the dew of heaven descend,
And righteous fruits abound.
- 2 Let not the foe of Christ and man
This holy seed remove ;
But give it root in every heart,
To bring forth fruits of love.

- 3 Let not the world's deceitful cares
The rising plant destroy ;
But let it yield a hundred fold,
The fruits of peace and joy.
- 4 Oft as the precious seed is sown,
Thy quickening grace bestow,
That all, whose souls the truth receive,
Its saving power may know.

290. C. M.

- 1 TEACH us, O Lord, we earnest pray,
Let grace to us be given,
To point our rising charge the way
To happiness and heav'n.
- 2 O that with wisdom from above,
Our minds may be imbued,
With patience, tenderness, and love,
And zeal in doing good.
- 3 The Saviour's mind may we possess,
And in his strength be strong ;
Through disappointment and success,
Pass steadily along !
- 4 And, in that day when worlds shall
stand
Before the judgment throne,
Smile, Saviour, on this youthful band,
And claim them for thine own.

291. IMPORTUNITY. C. M.

5a A .13-4 | 565434 | 312 | .1-||3 | 4321 | .2-||2 | 323456 | .58.4||5||
4q 9 999 7 9999

The earth, and seas, and skies, O God! To thee attune their hymn,
To thee attune their hymn:

5a C | | | | 1 | 1 1 | | | 1 1231 | | |
4q .55-5 | .5- 6 | .5.4 | .3- 7 5 | .7- 7 '7'' | .7.6 :7 |

5a D .31-2 | 34321 1 | 13 2 | .1-||5 | 55584 | .5-||5 | .5- 3 | .3 .2||2||
4q 9 999 7

5a B .11- | .1- | | | 1 | 21 | | | .1- | .2 | |
4q 7 4 .5.5 .1- 76 .5- 5 6 .2 :5

5a A .555|3-213|1321|.2-||R|.R-1|4444|.3-3|2222|.5-5|6543|.2-2||1||
4q 9

All wise, all holy, thou art praised, In songs of seraphim,
In songs of seraphim, In songs of seraphim.

5a C .12 | 1- | | 1 | ||R|.R- | | 1 | 2|1 1|1 1 | | :1||
4q 7 766 .6- .7- 5 6665 .5- 777 7 7 .7-7

5a D .322|1-231|.1-3|.2-||R|.R-1|111|.1-5|5555|3453|4.55|.5-4|:3||
4q 9 7

In songs of seraphim, In songs of seraphim,
In songs of seraphim, In songs of seraphim.

5a B .1 | | | | 1231 | 1111 | 1231|4321 | | |
4q 75 .6-6 .4-6 .5-5 .4-5 .5-5 .5-5 :1

2 Unnumbered systems, suns, and worlds,
Unite to worship thee;
While thy majestic greatness fills
Space, time, eternity.

3 Nature — a temple worthy thee!
That beams with light and love,
Whose flowers so sweetly bloom below,
Whose stars rejoice above.

4 Whose altars are the mountain cliffs,
That rise along the shore,
Whose anthems the sublime accord
Of storm and ocean's roar.

5 Her song of gratitude is sung
By spring's awakening hours;
Her autumn offers at thy shrine
Its earliest, loveliest flowers.

6 Her summer brings its ripened fruits,
In glorious luxury given;
While winter's silver heights reflect
Thy brightness back to heaven.

7 The earth, and seas, and skies, O God!
To thee attune their hymn;
All wise, all holy, thou art praised,
In songs of seraphim.

OLD CANAAN. C. M.

5c	\$					REP.	1					1				REP. 1s.
A	.1	5535	66532	3	321	.1	.5	765	76535	67	6785	.6				
4c																
5c	\$					REP.										REP. 1s.
B	.1	1113	21		1		.1	4433	21		1	2	3	3		
4c																

292. C. M.

- 1 HOW precious is the book divine,
By inspiration given!
Bright as a lamp its precepts shine,
To guide our souls to heaven.
- 2 It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts,
In this dark vale of tears;
Life, light, and joy, it still imparts,
And quells our rising fears.
- 3 This lamp through all the tedious
night
Of life, shall guide our way;
Till we behold the clearer light
Of an eternal day.

293. C. M.

- 1 BEHOLD the glories of the Lamb,
Amidst his Father's throne,
Prepare new honors for his name,
And songs before unknown.
- 2 Let elders worship at his feet,
The church adore around,
With vials full of odors sweet,
And harps of sweeter sound.
- 3 Now to the Lamb that once was slain,
Be endless blessings paid;
Salvation, glory, joy, remain
Forever on thy head.
- 4 Thou hast redeemed our souls with
blood,
Hast set the prisoners free,
Hast made us kings and priests to God,
And we shall reign with thee.
- 6 All hail! thou only glorious Lord!
By all the sons of men
Be thou eternally adored,
Amen, Amen, Amen.

294. C. M.

- 1 HOW sad our state by nature is!
Our sin, how deep it stains!
And Satan holds the captive mind,
Fast in his slavish chains.

- 2 But hark! a voice of grace divine,
Sounds from the sacred word:
"Ho! ye despairing sinners, come,
And trust upon the Lord!"

295. C. M.

- 1 WELL met, dear friends, in Jesus'
name,
Come, let us now rejoice,
While we our Saviour's praise proclaim,
With cheerful heart and voice.
- 2 But ah! dear Jesus, Lamb of God,
Send down the heavenly Dove;
Thy blessing now diffuse abroad,
And warm our hearts with love.
- 3 In vain, dear Saviour, here we meet,
Except thy face we see;
Thy presence makes a heaven most
sweet,
Whene'er we meet with thee.
- 4 Then, O dear Jesus, condescend
To meet us with a smile;
The Spirit's quickening influence send,
And purge our hearts from guile.

296. C. M.

- 1 O LORD, we in thy footsteps tread,
With joy the cause maintain;
Like Jesus, numbered with the dead,
Like him we rise again.
- 2 Down to the hallowed grave we go,
Obedient to thy word;
'Tis thus the world around shall know,
We're buried with the Lord.
- 3 'Tis thus we bid the pomps adieu,
And boldly venture in;
O, may we rise to live anew,
And only die to sin.

SUPERIOR. D. C. M.

5a	1											
A	1-113	2-12	3	1-135	.6-	5-331	2-12	3	1-	-1-		
4q	5									665		
5a												
C	1	1-111		1	1-111	.1-	1	1-111		1	1-11	
4q		7-67						7-67		5	.5-	
5a												
D1	3-335	5-55	5	3-353	.4-	4	3-555	5-55	5	4-444	.3-	
4q												
5a												
B	1	1-111		1-111		1-111						
4q		5-55	5		.4-	4		5-55	3	4-445	.1-	
5a												
5a	1											
A	6	5-331	2-12	6	5-335	.6-	5-331	2-12	3	1-	.1-	
4q										665		
5a												
C	1	1-111		1	1-111	.1-	1	1-111		1	1-11	
4q		7-67						7-67		5	.5-	
5a												
D1	3-555	5-55	4	3-113	.4-	4	3-555	5-55	5	4-444	.3-	
4q												
5a												
B	1	1-111		1	1-111		1-111					
4q		5-55			.4-	4		5-55	3	4-445	.1-	

DUBLIN. C. M.

1P .1 .3 .2 .1 .1
A .R .6 .6 .5 .5 .6 .6 :3 || .R .5
4S
1P
B .R .6 .6 .5 .1 .5 .6 :3 || .R .1 .1 .5 .3 .2 :1 ||
4S .6
1P .1 .3 .2 .1 .1 2 1
A .R .5 .6 .6 :3 || .R .5 .6 .7 :6 ||
4S
1P
B .R .1 .6 .5 .1 .2 .3 .4 :3 || .R .1 .2 .2 .3 .3 :6 ||
4S .6

297. 8s, 6s.

1 THAT sweetest, dearest tie that binds
Our glowing hearts in one—
That sacred hope that binds our minds
To harmony divine—
It is the hope, the blissful hope,
Which Jesus' grace has given—
The hope, when days and years are past,
We all shall meet in heaven.

CHORUS.

We all shall meet in heaven at last,
We all shall meet in heaven,
The hope, when days and years are past,
We all shall meet in heaven.

2 What though the northern wintry
blast

Shall howl around my cot,
What, though beneath a southern sun
Be cast my distant lot,
Yet we shall have the blissful hope
Which Jesus' grace has given,
The hope, when days and years are past,
We all shall meet in heaven.
We all shall, &c.

3 From Birmah's shore, from Afric's
strand,

From India's burning plain,
From Europe, from Columbia's land,
We hope to meet again;
It is the hope, the blissful hope,
Which Jesus' grace has given,
The hope, when days and years are past,
We all shall meet in heaven.
We all shall &c.

4 No lingering look, no parting sigh,
Our future meeting knows,

There friendship beams in every eye,
And hope immortal grows:
O sacred hope, O blissful hope,
Which Jesus' grace has given,
The hope, when days and years are past,
We all shall meet in heaven.
We all shall, &c.

298. C. M.

1 God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform:
He plants his footsteps on the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never failing skill,
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his gracious will.

3 You fearful saints, fresh courage take,
The clouds you so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break,
In blessings on your head.

4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace,
Behind a frowning Providence
He hides a smiling face.

5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain;
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

299. C. M.

1 COME to the glorious gospel-feast,
Ho! every one that will;
Oh come you starving souls and taste
Those joys that none can tell.

2 Arise you mortals that are sad,
And bordering on despair,
Lo! there is balm in Gilead,
And a Physician there.

3 Look to the Saviour's bleeding side,
Behold the purple gore;
It was for wounded souls he died
The sin-sick to restore.

4 Behold him on the cursed tree,
With arms extended wide,
For sinners such as you and me,
The bleeding Saviour died.

5 'Tis finished, said his dying breath,
He conquered death and hell;
That rebels doomed to endless death,
Might in his bosom dwell.

6 Come, then, receive his grace, and tell
The wonders of his love;
Till we arrive with him to dwell,
In brighter worlds above.

7 No sin or foe shall there annoy,
Or wound our peaceful breast;
But boundless love, unmingled joy,
And everlasting rest.

CHORUS.

When we've been there ten thousand
Bright shining as the sun; [years,
We've no less days to sing his praise,
Than when we first begun.

CONNERSVILLE. 8s, 7s. A. D. FILLMORE.

5a 1

A 54 | 3543 | 24 | 32 | 156s4 | .5 | 56 | 5345 | 65 | 6 | 5-65 | .1 ||

3q " " " " " " " " " " " "

5a

D 32 | 1321 | 2 | 1 | 13421 | || 34 | 3123 | 43 | 34 | 3-43 | ||

3q " " " 7 " 7 " " " " " " " " 5 .3

6a

B 1 | 11 1 | || 1 | 1112 | || 11 | 1111 | 41 | 11 | 1- | ||

3q " 7 " 7 55 " 5 " " .5 " " " " 4 5 5 .1

300. 8s, 7s.

1 BLEST be thou, O God of Israel,
Thou, our Father and our Lord,
Blest thy majesty forever,
Ever be thy name adored.

2 Thine, O Lord, are power and greatness,
Glory, victory are thine own;
All is thine in earth and heaven,
Over all thy boundless throne.

3 Riches come of thee, and honor,
Power and might to thee belong;
Thine it is to make us prosper,
Only thine to make us strong.

4 Lord, our God, for these, thy bounties,
Songs of gratitude we raise;
To thy name forever glorious,
Ever we address our praise.

VIENNA. 8s, 7s.

PLEYEL.

6a

A 1 1- 2 | 3 1 | 2 2- 3 | 4 2 || 3 3- 4 | 5 3 | 2 3 4 3 | 3 2 ||

2q " " " " " " " " " " " "

6a

D 1 1 | 1 | 2 || 1 1- 2 | 3 1 | 1 2 1 | 1 ||

2q 3 3- 5 " 7 7- " 7 " " " 7 " " " 7

6a

B 1 1 | 1 1 | 1 1 | 1 1 | 1 1 | 1 1 | 1 1 | 1 1 ||

2q 1 1 1 1 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 .5

6a

A 5 5- 4 | 3- 4 5 | 4 4- 3 | 2- 3 4 || 3 4 5 6 | 5- 6 5 4 | 3 2 | .1 ||

2q " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " "

6a

D 3 3- 2 | 1- 2 3 | 2 2- 1 | 1 2 || 1 2 3 4 | 3- 4 3 2 | 1 | 1 ||

2q " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " 5 .3

6a

B 1 1 | 1 1 | 5 5 | 5 5 || 1 1 | 1- | 4 | 5 5 | .1 ||

2q " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " 4 5 5 .1

301. 8s, 7s.

1 LOVE divine, all loves excelling,
Joy of heaven, to earth come down;
Fix in us thy humble dwelling,
All thy faithful mercies crown!
Jesus, thou art all compassion,
Pure unbounded love thou art;
Visit us with thy salvation;
Enter every trembling heart.

2 Breathe, O breathe thy loving Spirit
Into every troubled breast!
Let us all in thee inherit,
Let us find that second rest.
Take away our bent to sinning,
Alpha and Omega be,
End of faith, as its beginning,
Set our hearts at liberty.

3 Come, almighty to deliver,
Let us all thy life receive,
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more thy temples leave:
Thee we would be always blessing;
Serve thee as thy hosts above;
Pray, and praise thee, without ceasing;
Glory in thy perfect love.

4 Finish, then, thy new creation,
Pure and spotless let us be;
Let us see thy great salvation,
Perfectly restored in thee;
Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place,
Till we cast our crowns before thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

302. 8s, 7s.

1 COME, thou Fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing thy grace:
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise;
Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above;
Praise the mount — I'm fixed upon it;
Mount of thy redeeming love!

2 Here I'll raise my Ebenezer,
Hither, by thy help, I'm come;
And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.
Jesus sought me, when a stranger,
Wand'ring from the fold of God!
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed his precious blood!

3 Oh! to grace how great a debtor,
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let thy goodness, like a fetter,
Bind my wand'ring heart to thee!
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it;
Prone to leave the God I love —
Here's my heart, O take and seal it!
Seal it for thy courts above.

303. 8s, 7s.

1 CEASE, you mourners! cease to languish,
O'er the grave of those you love:
Pain, and death, and night, and anguish,
Enter not the world above;
While in darkness you are straying,
Lonely in the deep'ning shade:
Glory's brightest beams are playing
Round the ransomed spirit's head.

2 Cease, you mourners! cease to languish
O'er the graves of those you love,
Far removed from pain and anguish,
They are chanting hymns above;
Light and peace at once deriving
From the hand of God most high;
In his glorious presence living,
They shall never, never die.

304. 8s, 7s.

1 JESUS CHRIST, my Lord and Saviour,
Once became a child like me;
Oh, that in my whole behaviour,
He my pattern still may be.

2 If my feelings are not holy,
Pride and passion dwell within;
But the Lord was meek and lowly.
And was never known to sin.

3 While I'm often vainly trying
Some new pleasure to possess,
He was always self-denying —
Patient in his worst distress.

4 Lord, assist a feeble creature,
Guide me by thy word of truth;
Condescend to be my teacher
Through my childhood and my youth.

305. 8s, 7s.

1 HARK! what mean those lamentations,
Rolling sadly through the sky!
'Tis the cry of heathen nations,
"Come and help us, or we die!"

2 Hear the heathen's sad complaining
Christians, hear their dying cry,
And the love of Christ constraining
Join to help them, ere they die

306. DEVOTION. D. C. M. PLEYEL.

30 1

A	5	5-'	5-3	44	2-	2	12	3153	32	5	5-'	5-3	44	2-
26	,		,			,		,, , , ,	,	,		,		

When all thy mercies, O my God, My rising soul surveys,

Transported with the view, I'm lost

3g

C	3	3-3	3-1	2 2				1	1	3 1	1		3	3-3	3-1	2 2	
2g	'	'	'		7 =	7	7	' 5 "	7	'	'	'	'	'	'	7 =	

3g

D	5	5-5	5-5	66	5-		5	55	5 5	5-		5	5-5	5-5	66	5-
2c	,	,	,				,					,	,	,		,

3G
B 1 1-1 1-1 || 1 1 1 || 1 1-1 1-1 ||
20 ' ' ' 4 5 5 5 5 ' ' ' 4 5

30 $\overset{\sim 2}{1} \overset{\sim 2}{1}$

A	4	3 5	'	6 4	3 2	1 =	2	2 = 3	4 = 6	5 = 3	1 =	3	2 = 3
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In wonder, love, and praise, O, how can words, with equal warmth, The grati-

3g	C	2	3	1	1	1-	1	2-4	3-1	1-	1	1
2c					7	7	7-				7-	

36 1

D	7		6		5-4	3-	5	5-5	5-4	5-5	3-	5	5-5
G	?						?	?	?	?		?	?

B	1	4	5	1=				1-1	1-	1	
2c	5		5	5	5-5	5-7				5-5	

[illegible]

tude declare, That glows within my ravished heart?

But thou canst read it there.

2c 2 2 3 4 13 3 3-3 3-3 2 2 2 3 2 1 1-
 2c ' ' ' ' ' ' 7- ' 7

30													1	
D	5	5	15	5	5=5	5=5	66	5=	7	6			54	3=
20			,	,	,	,			,					
0														

B	1-	1	1-1	1-1			1	4	5	1-
2c	5	7	9	9	9	4	4	5-	5	5

2 Thy providence my life sustained,
And all my wants redressed,
When, in a state of helplessness,
I hung upon the breast.
To all my weak complaints and cries,
Thy mercy lent an ear;
Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learned
To form themselves in prayer.

3 Unnumbered comforts on my soul,
Thy tender care bestowed;
Before my infant heart conceived
From whom those comforts flowed.
When in the slippery paths of youth,
With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm, unseen, conveyed me safe,
And led me up to man.

4 Through hidden dangers, toils and
deaths,
Thy goodness cleared my way;
And through the pleasing snares of vice,
More to be feared than they.
Ten thousand, thousand precious gifts,
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy.

5 Through every period of my life,
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death in distant worlds,
The pleasing theme renew.
Through all eternity to thee
A joyful song I'll raise;
But O! eternity's too short
To utter all thy praise.

307. C. M.

1 THE King of heaven his table spreads,
And blessings crown the board;
Not paradise with all its joys,
Could such delight afford.

2 Pardon and peace to dying men,
And endless life are given;
Through the rich blood that Jesus shed,
To raise our souls to heaven.

3 Millions of souls, in glory now,
Were fed and feasted here;
And millions more, still on the way,
Around the board appear.

4 All things are ready, come away,
Nor weak excuses frame;
Crowd to your places at the feast,
And bless the Founder's name.

308. C. M.

1 JESUS, our Lord, the glory take,
The glory of thy grace,
Thy gifts to thee we render back,
In songs of thankful praise.
2 Through thee, we have together met,
In singleness of heart;
We met, O Jesus, in thy name,
And in thy name we part.
3 We part in body, not in mind,
Our aim continues one,
And heart to heart in Jesus joined,
We'll hand in hand go on.
4 Him, eye to eye, we there shall see,
Our face, like his, shall shine;
Oh, what a glorious company,
When saints and angels join!
5 Oh, what a joyful meeting there,
In robes of white arrayed;
Palms in our hands in triumph bear,
And crowns upon our heads!
6 In such society as this,
My weary soul shall rest;
The man who dwells where Jesus is,
Must be forever blest.

309. C. M.

1 LORD, at thy temple we appear,
As happy Simeon came,
And hope to meet our Saviour here;
Oh, make our joys the same.
2 With what divine and vast delight,
The good old man was filled,
When fondly, in his withered arms,
He clasped the holy child.
3 Now I can leave this world, he cried,
Behold thy servant dies;
I've seen thy great salvation, Lord,
And close my peaceful eyes.
4 This is the light prepared to shine,
Upon the Gentile lands!
Thine Israel's glory, and their hope,
To break their slavish bands.
5 Jesus, the vision of thy face,
Has overpowering charms!
I shall not feel death's cold embrace,
When dying in thy arms!
6 Then, while you hear my heartstrings
break,
How sweet my moments roll;
A mortal paleness on my cheek,
And glory in my soul!

ARLINGTON. C. M.

DR. ARNE.

56

A .1 3- 3 | .3 .2 | 1- 1 .1 || .2 3 5 | .4 .3 | .3 .2 ||

4q , ,

56

D .1 1- 1 | .1 . | || 1 1 | .2 .1 | .1 ||

4q , .7 6- 6 .6 .7 .7

56

B .1 1- 1 | .1 . | || 1 1 | .1 | .5 ||

4q , .5 6- 6 .6 .5 .7 :5

5g																
A	.4	3=	3	.3	.6	5=	5	.5		.1	2	4	.3	.2	:1	
4q																
5g																
D	.2	1=	1	.1	.4	3=	3	.3		.1						
4q																
5g																
B			1=	1	.1	.4	1=	1	.1		.1					
4q	.5															

ASPIRATION. C. M.

6G
A .1 | 1 2 3 4 | .3 .2 | :1 || .2 3 4 | .5 8.4 | .5- || | 1 1 1 1 2 |
4Q R 5 , ,
6G
D | 1 2 | .1 | :1 || 1 2 | .3 2 1 | || | |
4Q R .3 3 5 .7 .7 .7- 3 3 3 3 5 , ,
6G
B .1 | 1 1 | | || 1 | .1 .2 | || R | :R |
4Q R 7 4 .5 .5 :1 .5 7 .5-

6G											P													
A	3	3	3	4	3	2	2	2	3	4	.5	=	4	.5	=	5	1	=	2	3	4	.3	.2	.1
4QR			9		9			9		9														
6G											P													
D	1	1	1	2	1			1	2	.3	2	1			3			1	2	.1				.1
4QR			9		9	7	7	7	9	9					.7	=	3	=	5				.7	
6G											P													
B	.R		=					.1	.2					1	=			.1						
4QR	5		5		5	5	5	5					.5	=	5			7	6	5	.5	.1		

310. C. M.

- 1 THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints in glory reign;
Eternal day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.
- 2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers:
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.
- 3 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood,
Stand dressed in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.
- 4 Yet timorous mortals start and shrink,
To cross this narrow sea;
And linger shivering on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

311. C. M.

- 1 WHEN I can read my title clear,
To mansions in the skies,
I'll bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.
- 2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And fiery darts be hurled,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.
- 3 Let cares, like a wild deluge come,
And storms of sorrow fall,
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all.
- 4 There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

312. C. M.

- 1 FAR from these narrow scenes of night,
Unbounded glories rise;
And realms of infinite delight,
Unseen by mortal eyes.
- 2 Celestial land! could our weak eyes
But half its charms explore,
How would our spirits long to rise,
And dwell on earth no more!
- 3 There pain and sickness never come,
And grief no place obtains;
Health triumphs in immortal bloom,
And endless pleasure reigns.

- 4 No cloud those blissful regions know,
Forever bright and fair!
For sin, the source of every woe,
Can never enter there.

- 5 There no alternate night is known,
Nor sun's faint sickly ray;
But glory from the sacred throne,
Spreads everlasting day.

313. C. M.

- 1 SINNERS, behold the Lamb of God,
Who takes away our guilt;
Look to the atoning precious blood,
That for our sins he spilt.
- 2 Sinners, to Jesus now draw near,
Invited by his word;
The chief of sinners need not fear;
Behold the Lamb of God.
- 3 Backsliders, too, the Saviour calls,
And washes in his blood;
Arise! return from grievous falls;
Behold the Lamb of God.

314. C. M.

- 1 JESUS! delightful, charming name!
It spreads a fragrance round;
Justice and mercy, truth and peace,
In union here are found.
- 2 He is our life, our joy, our strength;
In him all glories meet;
He is a shade above our heads,
A light to guide our feet.
- 3 The thickest clouds are soon dispersed,
If Jesus shows his face;
To weary, heavy-laden souls,
He is the resting-place.
- 4 When storms arise and tempests blow,
He speaks the stilling word;
The threatening billows cease to flow,
The winds obey their Lord.
- 5 Through every age he's still the same,
But we ungrateful prove,
Forget the savor of his name,
The sweetness of his love.

319. LUTON. L. M.

BURDER.

3s	1 1-											
A	5	.5 6	.5 4	.3 2	.1		7 6	5 4 3	4- 3 2 1	.5-		
3q	So fades the lovely, blooming flower, Frail, smiling solace of an hour;											
3g												
C	1	.1 1	.1 1	.1	.1		3	3 2 2	1 2 3	2	1	
3q	Is there no kind, no healing art, To soothe the anguish of the heart?											
3g												
D	3	.3 4	.3 6	.5 4	.3		5	.5 2	3 4 5	5 4 3	.2-	
3q	Let gentle patience smile on pain, Till dying hope re - vives a - gain;											
3g												
B	1	.1 4	.1			.1		1	.5 4	3 2 1		
3q	4 .5 .5 .7 6 .5-											
3g	.1 1											
A	5	5 5	.6 6	.7 7			5 4 3	4- 5 6 4	.3 2	.1		
3q	So soon our transient comforts fly, And pleasure on - ly blooms to die.											
3g												
C	1	1 1	.1 1	.2 2	.3		3	1 2 3	.1 2	.1	.1	
3q	Spirit of grace, be ever nigh; Thy comforts are not made to die.											
3g												
D	3	3 3	.4 4	.5 5	.5		5	.5 5	6- 5 4 6	.5 4	.3	
3q	Hope wipes the tear from sorrow's eye, And faith points upward to the sky.											
3g												
B	1	1 1	.4 2	.5	.1		1	3 2 1	.4 2	.5	.1	
3q	5 5											

BLOOMINGTON. 7s.

ELY.

[illegible]

320. L. M.

- 1 THAT day of wrath ! that dreadful day,
When heaven and earth shall pass away :
What power shall be the sinner's stay ?
How shall he meet that dreadful day ?
- 2 When, shriveling like a parched scroll,
The flaming heavens together roll ;
And louder yet — and yet more dread,
Swells the high trump that wakes the dead ?
- 3 Oh ! on that day — that wrathful day,
When man to judgment wakes from clay,
Be thou, O Christ ! thy people's stay,
Though heaven and earth should pass away.

321. L. M.

- 1 HOW pleasing to behold and see,
The friends of Jesus all agree,
To sit around his sacred board,
As members of one common Lord.
- 2 Here we behold the dawn of bliss —
Here we enjoy the Saviour's grace —
Here we behold his precious blood.
Which sweetly pleads for us with God.
- 3 While here we sit we would implore,
That love may spread from shore to shore,
Till all the saints like us combine,
To praise the Lord in songs divine.

322. 7s.

- 1 CHRIST the Lord is risen to-day !
Sons of men and angels say,
Raise your joys and triumphs high ;
Sing, ye heavens, and earth reply.
- 2 Love's redeeming work is done —
Fought the fight — the battle won —
Lo ! the sun's eclipse is o'er ;
Lo ! he sets in blood no more.
- 3 Vain the store, the watch, the seal ;
Christ has burst the gates of hell ;
Death in vain forbids his rise ;
Christ has opened Paradise.
- 4 Lives again our glorious King ;
Where, O death is now thy sting ?

Once he died our souls to save
Where's thy vict'ry, boasting grave ?

5 Soar we now where Christ has led,
Following our exalted Head ;
Made like him, like him we rise —
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies !

6 What though once we perished all
Partners of our parents' fall,
Second life we now receive,
In our heavenly Adam live.

7 Hail, thou Lord of earth and heaven
Praise to thee by both be given !
Thee we greet triumphant now ;
Hail the resurrection thou !

323. PETERBORO. C. M.

6a P
A .1 | 3 3 4 4 | .3 .2 | :1 || .3 5 5 | .4 .3 | .2 ||

4q In one fraternal bond of love, One fellow - ship of mind,
6a P
C .1 | 1 1 1 1 | .1 | :1 || .1 1 | | ||

4q .7 7 .6 5- 6 .7

Here, in their house of pilgrim - age, Thy statutes are their songs;
6a
D .3 | 5 5 6 6 | .5 5- 4 | :3 || .3 2 3 | 1 2 3- 4 | .5 ||

4q , , ,

Lord, may our union form a part Of that thrice hap - py whole,
6a P
B .1 | 1 1 | .1 | :1 || .1 1 | .1 | ||

4q 4 4 .5 :1 5 .4 .5

6a P P
A .3 | 2 2 3 1 | .4 .3 | .2 || .3 3- 2 3 5 | 4 3 .2 | .1 ||

4q , , ,

The saints below and saints above, Their bliss and glo - ry find.
6a P
C .1 | 1 1 | .1 | :1 || .1- | .1 ||

4q 7 7 6 7 .7 .7 5 .6 .7

There, through one bright, eternal age, Thy praises they pro - long.
6a P
D .5 | 5 4 3 3 | .2 3- 4 | .5 || .5 | .5- 3 | .2 2 3 4 | .3 ||

4q , , ,

Derive its pulse from thee, the heart, Its life from thee, the soul.
6a P
B .1 | 1 | :1 || .1- | ||

4q 5 5 6 .4 .1 .5 .5 3 .4 .5 .1

AROS. C. M.

JOSEPH IMMEL.

6a P P
A 1 | 3 3 | 5 5 | 4 4 | 3 || 2 | 1 1 | 5 4 | 5 ||

2q

6a P P
B 1 | 1 1 | 1 1 | 1 || | 1 2 | ||

2q 7 7 5 3 1 5

6a P P
A 5 | 3 3- 4 | 3 2 | 1 3 | 5 || 3 4 | 5 6 | 4 2 | 1 ||

2q , , , ,

6a P P
B 1 | 1 1 | 1 | 1 || 1 | 1 | | ||

2q 5 3 1 5 6 4 5 1

TRUEMAN. C. M.

A. LANE.

2G													.1	1		
A	5	.5	5	.1	6	4- 5	6	.5		5			.6	s4	.5	
8c																
2G																
B	1	.1	1	.1	2	.2	3	.1		1	.3	3	.4	2	.3	
8c																
2G	3	.3	1	.1								1- 2	3	.4	2	.1
A					6	.4	s4	.5		5						
8c																
2G																
B	5	.5	3	.1	4	.2	s2	.3		1	3- 2	1	.4	5	.1	
8c																

324. C. M.

325. C. M.

1 BEHOLD, the mountain of the Lord,
In latter days shall rise,
On mountain tops above the hills,
And draw the wondering eyes.

2 To this the joyful nations round,
All tribes and tongues shall flow,
Up to the hill of God, they'll say,
And to his house we'll go.

3 The beam that shines from Zion's hill,
Shall 'lighten every land;
The King who reigns in Salem's towers,
Shall all the world command.

4 Among the nations he shall judge,
His judgments truth shall guide;
His sceptre shall protect the just,
And quell the sinner's pride.

5 No strife shall rage, nor hostile feud
Disturb those peaceful years;
To ploughshares men shall beat their
swords,
To pruning hooks their spears.

6 No longer host encountering host,
Shall crowds of slain deplore;
They'll hang the trumpet in the hall,
And study war no more.

7 Come, then, O house of Jacob, come,
To worship at his shrine;
And walking in the light of God,
With holy beauties shine.

1 AWAKE, my soul! stretch every
nerve,
And press with vigor on:
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.

2 'Tis God's all-animating voice,
That calls thee from on high:
'Tis his own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye,

3 A cloud of witnesses around,
Hold thee in full survey:
Forget the steps already trod,
And urge thy onward way.

4 Bless'd Saviour, introduced by thee,
Have we our race begun;
And, crowned with victory, at thy feet
We'll lay our honors down

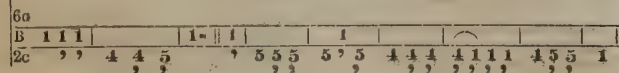
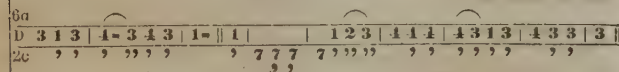
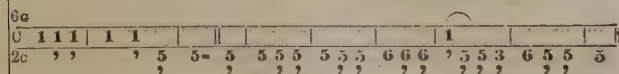
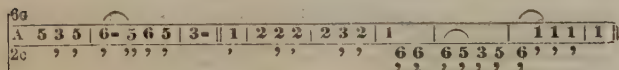
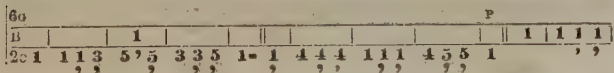
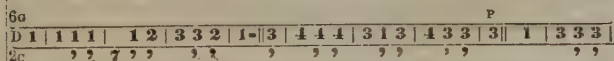
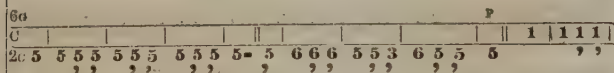
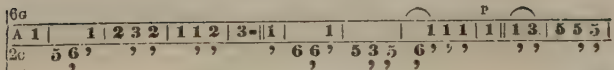
326. C. M.

1 DEATH, 'tis a melancholy day,
To those who have no God;
When the poor soul is forced away,
To seek her last abode.

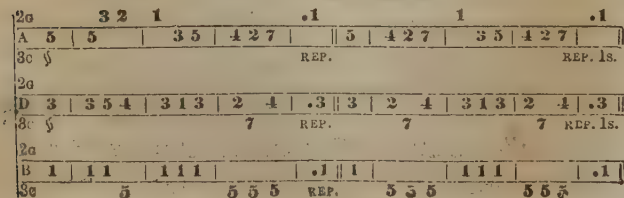
2 In vain to heaven she lifts her eyes,
For guilt, a heavy chain,
Still drags her downward from the skies,
To darkness, fire, and pain.

3 Prepare me, Lord, for thy right hand,
Then come the joyful day;
Come, death, and come celestial band,
And bear my soul away.

BOWER OF PRAYER.



TRANSYLVANIA. 11s.



327. 11s.

- 1 TO go from my home, and with kindred to part,
To break up my friendships, affects not my heart,
Like leaving that blissful and holy place, where
Jehovah has heard and has answered my prayer,
And has answered my prayer.
- 2 And often the Saviour has come to my bower,
In all the rich fullness of love and of power,
And raptured my spirit ineffably there,
Inditing in heaven's own language my prayer,
Own language my prayer.
- 3 The early sweet notes of the loved nightingale,
My hours of devotion would faithfully tell —
Would call me to duty, while birds in the air
Sang anthems of praises as I went to prayer,
As I went to prayer.
- 4 How sweet were the zephyrs perfumed by the pine,
The ivy, the balsam, the wild eglantine;
But sweeter, O sweeter the pleasures which there
I often have tasted while offering my prayer,
While offering my prayer.
- 5 But soon I must bid my loved bower adieu,
And leave for a region that's distant and new;
Yet oh, blessed thought! I've a friend everywhere,
Who will, in all places, give ear to my prayer,
Give ear to my prayer.
- 6 Through life's troubled scenes I will fearlessly go,
Move onward with triumph o'er every foe;
I'll never, no, never, indulge in despair,
For Jesus will grant the requests of my prayer,
The requests of my prayer.
- 7 His love and his power he will daily impart,
To strengthen my mind and to gladden my heart.
And when on my death-bed, he'll be with me there,
And take me to heaven in answer to prayer,
In answer to prayer.
- 8 And high in the mansions of glory and joy,
My soul shall be blessed with delightful employ —
Be freed from all sorrow, and anguish and care —
And bask in his smile who has answered my prayer,
Who has answered my prayer.

SICILY. 7s.

MOZART.

4G $\overset{\sim}{5-434} \mid \overset{\sim}{56} \mid \overset{\sim}{5-43} \parallel \overset{\sim}{55} \mid \overset{\sim}{67'} \mid 76 \mid .5 \parallel$
2Q $\overset{\sim}{'} \overset{\sim}{'} \overset{\sim}{'} \overset{\sim}{'} \mid \overset{\sim}{'} \overset{\sim}{'} \mid \overset{\sim}{'} \mid$
4G

D $\overset{\sim}{34} \mid \overset{\sim}{3-212} \mid \overset{\sim}{34} \mid \overset{\sim}{3-21} \parallel \overset{\sim}{33} \mid \overset{\sim}{423} \mid 21 \mid \mid$
2Q $\overset{\sim}{'} \overset{\sim}{'} \overset{\sim}{'} \overset{\sim}{'} \mid \overset{\sim}{'} \overset{\sim}{'} \mid \overset{\sim}{'} \overset{\sim}{'} \mid .7$
4G

B $11 \mid 1 \mid 1 \mid 11 \mid .1 \parallel 13 \mid 251 \mid 2 \mid \mid$
2Q $\overset{\sim}{'} \overset{\sim}{'} \mid 2 \mid .5$
4G

A $\overset{\sim}{2-323} \mid \overset{\sim}{44} \mid \overset{\sim}{3-234} \mid .5 \parallel \overset{\sim}{'}765 \mid \overset{\sim}{'}654 \mid 32 \mid .1 \parallel$
2Q $\overset{\sim}{'} \overset{\sim}{'} \overset{\sim}{'} \overset{\sim}{'} \mid \overset{\sim}{'} \overset{\sim}{'} \overset{\sim}{'} \mid \overset{\sim}{'} \overset{\sim}{'} \mid$
4G

D $\overset{\sim}{1} \mid \overset{\sim}{1} \mid 22 \mid \overset{\sim}{1-} \mid \overset{\sim}{12} \mid .3 \parallel \overset{\sim}{3543} \mid \overset{\sim}{6432} \mid 1 \mid .1 \parallel$
2Q $\overset{\sim}{7-''7'} \mid \overset{\sim}{'} \overset{\sim}{'} \overset{\sim}{'} \mid \overset{\sim}{'} \overset{\sim}{'} \overset{\sim}{'} \mid \overset{\sim}{'} \overset{\sim}{'} \overset{\sim}{'} \mid 7$
4G

B $\mid \mid 1 \mid 1 \mid .1 \parallel 1 \mid 1 \mid 1 \mid \overset{\sim}{34} \mid 55 \mid .1 \parallel$
2Q $5 \mid 5 \mid 55 \mid \mid \mid \mid \overset{\sim}{34} \mid 55$

328. ANTICIPATION. 7s.

6g																			
A	1	1	2	2	.3	1	1	4	3	2	1	2	3	.2					
2q	5	5									,	,	,	,					
6g	Hail, all hail the joyful morn! Tell it forth from earth to heaven.																		
D					.1	1	1	2	1	1									
2q	3	3	3	3	5	5									,	7	6	7	.7
6g															,	,	,		
B									1	1	1	1	1						
2q	5	5	3	1	5	5	.1	4				.5							
6g																			
A	5-65	4	3	3	4-54	3	.2	3-23	4	5-65	4	3	2	.1					
2q	,	,	,		,	,	,	,	,	,	,								
6g	That to us a child is born, That to us a Son is given.																		
D	3-43	2	1	1	2-32	1	1-1	2	3-43	2	1								
2q	,	,	,		,	,	,		,	7	,	,	,	5	.3				
6g																			
B	1				1	1-				4	3-24								
2q	5-	5	4-	1	.5					,	,	,	4	5	5	.1			

2 Angels, bending from the sky,
Chanted at the wondrous birth;
"Glory be to God on high,
Peace — good will to man on earth."

3 Join we then our feeble lays,
To the chorus of the sky ;
And, in songs of grateful praise,
Glory give to God on high.

MERCY. 7s.

7 ⁶												
A	1	1 3-	1- 2-	.1	3 2 1-	2-	1-					
2 ^s	7	" "	5	6 "	7 "	" "	7 "	5	6 "	7 6-	.5	
7 ⁶												
B	1											
2 ^s	5	5	5	4	8 1	.5	5	5	3	4	5	.1
7 ⁶												
A	1 1	1 3- 1			3 2 1-	2-	1- 2-	.1				
2 ^s	" "	5 4	.3	" "	7 "	5	6 "	7 "				
7 ⁶												
B	1											
2 ^s	6	5	3	3 2	.1	5	5	3	4	5	.1	

329. 7s.

- 1 WHO are these arrayed in white,
Brighter than the noon-day sun,
Foremost of the sons of light,
Nearest the eternal throne?
- 2 These are they that bore the cross —
Nobly for their master stood —
Sufferers in his righteous cause —
Followers of the dying Lord.
- 3 Out of great distress they came —
Washed their robes by faith below,
In the blood of yonder Lamb,
Blood that washes white as snow.
- 4 Therefore are they next the throne —
Serve their Maker day and night :
God resides among his own —
God doth in his saints delight.
- 5 More than conquerors at last,
Here they find their trials o'er;
They have all their sufferings passed —
Hunger now and thirst no more.
- 6 No excessive heat they feel,
From the sun's directer ray :
In a milder clime they dwell —
Region of eternal day.
- 7 He that on the throne doth reign,
Them the Lamb shall always feed —
With the tree of life sustain —
To the living fountains lead.
- 8 He shall all their sorrows chase —
All their wants at once remove,
Wipe the tears from every face —
Fill up every soul with love

330. 7s.

- 1 WHEN on Sinai's top I see
God descend in majesty,
To proclaim his holy law,
All my spirits sink with awe.
- 2 When in ecstasy sublime,
Tabor's glorious height I climb,
In the too transporting light,
Darkness rushes o'er my sight.
- 3 When on Calvary I rest,
God, in flesh made manifest,
Shines in my Redeemer's face,
Full of beauty, truth and grace.
- 4 Here I would forever stay,
Weep, and gaze my soul away :
Thou art heaven on earth to me,
Lovely, mournful Calvary.

331. 7s.

- 1 FOR a season called to part,
Let us now ourselves commend
To the gracious eye and heart
Of our ever-present Friend.
- 2 Jesus, hear our humble prayer;
Tender Shepherd of thy sheep;
Let thy mercy and thy care,
All our souls in safety keep.
- 3 In thy strength may we be strong;
Sweeten every cross and pain;
And our wasting lives prolong,
Till we meet on earth again.

2 If life's so brief, why then prepare,
For all the joys it brings,
Or give one thought of anxious care,
To mere terrestrial things.

3 No more to trifling toys of time,
Let precious hours be given,
But live to God a life sublime,
And wear a crown in heaven!

333. C. M.

1 AT Jacob's well a stranger sought
His drooping frame to cheer,
Samarita's daughter little thought
That Jacob's God was there.

2 This had she known, her fainting mind,
For richer draughts had sighed!
Nor had Messiah, ever kind,
Those richer draughts denied.

3 This ancient well, no glass so true,
Our nature's image shows;
Here Christ presents himself to view,
But who the stranger knows?

4 Yet sinners must the Saviour know,
Or soon their loss deplore:
Come, see the living waters flow,
Come, drink, and thirst no more.

334. C. M.

1 COME, let our hearts and voices join,
And strains of triumph raise;
Sing to the Lord in songs divine,
Our Rock, the Saviour praise.

2 Come where his glory he displays,
Your lips in thanks employ:
Come, speak the wonders of his grace
In holy songs of joy.

335. C. M.

1 RISE, O my soul, pursue the path
By ancient heroes trod;
Ambitious view these holy men,
Who lived and walked with God.

2 Though dead, they speak in reason's
ear,
And in example live;
Their faith and hope, and mighty deeds,
Still fresh instruction give.

3 'Twas through the Lamb's most precious blood,
They conquered every foe;
And to his power and matchless grace
Their crowns and honor owe.

4 Lord, may we ever keep in view
The pattern thou hast given,
And ne'er forsake the blessed road
Which led them safe to heaven.

336. C. M.

1 A RULER came to Christ on earth,
Instruction to obtain;
The lesson taught was the New Birth —
"Ye must be born again."

2 Sinners, this solemn truth regard!
Hear, all ye sons of men;
For Christ, the Saviour, hath declared,
"Ye must be born again."

3 Whate'er may be your birth or blood
The sinner's boast is vain;
Thus saith the glorious Son of God,
"Ye must be born again."

4 That which is born of flesh is flesh,
And flesh it must remain;
Then marvel not that Jesus says,
"Ye must be born again."

5 Dear Saviour, may they now believe,
Hear, and obey thy word,
Remission of their sins receive,
And thus be "born of God."

337. C. M.

1 ALL who, through Christ the living
way,
Would e'er to heaven attain;
Must bear the cross from day to day,
Else all their hopes are vain.

2 "Beneath the cross this friend I found
In garments rolled in blood;
With cords of love, on me he bound,
The painful, pleasing load.

3 These silken cords of love divine,
So bind my soul to God,
And round my Saviour cling and twine
That he sustains the load."

339. HALL. 8s, 7s.

S. W. L.

4P

A	1- 12	33	53	2-321		1- 12	33	3s5	6-31				
3s	66	6	''	''	''	.7	66	6	''	''	''	7	.6
	''	,	''			''	''	,	''			''	

Brethren, see poor sinners round you, Slumbering on the brink of woe ;
Far from God and unconverted ; Can you bear to see them go ?

4P

C	33	3-31	11	23	5-654	.3	33	3-31	11	12	3-354	.3	
3s	''	''	7	''	''	''	''	''	7	''	''	''	
			,						,				

4P

B	1		1-1		1		1-							
3s	66	6-'	6s5	66	55	'76	.5	66	6-'	6s5	66	67	63s5	.6
	''		''	''	''	''	''	''		''	''	''	''	

2 There are fathers — there are mothers,
And their children sinking down ;
Brethren, go, exhort poor sinners,
Speak the word to all around.

3 Now their Saviour offers pardon,
If they will repent and turn ;
Brethren, go, exhort the sinner ;
Speak the word to all around.

4 Tell them all about the Saviour,
Tell them that he may be found ;
Brethren, go, exhort the mourner,
Speak the word to all around.

340. 8s, 7s.

1 WHEN the orb of morn enlightens
Hill and mountain, mead and dell ;
When the dim horizon brightens,
And the serried clouds dispel ;
And the sunflower eastward bending,
Its fidelity to prove ;
Be thy gratitude ascending
Unto Him whose name is love.

2 When the vesper star is beaming
In the coronet of even ;
And the lake and river gleaming
With the ruddy hues of heaven ;
When a thousand notes are blending,
In the forest and the grove ;
Be thy gratitude ascending
Unto Him whose name is love.

3 When the stars appear in millions,
In the portals of the west,
Bright bespangling the pavilions
Where the blessed are at rest ;

When the milky way is glowing
In the cope of heaven above,
Let thy gratitude be flowing
Unto Him whose name is love.

341. 8s, 7s.

1 LET thy kingdom, blessed Saviour,
Come and bid our jarring cease ;
Come, O come, and reign forever,—
Lord of life and Prince of Peace :
Visit now thy bleeding Zion,
Lo ! thy people mourn and weep ;
Day and night thy flock is crying,
Gracious Shepherd, feed thy sheep.

2 Some for Paul — some for Apollos —
Some for Cephas — few agree,
With thy holy word that calls us,
Or resolve to follow thee :
Lord, in us there is no merit,
At thy name our hearts do leap ;
Guide us by thy holy Spirit,
Till in death our souls shall sleep.

3 Come, blest Lord, with courage arm us,
Persecution rages here ;
Naught, we know, can ever harm us,
If our Shepherd be but near :
Glory, glory, be to Jesus !
At his name our hearts do leap ;
He both comforts us, and saves us ;
Gracious Shepherd, bless thy sheep.

4 Hail, thou Prince of our salvation !
Ever will we be thy flock ;
Thou, the church's sure foundation,
And the everlasting rock :
May we shun the paths of folly,
Scale the high, the arduous steep,
Look to thee and still be holy ;
Gracious Shepherd, bless thy sheep.

342. ROMAINE. 7s, 6s. BANNISTER.

5a

A 1 1 5 3 | .4 3 3 | 3 2 2 1 1 | .1- || 1 1 5 3 | .4 3 2

4q 5

To Thee be praise forever, Thou glorious King of kings,
Thy wondrous love and favor, Each

5a

C 1 1 1 | || 1 1

4q 5 5 5 5 | .7 5 | 5 6 5 | .5- 5 5 5 5 | .7 5

5a

D 1 | 3 3 3 1 | .2 5 5 | 5 4 4 3 3 2 | .3- || 1 | 3 3 3 1 | .2 5 5

4q

5a

B 1 | 1 1 | 1 1 | 1 | || 1 | 1 1 | 1

4q 3 5 | .5 | 6 7 ' 4 5 | .1- | 3 5 | .5 7

5a

A 3 4 5 6 5 4 | .5- || 5 | 3 5 1 3 | .4 3 3 | 2 1 6 5 4 3 | .3 2 || 1 1 1 3

4q

ransomed spirit sings; We'll celebrate thy glory,
With all thy saints above, And shout the joyful

5a

C 1 2 1 | || 1 | .2 1 1 | 1 | .1 || R | :R |

4q ' ' 7 6 | .5- 5 5 5 5 | 7 5 6 | 7

5a

D 5 6 5 3 2 2 | .2- || 3 | 3 3 3 5 | .5 5 5 | 4 1 2 5 | .5- || 1-2 | 3 3 3 5

4q

5a

B 1 | 1 2 | || 1 | 1 1 1 1 | 1 1 | 4 3 1 | 1 | || R | :R |

4q ' 6 7 ' | 2 | .5- | .5 | ' ' 7 | .5-

5a

A .2 1 || 1-2 | 3 3 3 5 | .4 3 || 3-4 | 5 5 5 | .6 5 || 5 | 5 4 3 2 1 | .1- ||

4q

story, And shout the joyful story, And shout the joyful story
Of thy redeeming love.

5a

C .R- || R | :R | .R- || 1 1 1 3 | .1 1 || 1 | 1 1 |

4q 5 5 5 5 | .5-

5a

D .4 3 || 1 1 1 3 | .2 1 || 1-2 | 3 3 3 5 | .4 3 || 3 | 3 4 5 4 3 2 | .3- ||

4q

5a

B .R- || R | :R | .R- || 1 | 1 | 1 1 | 1 2 3 4 5 | .4- ||

4q 5 3 1 | .4 | ' ' ' ' 5

THANKSGIVING.

5a

A	3	5	3	1	1	1	2	1	2	3	1	3	5	3	1	1	1	2	3	2	.1
2a	?	?	?	?	?	?	?	?	?	?	?	?	?	?	?	?	?	?	?	?	?
5a																					
D	1	1										1	1						1		
2a	?	5	3	3	3	5	3	4	5	3	?	5	3	3	3	5	5				.3
5a	?	?	?	?	?	?	?	?	?	?	?	?	?	?	?	?	?	?	?	?	?
B	1	1	1	1	1	1						1	1	1	1	1	1				
2a	?	?	?	?	?	?	5	5	5	.1	?	?	?	?	?	5	5	5			.1
5a	1						?	?								?	?				
A	7	6	5	3	1	6	5	4	.3		1	2	3	4	5	6	5	5			.1
2a	?	?	?	?		?	?				?	?		?	?			?	?		
5a																					
D	3	5	4	3	1	1	4	3	2	.1		1	2	3	4	3					
2a	?	?	?	?			?	?			3	5	?	?		5	4				.3
5a											?	?				?	?				
B	1	1	1	1	1	1				.1	1	1	1								
2a	?	?	?	?			4	5	5		?	?		6	5	4	5	5	5		.1
							?	?						?	?	4	5	5	5		

346. FELICITY.

5a

A	3-	3-	3-	2	3	5	4	2-	2-	2-	1	2	3-	3-	3-	2	3	5	4		
23c	?	?	?	?							?	?	?			?	?	?			
5a																					
D	1-	1-	1-	1	3	2					1-	1-	1-	1-	1-	1	3	2			
23c	?	7	?	?	7-	7-	7-	6	7		?	7	?								
5a		?					?	?	?												
B	1-	1-	1-	1	1	1					1-	1-	1-	1-	1	1	1	1			
23c	?	5	?		5-	5-	5-	5	5		?	5	?								
5a		?									?	?	?								
A	2-	1	2	5	4	2	1-	R-		6-	5-	4-	3-	2-	1	2	5	4	2	1-	R-
23c	?	?	?	?	?	?										?	?	?	?		
5a																					
D		3	2		1-	R-		4-	3-	2-	1-				3	2		1-	R-		
23c	7-	6	7	?	?	7									7-	6	7	?	?	7	
5a	?	?	?												?	?	?				
B					1-	R-		1-		1-									R-		
23c	5-	5	5	5	5	5		4-		7-		5-	5	5	5	5	5	5	1-		
	?	?	?	?	?	?						?	?	?	?	?	?				

2 Heaven—heaven is a blest region,
 All—all unity share:
 Sweet—sweet are their endearments:
 Hatred their hearts never bear:
 Love—love—love—love,
 Pure and immortal is there.

3 Heaven—heaven is a blest region,
 Free—free from earth-born care:
 Full—full are their enjoyments:
 Anguish no bosom can tear:
 Joy—joy—joy—joy,
 Pure and immortal is there.

T. HARRISON.

347. P. M.

- 1 COME—come—come to the Saviour,
 Rich—rich mercy receive,
 Here—here you will find pardon,
 Jesus from sin will relieve;
 Come—come—come—come,
 Come to the Saviour and live.
- 2 Come—come laden and weary,
 Christ—Christ calls thee to come;
 Leave—leave paths dark and dreary,
 Cease from the Saviour to roam;
 Come—come—come—come,
 Jesus will guide thee safe home.

3 Come—come seek his salvation.
 Now—now hear and obey;
 Hark—hark the sweet invitation,
 Angels invite you away;
 Come—come—come—come,
 Sinner believe and obey.

4 Hark—hark, angels are singing,
 Love—love—love is their theme;
 Peace—peace joyfully bringing,
 Mercy from God the Supreme:
 Come—come—come—come,
 Jesus is rich to redeem.

A. D. F.

348. 10s.

- 1 HOW beauteous is the earth! how bright the sky!
 How wisely planned by Him who reigns on high!
 His love is rich and free—a boundless store!
 Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, forever more!
- 2 By day he makes the sun to pour forth light:
 The moon and starry host to shine by night;
 He waters hill and dale with dews and showers;
 And crowns their varied soils with fruits and flowers:
- 3 He sent his only Son to save the world,
 When, from its Eden bowers, fallen man was hurled:
 His face hath smiled on us above all lands;
 Our thousand splendid gifts are from his hands.

T. H.

349. 6s, 4s.

- 1 JOYFULLY, joyfully onward I move,
 Bound for the land of bright spirits above;
 Angelic choristers sing as I come,
 Joyfully, joyfully haste to thy home.
- 2 Soon, with my pilgrimage ended below,
 Home, to that land of delight will I go;
 Pilgrim and stranger no more shall I roam,
 Joyfully, joyfully resting at home.
- 3 Friends fondly cherished have passed on before,
 Waiting they watch me approaching the shore;
 Singing to cheer me through death's chilling gloom,
 Joyfully, joyfully haste to thy home.
- 4 Sounds of sweet melody fall on my ear;
 Harps of the blessed, your voices I hear!
 Rings with the harmony heaven's high dome,
 Joyfully, joyfully haste to thy home.

352. ROCK OF AGES. 7s. A. D. FILLMORE.

4g ♪

A 1 3 | 5- 6 | 5 4 | .3 || 5 3 | 6- 4 | 2 1 2 3 | .1 ||

2q Rock of ages, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in thee;

4g ♪

D 1 1 | 3- 4 | 3 2 | .1 || 3 1 | 4- 2 | 1 | .1 ||

2q Be of sin the perfect cure, Save from wrath and make me pure.

4g ♪

B 1 1 | 1- | .1 || 1 1 | | | .1 ||

2q 4 5 5 4- 4 5 5

4g 1 1 REP. 1, 2s.

A 3 5 | 7 | 6 5 | .5 || 3 5 | 5 6 | 7 6 5 4 | .5 ||

2q Let the water and the blood, From thy side a heal - ing flood.

4g REP. 1, 2s.

D 1 3 | 3 5 | 4 3 | .3 || 1 3 | 1 1 | 2 1 | .7 ||

2q 7 7 7 7 6 7

4g REP. 1, 2s.

B 1 1 | 1 1 | 1 1 | .2 || 1 1 | 2 2 | .5 ||

2q 6 5 .5

2 Should my tears forever flow,
Should my zeal no languor know,
This for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and thou alone;
In my hand no price I bring;
Simply to thy cross I cling.

4 Wake the song of jubilee,
Let it echo o'er the sea!
Now is come the promised hour;
Jesus reigns with kingly power;
Let it sound from shore to shore,
Jesus reigns forever more.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath:
When mine eyelids close in death;
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold thee on thy throne—
Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.

5 Now the desert lands rejoice,
And the islands join their voice;
Yea, the whole creation sings;
Jesus is the King of kings!
Let it sound from shore to shore,
Jesus reigns forever more.

353. EBENEZER. 7s.

5g

A 1 2 1 2 | 3 2 4 3- | 1 3 5 3 | 2 3 2- | 5 3 6 5 | 3 1 5- | 1 3 5 6 4 | 3 2 1 ||

23s Christians, brethren, ere we part, Every voice and every heart

5g Join, and to our Father raise One last hymn of grateful praise.

D 3 4 5 3 | 3 5 5- | 3 5 3 3 | 5 6 5- | 3 3 4 5 | 6 5 5- | 5 6 3 4 | 5 5 3- ||

23s Though we here should meet no more, Yet there is a brighter shore;

5g There, released from toil and pain, There, we all may meet again.

B 1 | 1 1 | 1 1 | 1 1 | 1 1 | 1 1 | 1 1 | 1 1 ||

23s 5 1 6 5 5 1- 5 7 5- 5 6 7 1 5- 5 6 5 5 1-

- 2 When day with farewell beam delays
 Among the opening clouds of even,
 And we can almost think we gaze
 Through opening vistas into heaven,
 Those hues that mark the sun's decline,
 So soft, so radiant, Lord, are thine.
- 3 When night with wings of starry gloom
 O'ershadows all the earth and skies,
 Like some dark beauteous bird, whose plume
 Is sparkling with a thousand dyes,
 That sacred gloom, those fires divine,
 So grand, so countless, Lord, are thine.
- 4 When youthful spring around us breathes,
 Thy Spirit warms her fragrant sigh,
 And every flower that summer wreathes
 Is born beneath that kindling eye :
 Where'er we turn thy glories shine,
 And all things fair and bright are thine.

358. GOODNESS.

L.

2g	1-	2- 1	
A 5 5 5 5 3 1 5- 5 5 5 ' 7 6 5- 5 5 5 4 3 6 5 5-			
3s ' ' ' ' ' ' ' ' ' ' ' ' ' ' ' ' ' ' ' ' '			
I'll praise my Maker while I've breath, And when my voice			
2g	is lost in death. Praise shall employ my nobler powers		
C 1 1 1 5- 1 1 1 2- 1 1 1 5- 5 4 3 2- 3 3 3 1 1 4 2 1-			
3s ' ' ' ' ' ' ' ' ' ' ' ' ' ' ' ' ' ' ' ' '			
2g	1-	1	2- 1
A 5 6 7 6 7 ' 7 ' 6 5- 5 6 s 4 5- 5 3 6 5 3 4 2 1-			
3s ' ' ' ' ' ' ' ' ' ' ' ' ' ' ' ' ' ' ' ' '			
My days of praise shall ne'er be past, While life or thought			
2g	or being last, Or immortality endures.		
C 1 3 3 5- 4 4 s 4 5- 4 3 3 1- 1 2 2 3- 1 1 1 1 1-			
3s ' ' ' ' ' ' ' ' ' ' ' ' ' ' ' ' ' ' ' ' '			
2s ' ' ' ' ' ' ' ' ' ' ' ' ' ' ' ' ' ' ' ' '			

- 2 Happy the man whose hopes rely
 On Israel's God : he made the sky,
 And earth, and seas, with all their train ;
 His truth forever stands secure,
 He saves the oppressed, he feeds the poor,
 And none shall find his promise vain.
- 3 The Lord pours eyesight on the blind :
 The Lord supports the fainting mind :
 He sends the laboring conscience peace :
 He helps the stranger in distress,
 The widow and the fatherless,
 And grants the prisoner sweet release.

359. CORONATION. C. M. HOLDEN.

6g

A	1 1 3 3	2 1 2 3	2 1 3 2	.1-	2	3 2 1 3	5 4 3 2 3 5	.5.5
---	---------	---------	---------	-----	---	---------	-------------	------

4q .5

'Tis faith that purifies the heart; 'Tis faith that works by love;

6g

C			1	.1-	R	:R	.R-	.1.2
---	--	--	---	-----	---	----	-----	------

4q .3 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 7 5 7

This faith shall every fear control, By its celestial power:

6g

D	.1	3 3 5 5	4 3 4 5	4 3 5 4	.3-	R	:R	.R-	2	.3.2
---	----	---------	---------	---------	-----	---	----	-----	---	------

4q

By faith, where'er his hand shall lead, The darkest path we'll tread:

6g

B		1 1				1	1	3 2 1	1	.1
---	--	-----	--	--	--	---	---	-------	---	----

4q .1 1 1 5 5 5 5 5 6 5 5 .1- 5 5 3 ' ' ' 7 5 .7

6g

A	.6 5 4	.5-	3	5 3 1 3	2 1 2 3 2 1	.5 .4	3- 4 2 2	.1
---	--------	-----	---	---------	-------------	-------	----------	----

4q

thoughts above, It bids all sinful joys depart, And lifts the thoughts above.

6g

O	.1					1	.1		
---	----	--	--	--	--	---	----	--	--

4q 7 6 .7- 5 5 5 5 5 5 7 .6 .5- 5 .5

proaching hour, With holy triumph fill the soul, In death's approaching hour.

6g

D	.3	.2	.2-	1	3 5 5 5	4 3 4 5 4 3	.1 .1	1-2 2 4	.3
---	----	----	-----	---	---------	-------------	-------	---------	----

4q

with the dead, By faith we'll quit these mortal shores, And mingle with the dead.

6g

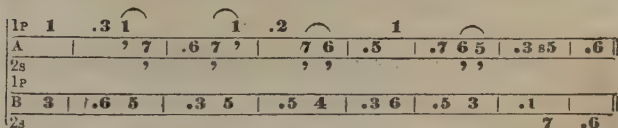
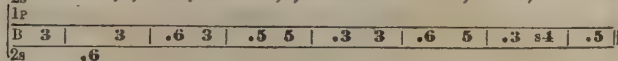
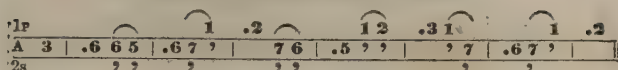
B	.2		1	1 1 3 1					.1
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4q .6 .5- 5 5 5 6 .3 .4 .5- 5 .1

PISGAH. C. M.

7G
A 1 1 1 2 3 1 | 6 6 6 5 3 | 5 5 6 | 3- 2 1 3 2 |
4Q 5 , , , , 6 6 6 5 3 5 5 6 , , , ,
7G
B 1 | 1 3 2 1 | 6 5 | 3 3 3 5 6 | 5 5 3 1 1 | 1- 2 3 4 5 |
4Q , , , , 6 5 , , , , 5 5 3 1 1 , , , ,
7G
A 1 3 | 5 5 5 6 5 | 3 3 2 1 | 1 | 6 5 6 7 | .1- |
4Q , , , , , , , , 6 5 6 7 , ,
7G
B 1 | 1 1 1 | 1 | 5 5 5 3 5 | 6 6 5 3 2 | .1- |
4Q , , , , 6 , 5 5 5 3 5 , 6 6 5 3 2 , .1-

LIBERTY HALL. C. M.



360. C. M.

- 1 ALL hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall:
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all.
- 2 Crown him, you martyrs of our God,
Who from his altar call:
Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,
And crown him Lord of all.
- 3 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
A remnant weak and small,
Hail him who saves you by his grace,
And crown him Lord of all.
- 4 You Gentile sinners, ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall;
Go, spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him Lord of all.
- 5 Babes, men, and sires, who know his
love,
Who feel your sin and thrall,
Now join with all the hosts above,
And crown him Lord of all.
- 6 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all.
- 7 Oh, that with yonder sacred throng,
We at his feet may fall!
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown him Lord of all.

361. C. M.

- 1 O God of Bethel, by whose hand
Thy people still are fed;
Who through this weary pilgrimage
Hast all our fathers led.

- 2 Our vows, our prayers, we now present
Before thy throne of grace;
God of our fathers, be the God
Of their succeeding race.
- 3 Through each succeeding path of life,
Our wand'ring footsteps guide,
Give us each day our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide.
- 4 Oh spread thy sov'reign wings around,
Till all our wand'rings cease,
And at our Father's loved abode,
Our souls arrive in peace.
- 5 Such blessings from thy gracious hand
Our humble prayers implore;
And thou shalt be our chosen God,
And portion evermore.

362. C. M.

- 1 BACKSLIDERS who your mis'ry feel,
Attend your Saviour's call;
Return, He'll your backsliding heal;
Oh, crown him Lord of all.
- 2 Though crimson sin increase your guilt,
And painful is your thrall,
For broken hearts his blood was spilt,
Oh, crown him Lord of all.
- 3 Take with you words, approach his
throne,
And low before him fall;
He understands the spirit's groan,
Oh, crown him Lord of all.
- 4 Whoever comes he'll not cast out,
Although your faith be small;
His faithfulness you cannot doubt,
Then crown him Lord of all.

365. INDIANAPOLIS. 11s.

7a P

A	113-2	11	1		112	335	531	.2	113-2	11	
8c	5	' "	5	6	6	.55			5	' "	5

How gracious the promise, how soothing the word That came from the
lips of our merciful Lord! "Ye lone and ye weary, ye

7a

B						111	11									
8c	1	1	1	1	443	221	.51	115		1	.5	5	1	1	1	443

7a P

A	1		112	353		.1	1	225	22	1	21		1	225
8c	6	6	.55			567	'			'		6	.57	'

sad and oppressed. Come, learn of your Saviour, and ye shall find rest."
And ye that have sinned and have wandered astray, Come, walk in the

7a P

B			111											
8c	221	.55	135		345	.1	5	555	5	5	5	555	.55	555

7a P

A	22	1	123s4	.5	6	533	11	4		112	353		.1
8c	7	'	'	'	'		5	6	6	.55		567	

light, and the truth, and the way, Ye proud, from the paths of ambition depart,
For meek was your Master, and lowly of heart.

7a P

B			1	111						111		.1
8c	555	5	5	5	.5		443	221	.55	135		345

SCOTLAND. 11s.

SCOTCH AIR.

8a P

A	5	7	6	5	6	'	3	4	2	1-	5	3	1	3	5	6	'	7	5	6	s4	5-
2q	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'

8a P

D	3	3	5	4	3	4	4	1	2	1-	3	1	1	3	3	4	4	2	1	1	
2q	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'

8a P

B	1	1		1		1-	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	2	2	2	
2q	'		5	5	4	4	5	5	5		'	'	'	'	'	'	5-	

366. 11s.

- 1 THOU sweet gliding Kedron, by thy silver stream
Our Saviour, at midnight, when moonlight's pale beam
Shone bright on the waters, would frequently stray,
And lose in thy murmurs the toils of the day;
How damp were the vapors that fell on his head!
How hard was his pillow, how humble his bed!
The angels astonished grew pale at the sight,
And followed their master with solemn delight.
- 2 O garden of Olives, thou dear honored spot,
The fame of thy wonders shall ne'er be forgot;
The theme most transporting to seraphs above,
The triumph of sorrow — the triumph of love!
Come, saints, and adore him; come, bow at his feet!
Oh! give him the glory, the praise that is meet;
Let joyful hosannas unceasing arise,
And join the full chorus that gladdens the skies.

367. 11s.

- 1 THERE'S no name among men, nor angels, so bright,
As is the name Jesus, the Father's delight;
The joy of his children; 'they speak of his name,
And sweetly its praises in songs they proclaim.
- 2 In all Christian churches this name is adored,
As their shield and their glory with cheerful accord,
And there 'tis declared, the help of distressed.
The hope of the hopeless, and ease of oppressed.
- 3 The church of the first-born with angels of light;
Shall sound forth its praises with endless delight;
But fully unfolded, it can be by none,
Save Jesus among them the Father's own Son.

368. 11s.

- 1 O JESUS, my Saviour, in thee I am blessed!
My life, and my treasure, my joy and my rest,
Thy grace is my theme, and thy love is my song,
Thy charms do inspire my heart and my tongue.
- 2 All human expression is empty and vain;
Tongue cannot unriddle the heavenly flame;
And sure, if the language of angels I had,
I could not, completely, the mystery describe.

369. FRAGRANCE. C. M. T. HARRISON.

7g														
A	.3	3	.3	2	.2	1	.1			.4	4	.3	3	.2
8c	5													
Let	others boast how strong they be,				Nor death nor				danger fear;					
7g														
C														
8c	3	.5	5	.5	4	.4	3	.3	3	.6	6	.5	5	.5
Fresh	as the grass our				bodies stand,				And flourish bright and gay;					
7g														
D	1	.1	1	.1		1	.1		1	.1	1	.1	1	
8c	7 .7 .7													
Our	Maker, God, sup -				ports our frame;				In God a - lone we trust!					
7g														
B	1	.1	1	.1					1			.1	1	
8c	5				.5	1	.1		.4	4		.5		
7g														
A	.3	3	.3	2	.2	1	.1			.5	5	5	4	2
8c	5													
But	we'll con - fess, O Lord, to thee,				What feeble				things we are.					
7g														
C														
8c	3	.5	5	.5	4	.4	3	.3	3	.5	5	.5	4	.3
A	blasting wind sweeps o'er the land,				And fades the				grass a - way.					
7g														
D	1	.1	1	.1		1	.1		1	.2	2	.2		.1
8c	7 .7 7													
Sal -	vation to th' almigh -				ty name,				That reared us from the dust.					
7g														
B	1	.1	1	.1					1					
8c	5				.5	1	.1		.5	5	.5	5	.1	

BROWNSVILLE. C. M. WAKEFIELD.

6a																													
A	1	1	2	3	2	1	2	3	5	5	4	3	8	4	.5		3	3	2	1	1	3	2	5	5	1	3	2	.1
2c	''	''		''	''		''	''		''	''		''	''			''	''	''		''	''		''	''		''	''	
6a																													
O																													
2c	3	5	6	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5			.7	''	7	6	5	5	7	7	''	5	4			.3	
6a	''	''		''	''	''	''	''		''	''					''	''	''	''	''	''	''	''	''		''	''		
D	3	3	2	1	2	3	2	1	3	3	2	1	2		.3		3	5	5	3	2	1	1	2	3	1	1		.1
2c	''	''		''	''	''	''	''	''	''	''	''	''				''	''	''	''	''	''	''	''	''	''	''		
6a																													
B																													
2c	1	3	4	5	5	3	5	5	4			6			.5	''	5	1	2	3	1	5	5	4	5	5	.1		
6a	''	''		''	''	''	''	''	''			''	''			''	''	''	''	''	''	''	''	''	''	''			

370. C. M.

- 1 AS pants the hart for living streams,
So, Lord I pant for thee;
And where thy worshipers are found,
My dwelling place shall be.
- 2 No earthly idol e'er shall tempt
My steadfast soul to rove,
For I desire no higher bliss
Than to enjoy thy love.
- 3 Give me but this, I nought can ask,
I nought can wish beside;
For in thy faithfulness and truth
I safely can confide.
- 4 Blest with this gift, for earthly joys
I never can repine;
But gladly yield myself to thee,
To be forever thine.

371. C. M.

- 1 JESUS, I love thy charming name,
'Tis music to my ear;
Fain would I sound it out so loud,
That heaven and earth might hear.
- 2 Yes thou art precious to my soul,
My transport and my trust;
Jewels to thee are gaudy toys,
And gold is sordid dust.
- 3 All that my ardent soul can wish
In thee doth richly meet:
Nor to my eyes is light so dear,
Nor friendship half so sweet.
- 4 Thy grace shall dwell upon my heart,
And shed its fragrance there;
The noblest balm of all its wounds,
The cordial of its care.
- 5 I'll speak the honors of thy name
With my last laboring breath,
And, dying, glory in thy cross,
The antidote of death.

372. C. M.

- 1 O JOYFUL sound of gospel grace!
Christ shall in me appear;
I, even I, shall see his face:
I shall be holy here.
- 2 The glorious crown of righteousness
To me reach'd out I view;
Conqueror through him, I soon shall
seize,
And wear it as my due.

3 The promised land from Pisgah's top
I now exult to see;
My hope is full (O glorious hope!)
Of immortality.

4 He visits now the house of clay;
He shakes his future home;
O wouldst thou, Lord, on this glad day,
Into thy temple come.

5 With me, I know, I feel, thou art;
But this cannot suffice,
Unless thou plantest in my heart
A constant paradise.

373. C. M.

1 O THAT I knew the secret place,
Where I might find my God:
I'd spread my wants before his face,
And pour my wants abroad.

2 Arise my soul from deep distress,
And banish every fear;
He calls thee to his throne of grace,
To spread thy sorrows there.

3 My God will pity my complaints,
And heal my broken bones;
He takes the meaning of his saints,
The language of their groans.

4 Arise, my soul from deep distress,
And banish every fear;
He calls thee to his throne of grace,
To spread thy sorrows there.

374. C. M.

1 THERE is an hour of hallowed peace,
For those with cares oppressed,
When sighs, and sorrowing tears shall
cease,
And all be hushed to rest.

2 'Tis then the soul is freed from fears,
And doubts which here annoy;
Then they that oft have sown in tears
Shall reap again in joy.

3 There is a home of sweet repose,
Where storms assail no more;
The stream of endless pleasure flows
On that celestial shore.

4 There purity with love appears
And bliss without alloy;
There they that oft have sown in tears,
Shall reap again in joy.

FLOYD. 8s, 7s.

191

4e 1 1 § 1 1

A 3 4 | 5 5 6 7 | 7 6 | 5 3 4 3 | 3 2 || 3 4 | 5 5 6 7 | 7 6 |

Bc " " " " " " " " " "

4e §

C 1 2 | 3 3 4 s 4 | 5 5 5 4 | 3 3 2 1 | 1 || 1 2 | 3 3 4 s 4 | 5 5 5 3 |

Bc " " " " " " " " 7 " " " " " "

REP. 2s.

4g 1

A 5- 1 3 2 | .1 || 2 3 | 4 4 6 5 | 5 3 3 4 | 5 7 6 | 6 5

8c , , , , , , , , , , , ,

REP. 2s.

4g

C 1- | .1 || 1 | 2 2 4 3 | 3 1 1 2 | 3 6 5 4 | 4 3

8c 5 6 7 7 , , , , , ,

376. 7s, 8s.

- 1 LORD dismiss us with thy blessing,
Bid us all depart in peace;
Let us each thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace.
Fill each breast with consolation,
Up to thee our voices raise;
When we reach that blissful station,
Then we'll give thee nobler praise.
- 2 Thanks we give and adoration,
For the gospel's joyful sound;
May the fruits of thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound.
Then whene'er the signal's given,
Us from earth to call away,
Borne on angel's wings to heaven,
We the summons will obey.

377. 8s, 7s.

- 1 GOD of our salvation hear us ;
Bless, O bless us, ere we go ;
When we join the world, be near us,
Lest we cold and careless grow.
Praise to thee, thou great Creator !
Praise to thee from every tongue ;
Join my soul with every creature,
Join the universal song.
- 2 Father, source of all compassion,
Pure unbounded grace is thine,
Hail the God of our salvation !
Praise him for his love divine.
For ten thousand blessings given,
For the hope of future joy,
Sound his praise through earth and
heaven,
Sound Jehovah's praise on high.

378. 8s, 7s.

- 1 WHEN around us life is shining,
Touched by pleasure's flowing hand,
When its joys are softly twining
Round our hearts their silver band:
When some rich and valued blessing,
Comes upon each zephyr breath,
When each wished-for good possessing,
Oh 'tis hard to think on death.
- 2 But there's something which can
lighten
All the sorrows of the tomb,
All its dark recesses brighten,
Dissipate its saddest gloom.
Shed around it beams of glory,
Bid its every terror flee,
Fill the soul with rapture holy,
Jesus, 'tis one smile from thee.

379. 8s, 7s.

- 1 UP to thee, Almighty Father,
Ancient of eternal days,
Throned in uncreated glory,
Hear us while our songs we raise.
Praise, for thy unceasing bounty,
Poured with an indulgent hand,
Praise, for blessings still increasing,
Crowning freedom's favored land.
- 2 While a nation's heart is leaping,
Mighty in its gushing joy,
May the song of adoration
All its grateful powers employ.
Thine, O Lord, shall be the kingdom,
Thine the power and glory be:
Thine through endless ages rolling.
Thine throughout eternity.

380. WINDHAM. L. M.

READ.

3P P P

A 1 2 | .3 .3 | 1 || 1 | .1 .3 | 2 1 || 1 2 |

4C .6 7 .6 7 .7 .7
 You Christian heroes, go proclaim Salvation through Immanuel's name, To barren

3P P P

C | .1 | || | .1 | || |

4C .6 6 s5 .6 6 s5 .6 6 s5 .6 s5 6 .5 .5 6 7
 He'll shield you with a wall of fire. With flaming zeal your breast inspire, Bid raging

3P P P

D .1 3 2 | .1 .3 | 3 3 .3 || .1 3 3 | .3 .1 | 2 3 .2 || .3 3 5 |

4C
 And when our labors all are o'er, Then we shall meet to part no more; Meet with the

3P P P

B | .1 | || | .1 | || |

4C .6 6 7 .6 3 3 .6 .6 6 3 .6 7 6 .3 .3 6 5

3P

A .3 .6 | 6 s5 .6 | .6 || .3 | 3 4 3 2 | .1 | ||

4C .7 :6
 climes the tidings bear, And plant the rose of Sharon there.

3P

C .1 .1 | 2 .1 | .1 || | | | | |

4C 7 .6 6 6 6 6 .6 s5 :6
 winds their fury cease, And hush the tempest into peace.

3P

D .5 .3 | 4 3 .3 | .3 || .1 | 1 2 3 4 | .3 .3 | :3 ||

4C
 blood-bought throng to fall, And crown our Jesus Lord of all.

3P

B .1 | 2 3 | || | 1 2 | .3 | ||

4C .6 .6 .6 .6 6 7 .3 :6

381. SALEM. L. M.

7P -1 3 .2 1--

A .6 5 s4 | .3 6- ' | 7 7 .6 || .6 7 | 6 | s5 6 .7 ||

4C
 Behold a sinner, gracious Lord, Encouraged by thy precious word,
 Do not the humble suit deny, Of such a guilty wretch as I;

7P

B .6 3 s4 | .5 .2 | 3 3 || 3 3 | .5 .5 | 7 6 .3 ||

4C .6 .6

7P 1 2 .3 1-- -1

A .3 | 6 | 7 3 .2 || .3 1 2 | .3 6- ' | 7 7 .6 ||

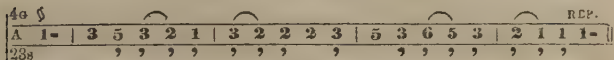
4C
 Would venture near to seek that bread, By which thy children here are fed.
 But let me feed on crumbs, though small, Which from thy bounteous table fall.

7P 1

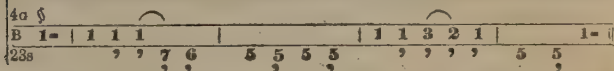
B .3 1 | .6 | s5 6 .2 || .7 7 | .6 .2 | 3 3 ||

4C 7 .6 .6

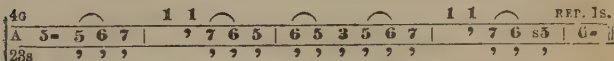
382. THE YOUTH'S WARNING. L. M. DOUBLE.



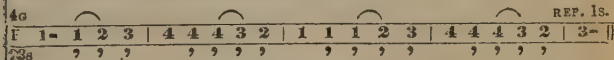
My Christian friends in bonds of love, Whose hearts the sweetest union prove,
Your friendship's like the strongest band, Yet we must take the parting hand.



And when I see that we must part, You draw like cords around my heart.



Your presence sweet, our union dear, What joys we feel together here!



- 3 How sweet the hours have passed away,
Since we have met to sing and pray;
How loath are we to leave the place
Where Jesus shows his smiling face.
- 4 Oh could I stay with friends so kind,
How would it cheer my fainting mind!
But pilgrims in a foreign land,
We oft must take the parting hand.
- 5 My Christian friends, both old and young,
I trust you will in Christ go on;
Press on, and soon you'll win the prize—
A crown of glory in the skies.
- 6 A few more days, or years at most,
And we shall reach fair Canaan's coast,
When in that holy, happy land,
We'll take no more the parting hand.
- 7 Oh blessed day! Oh glorious hope
My soul rejoices at the thought,
When in that holy, happy land,
We'll take no more the parting hand.

GREENFIELDS. 8s.

6G	§			P				P				P			P					P
A	.1	1	1	313	5	.4	353	212	1	.5	535	535	6	.4	355	543	2			P
3q			5							REP										REP. 1, 2s.
6G	§			P				P				P			P					P
D				1	3	.2	131			.3	313	313	4	.2	133	321				P
3q	.3	333	53					535	3											7
										REP.										REP. 1, 2s.
6G				P				P				P			P					P
B	.1	111	111	1		111				.1	111	111			111	111				P
3q				.4			555	1					4	.4						5

PRESERVATION. 8s. A. D. FILLMORE.

4G	§																						REP.			
A	R	3	4	5	6	5	5	4	3	2	-	R	3	4	5	6	5	4	2	1	-					
23q																										
4G	§																						REP.			
D	R	1	2	3	4	3	3	2	1			R	1	2	3	4	3	2	1	-						
23q										7	-															
4G	§																						REP.			
B	R	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1			R	1							1	-					
23q										5	-									6	-	5	4	5	5	5
4G																										REP. 1. 2s.
A	R	5					7	6	7			R	4	3	4	5		7	6	5	-					
23q																										
4G																										REP. 1. 2s.
D	R	3	3	3	3	2	1	2	3	-		R	2	1	2	3	3	2	1							
23q																										
4G																										REP. 1. 2s.
B	R	1	1	1	1					1	-	R		1	1	1	1	2	2							
23q																										

383. 8s.

1 WHEN morning reviveth her beams,
 And earth is yet pearly with dew,
 And mercy's delectable streams,
 Their equable courses renew;
 Come then to the altar of prayer,
 And bow to the ancient of days,
 Your sacrifice offer, and there
 Peal high the pure anthem of praise.

2 The God of the seasons adore,
 When spring breathes her earliest
 breeze,
 When winter reluctant is o'er,
 And smile all the rivers and trees;
 When summer, in showers and gales,
 Her merciful mission fulfills;
 When plenty matures in the vales,
 And joy speaks aloud from the hills.

3 When autumn is sober and sere,
And pours out her plentiful store,
O then, as declineth the year,
The God of abundance adore;
When winter obscureth the sky,
And vapory turbulence blows,
Forbid that devotion should die,
Or freeze with the frosts and the
snows.

4 At home with thy kindred and friends
Alone, or with strangers abroad,
Whatever kind Providence sends,
O call on the name of thy God:
When sickness at last is thy lot,
And death hastens on in the gloom,
The monarch of terrors fear not.
For Jesus has conquered the tomb.
A. CRIEFIELD.

384. 8s.

1 HOW tedious and tasteless the hours
When Jesus no longer I see!
Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet
flowers,
Have all lost their sweetness to me,—
The midsummer sun shines but dim,
The fields strive in vain to look gay;

But when I am happy in him,
December's as pleasant as May.

2 His name yields the richest perfume,
And sweeter than music his voice;
His presence disperses my gloom,
And makes all within me rejoice;
I should, were he always thus nigh,
Have nothing to wish or to fear,
No mortal so happy as I,
My summer would last all the year.

3 Content with beholding his face,
My all to his pleasure resign'd;
No change of the season or place
Would make any change in my mind;
While bless'd with a sense of his love,
A palace a toy would appear;
And prisons would palaces prove,
If Jesus would dwell with me there.

4 Dear Lord, if indeed I am thine,
If thou art my sun and my song,
Say why do I languish and pine?
And why are my winters so long?
O drive these dark clouds from my sky,
Thy soul-cheering presence restore;
Or take me to thee up on high,
Where winter and clouds are no more.

385. ADORATION. 8s.

56s

REP. 1s.

A3-	1	1	1	1-	1-	223213	5-	6-	532112	3-	3-	1	1	1	2-
23c	96	56				99999			99999			96	56		

How shall I my Saviour set forth, How shall I his beauties declare.

O how shall I speak of his worth, Or what his chief dignities are,

56s

REP. 1s.

B	1-	1		1-	1-		1	2-	1-	11		1-	1-		1		
23c	96	65	45			55556			99999	99999		53	51	45	45		

Or what his chief dignities are.

2 His angels can never express.
Nor saints who sit nearest the throne,
How rich are his treasures of grace —
No — that is a secret unknown.

3 In him all the fullness of God
Forever transcendently shines;
Though once like a mortal he stood
To finish his gracious designs.

4 Though once he was nail'd to the cross,
Vile rebels like me to set free,
His glory sustained no loss,
Eternal his kingdom shall be.

5 O sinners! believe and adore
This Saviour, so rich to redeem;
No creature can ever explore
The treasures of goodness in him.

6 Come all you who see yourselves lost,
And feel yourselves burden'd with sin,
Draw near while with terror you're
tossed;
Obey, and your peace shall begin.

7 He riches has ever in store,
And treasures that never can waste:
Here's pardon, here's grace — yea and
more,
Here's glory eternal at last!

387. 7s.

1 "Earth to earth, and dust to dust:"
Here the evil and the just—
Here the matron and the maid
In one silent bed are laid.

2 Here the vassal and the king
Side by side lay withering;
Here the sword and sceptre rust;
"Earth to earth, and dust to dust."

3 Age on age shall roll along
O'er this pale and mighty throng:
Those that wept them, those that weep,
All shall with these sleepers sleep.

4 Song of peace or battle's roar,
Ne'er shall break their slumbers more:
Death shall keep his solemn trust:
"Earth to earth, and dust to dust."

5 But a day is coming fast,
Earth! thy mightiest and thy last:
It shall come in strife and toil—
It shall come in blood and spoil—

6 It shall come in empire's groans,
Burning temples, trampled thrones;
Then ambition rue thy lust:
"Earth to earth, and dust to dust."

7 Then shall come the judgment sign;
In the east the King shall shine:
Flashing from heaven's golden gate,
Thousand thousands round his state.

8 Heaven shall open on our sight:
Earth returned to living light:
Kingdoms of the ransomed just;
"Earth to earth, and dust to dust."

9 Then shall in the desert rise
Fruits of more than paradise;
Earth by angel feet be trod:
One great garden of her God.

10 Till are dried her martyrs' tears
Through a glorious thousand years,
Now in hope of him we trust:
"Earth to earth, and dust to dust."

388. 7s.

1 HARK, my soul, —it is the Lord!
'Tis thy Saviour, hear his word:
Jesus speaks, he speaks to thee!
"Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me!"

2 "I delivered thee when bound,
And, when bleeding, heal'd thy wound;
Sought thee wand'ring, set thee right,
Turn'd thy darkness into light.

3 "Can a mother's tender care
Cease toward the child she bare?
Yes, she may forgetful be,
Yet will I remember thee.

4 "Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above,
Deeper than the depths beneath,
Free and faithful, strong as death.

5 "Thou shalt see my glory soon,
When the work of faith is done,
Partner of my throne shall be:
Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me?"

6 Lord, it is my chief complaint
That my love is still so faint;
Yet I love thee and adore:
O for grace to love thee more.

389. 7s.

1 NOW the shades of night are gone;
Now is passed the early dawn:
Lord, we would be thine to-day;
Drive the shades of sin away.

2 Make our souls as noonday clear;
Banish every doubt and fear;
In thy vineyard, Lord, to-day,
We would labor, we would pray.

3 When our work of life is past,
O, receive us all at last;
Labor then will all be o'er;
Sin's dark night will be no more.

390. 7s.

1 "WIDE, ye heavenly gates, unfold,
Closed no more by death and sin:
Lo! the conquering Lord behold;
Let the King of glory in."

2 Hark! th' angelic host inquire,
"Who is he, the almighty King?"
Hark, again! the answering choir,
Thus in strains of triumph sing—

3 "He whose powerful arm alone,
On his foes destruction hurl'd;
He who hath the victory won;
He who saved a ruined world."

COVINGTON. S. M. L.

2G .1 11	P	1 1 2 1 .1
A	76 5- 3 16 53 2- 2 3-4 5-5 6-7	7 7
2s	,	,
2G	P	1
C .5 55 54 3- 5 64 21		1-2 3-3 4-5 6
2s	,	7-7 , ,
2G	P	
B .1 11 22 1- 1 42		1- 1-2 3 1 22
2s	,	75 5- 5 6-7 6 , 57

392. S. M.

- 1 ONCE more before we part,
We'll bless the Saviour's name;
Record his mercies every heart,
Sing every tongue his fame.
- 2 Hoard up his sacred word,
And feed thereon, and grow;
Go on and seek to know the Lord,
And practice what you know.
- 3 And if we meet no more
On Zion's earthly ground,
O may we reach that blissful shore
To which all saints are bound.

393. S. M.

- 1 MY God, my life, my love,
To thee, to thee I call;
I cannot live if thou remove,
For thou art all in all.
- 2 Thy shining grace can cheer
This dungeon where I dwell:
'Tis paradise when thou art here,
If thou depart, 'tis hell.
- 3 The smilings of thy face,
How amiable they are!
'Tis heaven to rest in thine embrace,
And nowhere else but there.
- 4 To thee, and thee alone,
The angels owe their bliss;
They sit around thy gracious throne,
And dwell where Jesus is.
- 5 Not all the harps above
Can make a heavenly place,
If God his residence remove,
Or but conceal his face.
- 6 Nor earth nor all the sky,
Can one delight afford,
No, not one drop of real joy,
Without thy presence, Lord.

- 7 Thou art the sea of love,
Where all my pleasures roll;
The circle where my passions move,
And center of my soul.
- 8 To thee my spirits fly,
With infinite desire:
And yet how far from thee I lie!
O Jesus, raise me higher.

394. S. M.

- 1 SWEET is the work, O Lord,
Thy glorious name to sing.
To praise and pray, to hear thy word,
And grateful offerings bring.
- 2 Sweet, at the dawning light,
Thy boundless love to tell;
And, when approach the shades of
night,
Still on the theme to dwell.
- 3 Sweet on this day of rest,
To join in heart and voice
With those who love and serve thee
And in thy name rejoice. [best.]
- 4 To songs of praise and joy,
Be every Sabbath given,
Since such shall be our blest employ
Eternally in heaven.

395. S. M.

- 1 IN all my ways, O God,
I would acknowledge thee;
And seek to keep my heart and house
From all pollution free.
- 2 Where'er I have a tent,
An altar will I raise;
And thither my oblations bring,
Of humble prayer and praise.
- 3 Could I my wish obtain,
My household, Lord, should be
Devoted to thyself alone,
A nursery for thee.

396. SHIRLAND. S. M.

STANLEY.

6G P

A P

4Q Now is the day of grace, Now to the Sa - viour come;

6G P

C P

4Q P

A Father bids you speed; O wherefore then de - lay?

6G P

D P

4Q To - day the prize is won; The promise is to save;

6G P

B P

4Q P

6G P

A P

4Q The Lord is calling, "Seek my face, And I will guide you home.

6G P

C P

4Q P

G He calls in love; he sees your need; He bids you come to-day.

6G P

D P

4Q P

6G P

B P

4Q P

397. MILFORD. S. M.

ELY.

2P .1

A P

4Q The Spirit, by the word, Is call - ing, "Sinners, 'come,'"

2P P

B P

4Q P

2P .1

A P

4Q The bride, the church of Christ, proclaims, To all his children, "Come."

2P P

B P

4Q P

- 2 Let him that heareth say
To all about him, "Come;"
Let him that thirsts for righteousness,
To Christ, the fountain, come!
- 3 Yes, whosoever will,
Oh let him freely come,
And freely drink the stream of life;
'Tis Jesus bids him come.
- 4 Lo! Jesus, who invites,
Declares, "I quickly come;"
Lord, even so! we wait thy hour;
O blest Redeemer, come!

DOXOLOGY.

TO God and to his Son,
The God whom we adore,
Be glory as it was, is now,
And shall be ever more.

398. S. M.

- 1 ETERNAL truth has said,
'Tis with the righteous well:
What glorious cheering words are these,
Their sweetness who can tell?
- 2 'Tis well when joys arise—
'Tis well when sorrows flow—
'Tis well when darkness veils the skies,
And dreadful tempests blow.
- 3 'Tis well when Jesus calls
Their spirits to the skies,
To join the blest from every clime,
The great, the good, the wise.

399. S. M.

- 1 BLEST are the sons of peace,
Whose hearts and hopes are one:
Whose kind designs to serve and please
Through all their actions run.
- 2 Blest is the pious house
Where zeal and friendship meet;
Their songs of praise, their mingled
vows,
Make their communion sweet.
- 3 Thus on the heavenly hills
The saints are blest above,
Where joy, like morning dew, distills,
And all the air is love.

400. S. M.

- 1 MY soul repeat his praise,
Whose mercies are so great:
Whose anger is so slow to rise,
So ready to abate.
- 2 God will not always chide;
And when his strokes are felt.
His strokes are fewer than our crimes,
And lighter than our guilt.
- 3 High as the heavens are raised
Above the ground we tread,
So far the riches of his grace
Our highest thoughts exceed.
- 4 His power subdues our sin;
And his forgiving love,
Far as the east is from the west,
Doth all our guilt remove.
- 5 Our days are like the grass,
Or like the morning flower;
If one sharp blast sweeps o'er the field
It withers in an hour.
- 6 But thy compassions, Lord,
To endless years endure;
And children's children ever find
Thy words of promise sure.

401. S. M.

- 1 AWAKE and sing the song
Of Moses and the Lamb!
Wake every heart and every tongue,
To praise the Saviour's name!
- 2 Sing of his dying love!
Sing of his rising power!
Sing how he intercedes above
For those whose sins he bore.
- 3 Sing on your heavenly way,
You ransomed children sing;
Sing on, rejoicing every day,
In Christ the glorious King.
- 4 Soon shall you hear him say,
"You blessed children come;"
Soon will he call you hence away,
And take his pilgrims home.

405. MAGDALEN. L. M.

TALLIS.

[illegible]

406. WAKEFIELD.

There comes a day, a fearful day, When earth and heaven shall flee away.
Then, flaming on his great white throne, Naught shall be seen but God alone;
The myriad crowds from every clime,

Shall gaze upon that throne sublime. The great and small, the quick and dead,
Shall shout with joy, or quake with dread.

- 2 Oh ! how shall I, a sinner born,
 Lift up my head on that dread morn,
 When glory, brightening to excess,
 Proclaims the God of holiness ? —
 The holy God, the lofty Lord,
 Who, by his own omnific word,
 Made thousand thousand worlds to be ; —
 He speaks again ; and lo ! they flee.
- 3 When orbs on orbs affrighted fly,
 In lawless terror through the sky ;
 When thrones and powers celestial fall
 Before the glorious ALL IN ALL ;
 Oh ! how shall I of baser birth,
 A sinful man, a worm of earth,
 Presume to meet the burning gaze
 That wraps the heavens in sheets of blaze !

407. L. M.

- 1 AND is the gospel peace and love ?
 Such let our conversation be :
 The serpent blended with the dove —
 Wisdom and meek simplicity.
- 2 Whene'er the angry passions rise,
 And tempt our thoughts and tongues to strife,
 To Jesus let us lift our eyes,
 Bright pattern of the Christian life.
- 3 Oh how benevolent and kind !
 How mild ! how ready to forgive !
 Be this the temper of our mind,
 And these the rules by which we live.
- 4 To do his heavenly Father's will,
 Was his employment and delight ;
 Humility, and love, and zeal,
 Shone through his life divinely bright.
- 5 Dispensing good where'er he came,
 The labors of his life were love —
 Oh ! if we love the Saviour's name,
 Let his divine example move.
- 6 But ah ! how blind, how weak we are !
 How frail, how apt to turn aside !
 Lord, we depend upon thy care ;
 Oh may thy Spirit be our guide !

1g	1	1	1	1	2	2	2	2	3	3	3	3	2	2	.2	5	.1
A																	7
4q	\$ SOFT.												REP. LOUD.				2 END.
1g									1	1	1	1					
D	3	3	3	3	5	5	5	5					7	7	.7		5 4 .3
4q	\$ SOFT.												REP. LOUD.				2 END.
1g																	
B	1	2	3	1	5	6	7	5	3	2	1	3	5	5	.5		5 5 .1
4q	\$ SOFT.												REP. LOUD.				2 END

409. 8s, 7s, 6s.

WITH my substance I will honor
My Redeemer and my Lord;
Were ten thousand worlds my manor,
All were nothing to his word.

Hallelujah —

Now we offer to the Lord.

2 While the heralds of salvation,
His abounding grace proclaim:
Let his saints of every station.

Gladly join to spread his fame.

Hallelujah —

Gifts we offer to his name.

3 May his kingdom be promoted;
May the world the Saviour know;
Be to him these gifts devoted,
For to him my all I owe.

Hallelujah —

Run ye heralds to and fro.

4 Praise the Saviour, all ye nations,
Praise him all ye hosts above;
Shout with joyful acclamations,
His divine, victorious love.

Hallelujah —

By this gift our love we'll prove.

410. 8s, 7s, 4s.

COME, you sinners, poor and needy,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore;
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity, love, and power:

He is able,

He is willing — doubt no more.

2 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;

All the fitness he requireth,

Is to feel your need of him:

This he gives you;

'Tis the Saviour's rising beam

3 Come, you weary, heavy laden,
Bruised and mangled by the fall;
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all.
Not the righteous —
Sinners Jesus came to call.

4 Agonizing in the garden,
Lo! your Saviour prostrate lies!
On the bloody tree behold him!
Hear him cry before he dies,
"It is finished!"
Sinners, will not this suffice?

5 Lo! the rising Lord ascending,
To his Father and his God:
Venture on him, venture freely,
Let no other trust intrude:
None but Jesus
Can do helpless sinners good.

6 Saints and angels, joined in concert,
Sing the praises of the Lamb,
While the blissful seats of heaven
Sweetly echo to his name:
Hallelujah!
Sinners, now his love proclaim.

411. 8s, 7s, 4s.

1 COME, you poor and thirsty sinners,
To the living waters come;
Jesus bids you come and welcome,
And declares he'll cast out none;
His rich bounty
Freely take — he makes it thine.

2 Wherefore toil you still for nothing?
Spend your strength and treasure too!
Joyfully receive the blessing
Which his liberal hands bestow:
All his goodness
Let your souls delight to know.

SPRINGFIELD. C. M. W. H. H. L. FILLMORE.

4g P P

A 1 | 3 3 | 5- 4 | 3 2 | 1 || 3 | 2 5 | 5 6 | 5 ||

2c

4g P P

D 1 | 1 1 | 3- 2 | 1 2 | 1 || 1 | | | 1 | ||

2c

4g P P

B 1 | 1 1 | 1- | | 1 || 1 | | 2 2 | ||

2c

4g P P P

A 5 | 7 | 6- 6 | 5 4 | 5 || 3 | 3 3 | 2- 2 | 2 || 5 | 5 4 | 3 2 | 1 ||

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4g P P P

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2c

4g P P P

B 1 | 1 1 | 1- 1 | 1 2 | || R | .R | .R | R || 1 | 1 | | 1 ||

2c

412. CHICAGO. C. M. J. G. CULBERTSON.

6g P P

A 1 | | 1 2 3 2 | 1 4 | 3 || 2 | 1 5 | 4 3 2 1 | 2 ||

2g 5 7 , , , , , , , , , ,

Lord, we con - fess our numerous faults; How great our guilt has been!

6g P P

D 3 | 3 4 | 3 4 5 4 | 3 | 2 | 1 || 1 3 | 2 1 | 7 6 | 7 ||

2g

6g P P

B 1 | 1 | | | | | || 1 1 | | | | ||

2g

6g P P

A 3 4 | 5 6 5 | 5 2 3 | 4 5 4 | 3 || 1 | 1 4 | 3 2 | 1 ||

2g , , , , , , , , , ,

Thy grace has turned us from the thought Of folly, shame and sin.

6g P P

D 1 2 | 3 4 3 | 3 1 | 2 3 2 | 1 || | | | | ||

2g , , , , , , , , , ,

6g P P

B 1 | 1 1 | 1 | | | || 1 | 1 | 1 | | ||

2g

2 Raised from the dead we live anew,
And justified by grace,
We shall appear in glory too,
And see our Father's face.

3 Till then. O may our lives abound
In righteousness and peace:
May all in wisdom's ways be found,
And rage and passion cease.

413. C. M.

1 THIS is the day the first ripe sheaf
Before the Lord was waved,
And Christ, first-fruits of them that
slept,
Was from the dead received.

2 He rose for them for whom he died,
That, like to him, they may
Rise when he comes, in glory great,
That ne'er shall pass away.

3 This is the day the Spirit came,
With us on earth to stay —
A comforter, to fill our hearts
With joys that ne'er decay.

4 His comforts are the earnest sure
Of that same heavenly rest
Which Jesus entered on, when he
Was made forever blest.

6 This day the Christian church began,
Formed by his wondrous grace ;
This day the saints in concord meet,
To join in prayer and praise.

6 To nourish faith, and hope, and love,
His death they do show forth,
His resurrection they record,
And glory in his worth.

7 This joyful day let us observe ;
Redemption's work is done ;
The Jewish Sabbaths are no more,
The earthly rest is gone.

8 To heaven's rest we'll follow Him
(His death has paved the way ;)
And there in nobler anthems sing
The glad redemption day.

414. C. M.

1 BLESSED is the man who shuns the
place
Where sinners love to meet,
Who fears to tread their wicked ways,
And hates the scoffer's seat.

2 But in the statutes of the Lord
Has placed his chief delight,
By day he reads and bears the word,
And meditates by night.

3 Green as the leaf, and ever fair,
Shall his profession shine ;
While fruits of holiness appear,
Like clusters on the vine.

4 Not so the impious and unjust :
What vain designs they form !
Their hopes are blown away like dust,
Or chaff before the storm.

5 Sinners in judgment shall not stand,
Among the sons of grace,
When Christ the Judge at his right hand
Appoints his saints a place.

6 His eye beholds the path they tread,
His heart approves it well ;
But crooked ways of sinners lead
Down to the gates of hell.

415. C. M.

1 FATHER of peace and God of love,
We own thy power to save ;
That power by which our Saviour rose
Victorious o'er the grave.

2 We triumph in that Saviour's name,
Still watchful for our good ;
Who brought th' eternal covenant down,
And sealed it with his blood.

416. C. M.

1 RELIGION is the balm of life ;
Its healing virtues feel ;
It calms the soul, and quells all strife ;
It melts the heart of steel.

2 Religion breaks the bond of death,
It bids the sleeper rise ;
It gives the palsied sinner health,
And all his wants supplies.

3 Religion will the passions chide,
The stubborn will control ;
It calms our fears, expels our pride,
And sanctifies the soul.

4 Religion will through life sustain ;
And after death has given
Its lingering gasp and latest pang,
Will take us home to heaven.

BATAVIA. 7s,6s. J. C. SWING.

5g

A	1 2 3 4	5 3 4	5 3 2 1	2-	1 2 3 4	5 6 4	3- 4 2	1-
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5g

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417. FULTON. 7s,6s. A. D. FILLMORE.

4g \$ 1- REP. 1- 1- REP 1s.

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4g \$ REP. REP 1s.

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1 "REMEMBER thy Creator,"
 While youth's fair spring is bright:
 Before thy cares are greater,
 Before comes age's night:
 While yet the sun shines o'er thee,
 Ere night's dark pall is near:
 While life is all before thee,
 Thy great Creator fear.

2 "Remember thy Creator,"
 Ere life resigns its trust,
 Ere sinks dissolving nature,
 And dust returns to dust:
 Before with God who gave it,
 Thy spirit shall appear;
 He cries who died to save it,
 "Thy great Creator fear."

418. 7s, 6s.

1 I HEAR the voice of singing
Among the waving trees ;
Its echoes still are ringing
In every playful breeze ;
The bud its leaves extending
The dew-drop in its cell ;
Their equal beauties blending,
The song of praise to swell.

2 The brooks with murmuring voices,
Pour forth their noisy lays ;
And every thing rejoices
To sing Jehovah's praise :
On every cloud it lingers,
And thunders back in fire,
And winds with breezy fingers,
Awake the sleeping lyre.

4 The summer's cloud unfolding
Its misty scarf of air,
Which mountain hands are holding
To veil the sunset fair ;
Whose golden rays ascending,
Gleam up the western sky,
And point the one offending
To mercy's bow on high.

4 Then let each heart with gladness
Employ the circling year,
To banish every sadness,
And drooping hearts to cheer ;
And when our years are ended,
And silent are our lays,
Then may our notes be blended
In everlasting praise.

S. DYER.

419. 7s, 6s.

1 GO, when the morning shineth,
Go, when the noon is bright,
Go, when the eve declineth,
Go, in the hush of night ;
Go with pure mind and feeling,
Fling earthly thoughts away,
And, in thy chamber kneeling,
Do thou in secret pray !

2 Remember all who love thee,
All who are loved by thee :
Pray too for those who hate thee,
If any such there be ;
Then for thyself, in meekness,
A blessing humbly claim,
And link with each petition
Thy great Redeemer's name.

3 Or, if 'tis e'er denied thee
In solitude to pray,
Should holy thoughts come o'er thee,
When friends are round thy way,
The spirit's silent breathing,
In meekness raised above,
Will reach his throne of glory,
Who's Mercy, Truth, and Love.

4 Oh ! not a joy or blessing
With this can we compare,
The power that he has given us
To pour our souls in prayer : —
Whene'er thou pinest in sadness
Before his footstool fall,
And turn thee in thy gladness,
To him who gave thee all.

420. 7s, 6s.

1 GO thou, in life's fair morning,
Go, in the bloom of youth,
And buy for thy adorning,
The precious pearl of truth.
Secure this heavenly treasure,
And bind it on thy heart,
And let no worldly pleasure
E'er cause it to depart.

2 Go while the day-star shineth,
Go, while thy heart is light,
Go, ere thy strength declineth,
While every sense is bright :
Sell all thou hast, and buy it,
'Tis worth all earthly things,
Rubies, and gold, and diamonds,
Sceptres, and crowns of kings.

3 Go, e'er the cloud of sorrow
Steal o'er the bloom of youth ;
Defer not till to-morrow,
Go now and buy the truth.
Go, seek thy great Creator,
Learn early to be wise,
Go, place upon his altar,
A morning sacrifice !

421. 7s, 6s.

1 OUR days are swiftly moving ;
The night of death draws nigh ;
Then let us be improving
The moments as they fly.
While yet the heart is beating,
While yet 'tis called "to-day,"
While time is swiftly fleeting,
O let us watch and pray.

2 They once with troubles were oppress'd ;
Like us they suffered here ;
But Jesus Christ has made them blest,
And wiped off every tear.

3 With joy they crossed the mighty
stream,
On which their souls were tossed ;
They 've reached the new Jerusalem,
Where faith in sight is lost.

4 If faithful, we expect, ere long,
To reach that happy place,
To mingle with the blood-washed throng
And shout redeeming grace.

424. 8s, 7s.

1 SAVIOUR, visit thy plantation,
Grant us, Lord, a gracious ruin,
All will come to desolation,
Unless thou return again :
Keep no longer at a distance,
Shine upon us from on high.
Lest for want of thine assistance,
Ev'ry plant should droop and die.

2 Surely once thy garden flourished,
Every part looked gay and green ;
Then thy word our spirits nourished,
Happy seasons we have seen ;
But a drought has since succeeded.
And a sad decline we see ;
Lord, thy help is greatly needed,
Help can only come from thee.

3 Where are those we counted leaders,
Filled with zeal and love and truth—
Old professors, tall as cedars,
Bright examples of our youth ?
Some, in whom we once delighted,
We shall meet no more below ;
Some, alas ! we fear, are blighted,
Scarce a single leaf they show.

4 Let our mutual love be fervent,
Make us prevalent in prayer ;—
Let each one, esteemed thy servant,
Shun the world's bewitching snare :
Break the tempter's fatal power,
Turn the stony heart to flesh ;
And begin, from this good hour,
To revive thy work afresh.

425. 8s, 7s.

1 HAIL ! thou long-expected Jesus,
Born to set thy people free ;
Thou from sin and fear released us,
Make us find our rest in thee.

2 Israel's strength and consolation,
Hope of all thy saints thou art ;
Long desired of every nation,
Joy of every waiting heart.

3 Born, thy people to deliver,
Born a child, yet Christ the King,
Born to reign in us forever,
Now thy gracious kingdom bring.

4 By thy word and blessed spirit,
Rule in all our hearts alone ;
By thine all-sufficient merit,
Raise us to thy glorious throne.

5 Now we wait for thy appearing,
From the realms of bliss above,
With thy word each other cheering,
Save, us Prince of Peace and love.

426. C. M.

1 JESUS, I throw my arms around,
And hang upon thy breast ;
Without a gracious smile from thee,
My spirit cannot rest.

2 Oh ! tell me that my worthless name
Is graven on thy hands ?
Show me some promise in thy book,
Where my salvation stands.

3 Give me some kind assuring word,
To sink my fears again ;
And cheerfully my soul shall wait
Her threescore years and ten.

427. C. M.

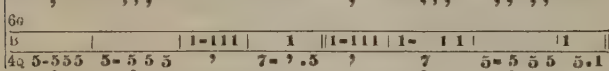
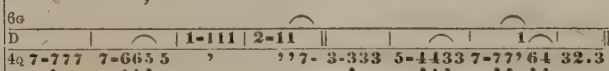
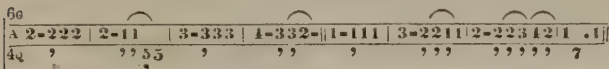
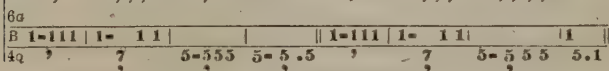
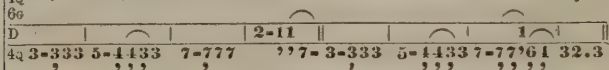
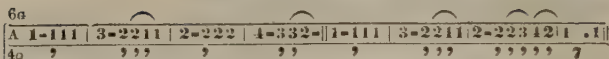
1 WE sing the glories of thy love,
We sound thy dreadful name :
The Christian church unites the songs
Of Moses and the Lamb.

2 Great God, how wondrous are thy
works
Of vengeance and of grace ?
Thou King of saints — almighty Lord —
How just and true thy ways !

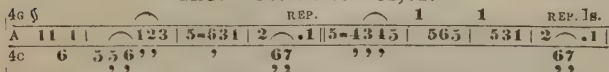
3 Who dares refuse to fear thy name,
Or worship at thy throne ?
Thy judgments speak thy holiness
Through all the nations known.

FRATERNITY. 8s, 7s.

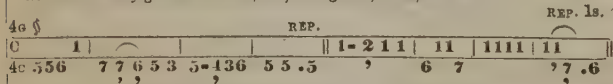
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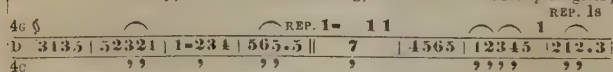
428. OLNEY. 8s, 7s.



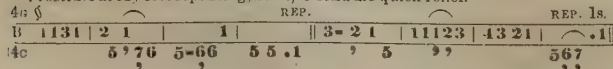
Jesus, thou art all compassion, Hear thy humble suppliant's cry;
Let us know thy great salvation, See, I languish, faint, and die.



Guilty, but with heart relenting, Overwhelmed with helpless grief;



Prostrate at thy feet repenting, Send, O send me quick relief.



2 Whither should a wretch be flying,
But to him who comfort gives?
Whither, from the dread of dying,
But to him who ever lives?

Saved—the dead shall spread new glory
Through the shining realms above;
Angels sing the pleasing story,
All enraptured with thy love.

429. 8s, 7s.

- 1 GOD forbid that I should glory,
Save in Christ the crucified,
Or should blush to tell the story,
How for sinners Jesus died.
Let the rich display their treasures,
Let them boast how bright they shine,
I will never seek their pleasures,
While the dear Redeemer's mine.
- 2 Though from kings I had descended,
And could boast of noblest birth,
Though my brilliant fame extended
Far and wide o'er all the earth,
Though the utmost stores of learning,
All were treasured in my mind,
From the whole with gladness turning,
All my joy in Christ I'd find.

- 3 What is all the wealth of nations ?
What their glittering pomp and power?
What the most exalted stations,
In the sinner's dying hour ?
When the world is fast retreating,
Greatest gains appear but loss :
When the parting breath is fleeting,
Naught can cheer but Calvary's cross.

- 4 Let me hear my Saviour saying,
" I'll be with thee to the end ;
I will answer thee when praying,
I will prove thy faithful friend ;"
Then, though all the world forsake me,
I'll rejoice in Christ my Lord ;
Soon from sufferings freed he'll take me
To enjoy a full reward.

- 5 When at last from earth I'm shrinking,
When my pulses feebly beat,
When in death's cold arms I'm sinking,
Then with joy I'll still repeat —
God forbid that I should glory,
Save in Christ the crucified ;
Still in death I'll tell the story,
How for sinners Jesus died.

430. 8s, 7s.

- 1 SWEET the moments rich in blessing,
Which before the cross I spend ;
Life, and health, and peace possessing
From the sinner's dying Friend :
Here I'll sit, forever viewing
Mercy's streams in streams of blood :
Precious drops my soul bedewing,
Plead and claim my peace with God.

- 2 Truly blessed in this station,
Low before his cross to lie ;
While I see divine compassion
Floating in his languid eye :
Here it is I find my heaven,
While upon the Lamb I gaze :
Love I much ? I've much forgiven —
I'm a miracle of grace !

- 3 Love and grief my heart dividing,
With my tears his feet I'll bathe ;
Constant still in faith abiding,
Life deriving from his dearth.
May I still enjoy this feeling,
In all need to Jesus go ;
Prove his wounds each day more healing,
And himself more deeply know.

431. 8s, 7s.

- 1 SISTER, thou wast mild and lovely,
Gentle as the summer's breeze,
Pleasant as the air of evening,
When it floats among the trees.

- 2 Peaceful be thy silent slumber,
Peaceful in the grave so low ;
Thou no more will join our number,
Thou no more our songs shalt know.

- 3 Dearest sister, thou hast left us,
Here thy loss we deeply feel ;
But 'tis God that hath bereft us,
He can all our sorrows heal.

- 4 Yet again we hope to meet thee,
When the day of life is fled ;
Then in heaven with joy to greet thee,
Where no farewell tear is shed.

432. 8s, 7s.

- 1 WHAT a mercy, what a treasure
We possess in God's own word,
Where we read with sacred pleasure,
Of the love of Christ our Lord.
That blest word reveals the Saviour
Whom our souls so deeply need,
Oh, what mercy, love, and favor,
That for sinners Christ should bleed.

- 2 While each wretched heathen nation
Nothing knows, dear Lord, of thee ;
In this happy land, salvation
Clearly is revealed to me.
Oh, the blessedness of knowing
Christ our Saviour's precious love ;
Freely on a child bestowing
Grace and mercy from above.

436. 8s, 6s.

1 TO Him who did salvation bring,
Wake every tuneful power, and sing
A song of sweetest praise;
His grace diffuses, as the rains
Crowns nature's flowery hills and plains,
And spreads a thousand ways.

2 Salvation is the noblest song,
Oh may it dwell on every tongue,
And all repeat, Amen!
The Lord will come from heaven to earth
To give his people second birth,
And make them one again.

3 We feel redemption drawing near;
We soon in glory shall appear,
And be forever blest;
His promise never can delay;
Our Jesus, on the appointed day,
Will give his people rest.

4 By faith we view him coming down,
With angels hovering all around;
He smiles upon his saints:
He cries aloud in melting strains,
"I come to save you from your pains,
And end your sore complaints."

5 The smiling millions rise and sing,
All glory! glory to our King!
The grand Assize is come:
You everlasting doors, fly wide.
The church is glorious as a bride,
And Jesus takes her home.

6 In all the heavens there's not a tear,
Nor in the realms of bliss a fear,
But pleasures yet unknown;
From heaven to heaven we sound the bliss,
Oh what a blest abode is this,
Forever round the throne!

7 The joys of heaven will never end;
All glory to the Sinner's Friend!
Roll on, you happy scenes!
You winged seraphs, help us praise
The Author of eternal joys!
Our Jesus ever reigns.

437. 8s, 6s.

1 O GLORIOUS hope of perfect love!
It lifts me up to things above;
It bears on eagles wings;
It gives my ravished soul a taste,
And makes me for some moments feast
With Jesus, priests and kings.

2 Rejoicing now in earnest hope,
I stand, and, from the mountain top,
See all the land below:
Rivers of milk and honey rise,
And all the fruits of paradise,
In endless plenty grow.

3 A land of corn, and wine, and oil,
Favored with God's peculiar smile,
With every blessing blest;
There dwells the Lord our righteousness,
And keeps his own in perfect peace,
And everlasting rest.

4 Oh that I might at once go up!
No more on this side Jordan stop,
But now the land possess!
This moment end my legal years;
Sorrows, and sins, and doubts, and fears,
A howling wilderness.

438. 8s, 6s.

1 HOW precious, Lord, thy sacred word!
What life and joy those leaves afford,
To thine in their distress!
Thy precepts guide their doubtful way,
Thy voice forbids their feet to stray,
Thy promise leads to rest.

2 Thy threatenings wake our slumbering
eyes,
And warn us where our danger lies;
But 'tis thy gospel, Lord,
That makes our guilty conscience clean;
Converts the soul and conquers sin,
And freedom full affords.

439. 8s, 6s.

1 GREAT God, our voice to thee we raise,
Tune thou our lips and hearts to praise,
Thy goodness to adore;
Our life, our health, and every friend,
From thee arise—on thee depend,
Kind Father of the poor!

2 Stretch o'er our heads thy guardian
wings,
Secure the weak, O King of kings!
Our shield and refuge be:
Thy Spirit, Lord, conduct our days,
That we may walk in all thy ways,
And come at last to thee.

3 We thank thee for thy precious word,
And all thy mercies, gracious Lord,
Oh crown us with thy love;
Then joy shall tune our constant songs,
Till we shall join immortal tongues,
In nobler praise above.

444. CONCORD. S. M.

1G	1	1	3	2	1	.2-	4	3	2	1	.1-
A	.5			'	'					7	

4C
Lord, from thy bounteous hand, In - cessant good dis - tills ;

1G		1						1			
B	.1	1	1		6	.5-	5	6	7	5	.1.

4C

1G		1	3	1	2	3	2	2	2	3	5	3	1	2	2	2	4	3-	2	1	.1
A	R			.R-															'	7	

4C
And all in air, or sea, or land, And all in air, or sea, or land,
Thy love with gladness fills

1G	3313				1111				1											
B	1	5	1	5	'	'	'	'	.5	.5-	5		5	5	5	6	6-	7	5	.1

4C 5

2 In thee all live and are :
Thy power doth all sustain ;
Even those thy daily labors share,
Who spurn thine easy reign.

3 Thy sun his genial ray
On all impartial pours ;
On all who hate or bless thy sway,
Descend the fruitful showers.

4 O praise the eternal King !
Your strains to him belong ;
Cherubic choirs his goodness sing,
Awake the ceaseless song !

5 Lord ! thine the kingdom is ;
All power and might are thine ;
And when created nature dies,
Thy glories still shall shine !

2 Grace first contrived the way
To save rebellious man ;
And all the steps that grace display,
Which drew the wondrous plan.

3 Grace led our wandering feet
To tread the heavenly road ;
And new supplies each hour we meet,
While pressing on to God.

4 Grace all the work shall crown,
Through everlasting days ;
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves our praise.

445. S. M.

1 WAKED by the trumpet's sound,
I from the grave must rise,
And see the Judge with glory crowned,
And see the flaming skies.

2 How shall I leave my tomb ?
With triumph or regret ?
A fearful or a joyful doom,
A curse or blessing meet ?

446. S. M.

1 GRACE ! 'tis a charming sound,
Harmonious to the ear ;
Heaven with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.

447. S. M.

1 GIVE to the winds thy fears :
Hope, and be undismayed :
God hears thy sighs, and counts thy
tears,
God shall lift up thy head.

2 Through waves, and clouds, and storms,
He gently clears the way ;
Wait thou his time, so shall this night
Soon end in joyous day.

3 Thine everlasting truth,
Father, thy ceaseless love,
Sees all thy children's wants, and knows
What best for each will prove.

- 3 These holy men arose that night,
 As guided by that star divine,
 That, pouring floods of glorious light
 Did all the host of heaven outshine:
 Thus guided by its light on high,
 O'er mountain huge and rugged glen,
 Still gliding through the azure sky,
 It leads them safe to Bethlehem.
- 4 And when they saw the infant mild,
 For sinners born to bleed and die,
 They worshiped there the holy child,
 While tears came trickling from their eyes:
 They open now their treasures great,
 Incense and myrrh, and gold, and gem,
 And poured them at Emmanuel's feet,
 The lowly babe of Bethlehem.

454. L. M.

- 1 SWEET hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer,
 That calls me from a world of care,
 And bids me at my Father's throne,
 Make all my wants and wishes known!
 In seasons of distress and grief,
 My soul has often found relief,
 And oft escaped the tempter's snare,
 By thy return, sweet hour of prayer.
- 2 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
 The joy I feel, the bliss I share,
 Of those whose anxious spirits burn
 With strong desires for thy return.
 With such I hasten to the place
 Where God my Saviour shows his face,
 And gladly take my station there,
 And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.
- 3 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
 Thy wings shall my petition bear,
 To Him whose truth and faithfulness
 Engage the waiting soul to bless;
 And since he bids me seek his face,
 Believe his word and trust his grace,
 I'll cast on him my every care,
 And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

2 The holy, bright, angelic band,
 Who sing on harps of gold,
 In glorious order then shall stand,
 Fair Salem to behold.
 Descending with sweet melting strains
 Jehovah they adore;
 Such shouts through earth's extended
 plains,
 Were never heard before.
 Let Satan rage and boast no more,
 Nor think his reign is long;
 Though saints are feeble, frail, and poor,
 Their great Redeemer's strong.
 He is their shield and hiding place:
 A covert from the storm;
 A fountain in the wilderness,
 And their eternal home.

3 The crystal stream comes down from
 heaven,
 It issues from the throne;
 The floods of strife away are driven,
 The church becomes but one.
 That peaceful union we shall know,
 And live upon his love,
 And sing and shout his name below,
 As angels do above.
 A thousand years shall roll around,
 The church shall be complete,
 Called by the last loud trumpet's sound,
 Their Saviour's face to meet.
 With joy they meet him in the sky,
 Whom here their souls adored;
 And live in worlds of bliss on high,
 Forever with their Lord.

456. WHERE IS MY HOME?

3P												
A	3	533s5	6336	3212	3s45	3	533s5	6336	3-2-	1-2-	3-1-	
23s	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	6
Where countless throngs in spirit one, Forever glorious as the sun, Shall live, when time has ceased to run, There is my home, There is my home.												
3P												
C	1	3112	3113	1	123	1	3112	3113	1-		1-	
23s	'	'	'	'	767	'	'	'	'	7-	6-7-	6-6
					'							
3P	1		1			1		1	1			
D	5	555	666	5545	543	5	555	666	5-5-	4-5-	6-4-	3
23s	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	
3P												
B	1	111	1111		121	1	1111	1111	1-	1-2-	1-1-	
23s	'	5	'	'	5555	'	'	'	5	'	5-	6
					'							

2 Where peace and love the air perfume,
 Where an eternal summer's bloom,
 And joy and gladness banish gloom —
 There is my home.

3 Where streams of crystal onward flow,
 Where streets of gold in splendor glow,
 And fadeless flowers in beauty grow —
 There is my home.

4 Where lips shall never breathe farewell,
 Nor tears the parting anguish tell,
 Where friends united ever dwell —
 There is my home.

5 Where, seated on the eternal throne,
 He shall his faithful followers own,
 With gracious smile; in heaven alone —
 There is my home!

457. P. C. M.

1 JUST as I am — without one plea,
 But that thy blood was shed for me,
 And that thou bidst me come to thee
 O Lamb of God, I come!

2 Just as I am — and waiting not
 To rid my soul of one dark blot,
 To thee, whose blood can cleanse each
 O Lamb of God, I come! [spot,

3 Just as I am — thou wilt receive,
 Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve
 Because thy promise I believe —
 O Lamb of God, I come!

4 Just as I am — thy love unknown
 Has broken every barrier down:
 Now to be thine, yea, thine alone,
 O Lamb of God, I come!

458. BRIGHTON. C. M.

[illegible]

- 2 The waves may roar, the mountains
Our comforts shall not cease; [shake,
The Lord his saints will not forsake;
The Lord will give us peace.
- 8 A gentle stream of hope and love,
To us shall ever flow;
- It issues from his throne above;
It cheers his church below.
- 4 When earth and hell against us came,
He spake and quelled their powers;
The Lord of hosts is still the same:
The God of grace is ours.

459. HUBBARD. C. M. DOUBLE.

1p	123	-121		23	REP. 2 3-254 32	RRP. 1s.
A	.6''	7'' 665	.356	7 7	.6.R R	' 7.6 6 ''
4s		' ''				
Sweet rivers of redeeming love Lie just before mine eye; Had I the pinions of a dove, I'd to those rivers fly; I'd rise superior to my pain, With joy outstrip the wind,						
1p	1 P			REP. 1-		1
B	.6	6 5 5 3 2	.1.3	2553	.6.R R5	766 55.3 356-5 76
4s						

I'd cross bold Jordan's stormy main, And leave the world behind.

- 2 I view the monster, death, and smile,
Now he has lost his sting;
Though Satan rages all the while,
I still in triumph sing;
I hold my Saviour in my arms,
And will not let him go;
I'm so delighted with his charms,
No other good I'll know.

- 3 A few more days, or years at most,
My troubles will be o'er,
I hope to join the heavenly host,
On Canaan's happy shore.
My rapturous soul shall drink and feast
In love's unbounded sea:
This glorious hope of endless rest
Is now transporting me.

460. C. M.

- 1 THE Lord descended from above,
And bowed the heavens most high,
And underneath his feet he cast
The darkness of the sky.
- 2 On cherubim and seraphim
Full royally he rode,
And on the wings of mighty winds,
Came flying all abroad.
- 3 He sat serene upon the floods,
Their fury to restrain;
And he, as sovereign Lord and King,
For evermore shall reign,

461. C. M.

- 1 TO our Redeemer's glorious name,
Awake the sacred song!
Oh! may his love — immortal flame,
Tune every heart and tongue.
- 2 His love, what mortal thought can
What mortal tongue display? [reach?
Imagination's utmost stretch,
In wonder, dies away.
- 3 Dear Lord! while we adoring pay
Our humble thanks to thee,
May every heart with rapture say,
"The Saviour died for me!"
- 4 Oh! may the sweet, the blissful theme,
Fill every heart and tongue,
Till strangers love thy charming name,
And join the sacred song.

462. C. M.

- 1 INFINITE loveliness is thine,
Thou glorious Prince of grace;
Thine uncreated beauties shine,
With never-fading rays.
- 2 Sinners, from earth's remotest end,
Come bending at thy feet;
To thee their prayers and songs ascend,
In thee their wishes meet.
- 3 Millions of happy spirits live
On thine exhaustless store;
From thee they all their bliss receive,
And heaven can give no more.

VERSAILLES. 7s.

5c \$ 1 REP. REP. 1, 2s.

A 11 | 55 | 67'6 | .5 || 44 | 33 | 2123 | .1 || 55 | 44 | 33 | .2 || 55 | 44 | 33 | .2 ||

2q " " " " " " "

5c \$ 1 REP. REP. 1, 2s.

D 11 | 33 | 4564 | .3 | 22 | 11 | 1 | .1 || 33 | 22 | 11 | || 33 | 22 | 11 | ||

2q " " " 767' .7 .7

5c \$ REP. REP. 1, 2s.

B 11 | 11 | | .1 || | 1 | | .1 || 11 | | 11 | | 11 | | 11 | ||

2q 4 6 75 3 4 5 44 .5 44 .5

468. BANTAM. 7s.

W. CLARK.

4c 1

A 1 1 2 | 3 3 4 | 5 6 | .5 || 7 6 | 5 3 | 2 2 3 | .1 ||

2q " " " " " " " " " " " " " "

Je - sus, Lord! we look to thee, Let us in thy name a - gree;

4c

D 1 1 | 1 1 2 | 3 4 | .3 || 3 5 4 | 3 1 | 1 | .1 ||

2q " 7 " " " " " " " " " " " "

Make us one in heart and mind; Courteous, piti - ful, and kind,

4c

B 1 1 | 1 1 | 1 4 | .1 || 1 | | 1 1 | | .1 ||

2q 5 5 5

4c

A 5 6 5 | 4 3 | 2 5 4 | .3 || 5 5 4 | 3 4 | 3 2 | .1 ||

2q " " " " " " " " " " " " " "

Show thy - self the Prince of Peace, Bid all strife for - ever cease.

4c

D 3 4 3 | 2 1 | 3 2 | .1 || 3 3 2 | 1 2 | 1 | .1 ||

2q " " " " " " " " " " " " " "

Low - ly, meek, in thought and word, Wholly like our blessed Lord

4c

B 1 1 | 1 | | .1 || 1 1 | 1 | | .1 ||

2q 7 5 5 4 5 5

3 Let us each for others care,
Each his brother's burden bear,
To thy church a pattern give,
Showing how believers live.

4 Let us, then, with joy, remove
To thy family above;
On the wings of angels fly,—
Showing how believers die.

469. SABBATH. 7s,6s.

L.

16g \$

REP.

A 1 | 1-322 | .5||65 | 31232 | .1 || 33 | 5-565 | .3||65 | 31232 | .1 ||

3c 95 999 99 99 99 99 99 99 99 99

Safe 'ly through another week, God has brought us on our way ;

Let us all a blessing seek, Waiting in his courts to-day,

Day of all the week the best, Emblem of eternal rest.

16g \$

REP.

B 11 | 1 | .1||33 | 11 | .1 || 11 | 3-342 | .1||33 | 11 | .1 ||

3c 99 5-977 99 99 55 99 999 99 99 55

99

2 While we seek supplies of grace,
Through the blest Redeemer's name ;
Show thy reconciling face —
Take away our sin and shame ;
From our worldly cares set free,
May we rest this day in thee.

3 Here we come thy name to praise,
Let us feel thy presence near,
May thy glory meet our eyes,
While we in thy house appear.
Here afford us, Lord, a taste
Of our everlasting rest.

4 May the gospel's joyful sound
Conquer sinners, comfort saints,
Make the fruits of grace abound,
Bring relief to all complaints ;
Thus let all our worship prove
Till we join the courts above.

5 Glory be to God on high —
God, whose glory fills the sky ;
Glory to the Lamb be given —
Glory in the highest heaven ;
Wisdom, riches, praise, and power,
Be to God for evermore.

470. 7s,6s.

1 JESUS, lover of my soul !
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the billows near me roll,
While the tempest still is high :
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life be past ;
Safe into the haven guide ;
Oh ! receive my soul at last.

2 Other refuge have I none,—
Hangs my helpless soul on thee ;
Leave, oh ! leave me not alone ;
Still support and comfort me.
All my trust on thee is stayed ;
All my help from thee I bring ;
Cover my defenceless head,
With the shadow of thy wing.

3 Plenteous grace with thee is found,—
Grace to pardon all my sins ;
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within ;
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of thee ;
Spring thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

471. 7s.

1 MANY voices seem to say,
" Hither, children — Here's the way,
Haste along, and nothing fear,
Every pleasant thing is here ! "

2 Yes — but whither would you lead ?
Is it happiness indeed ?
Or a little shining show,
Leading down to death and wo ?

3 We were made for better things ;
High as heaven our nature springs ;
Like the lark that upward flies,
We were made to seek the skies.

4 We were made to love and fear
That great God who placed us here ;
Made to study and fulfill
All his good and holy will.

472. 7s.

1 NOW behold the mid-day sun
Sheds around a golden light,
Every leaf that meets his ray
Glitters gaily to the sight.

2 He who formed the seeing eye,
He who made the hearing ear,—
Gave each beauty we behold,
Each delightful sound we hear.

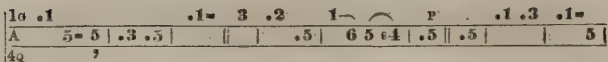
3 If he did not keep our life,
We could neither think nor move ;
Every blessing we enjoy
Is a gift of tender love.

- 4 How happy the prospect! how pleasant the road,
When led down the stream by the angel of God;
Though shallow at first, yet we find it at last,
A river so boundless it cannot be passed.
- 5 Come, sinner, poor sinner! 'tis boundless and free,
In Eden once flowing, 'twas opened for thee:
This water has virtue to heal all complaints:
Come, drink, ye diseased, and rejoice with the saints.
- 6 Say not "I'm a sinner, and must not partake,"
For this very reason the Lord bids you take;
Say not "Too unworthy, the vilest of all;"
For such, not the righteous, the Lord came to call.
- 7 Come, all ye dead sinners, here life you may find;
Come, all ye poor beggars, ye halt and ye blind,
The Spirit invites you, the Bride bids you too:
Come, call all your neighbors, they're welcome with you.

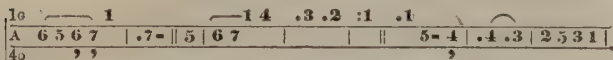
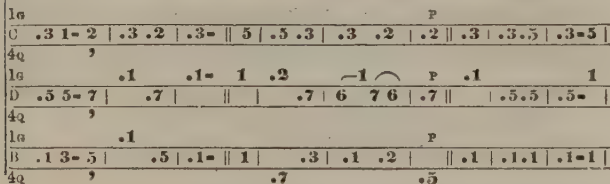
474. 11s.

- 1 HOW sweet is the Lord's day, the morning of rest,
The day of the week which I ought to love best,
The morning the Saviour arose from the tomb,
And took from the grave all its terror and gloom.
- 2 Oh let me be thoughtful and prayerful to-day,
And not spend a moment in trifling or play;
Rememb'ring these seasons were graciously given,
To teach me to seek, and prepare me for heaven.
- 3 In the house of my God, in his presence and fear,
While I worship to-day may my heart be sincere;
In the school while I learn, may I listen with care,
And be grateful to those who watch over me there.
- 4 Instruct me, my Saviour, for thine would I be,
Nor am I too young to be noticed by thee;
Renew all my heart, keep me firm in thy ways,
I would love thee, and serve thee, and give thee the praise.

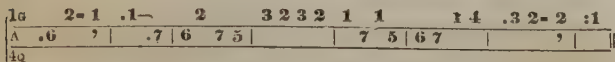
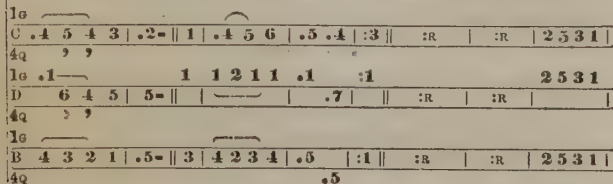
475. SILVER STREET. S. M.



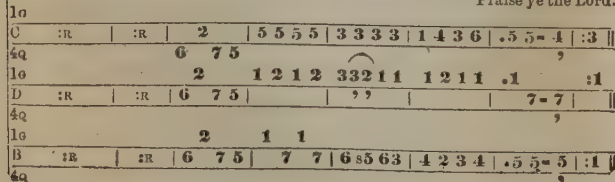
Now let our voices join, To form a sa - cred song; Ye pilgrims in Je -



ho - vah's ways, With mu - sic pass along. Praise ye the Lord, Hallelujah,



Praise ye the Lord, Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah,
 Praise ye the Lord.



2 How straight the path appears,
How open and how fair!
No lurking snares are in the way,
No fierce destroyer there.

3 But flowers of paradise
In rich profusion spring;
The sun of glory gilds the path,
And sweet companions sing.

4 See Salem's golden spires
In beauteous prospect rise;
And brighter crowns than mortals wear,
Sparkle through all the skies.

5 Our Father's glorious house!
Home of the good! how near
Its bright foundations, jasper walls,
And pearly gates appear.

6 With him at our right hand,
Our hearts shall never fail:
By him supported we shall stand,
And over all prevail.

7 All honor to his name,
Who marks the shining way!
To him who leads the wanderers on
To realms of endless day!

476. S. M.

1 BEHOLD the throne of grace!
The promise brings me near:
There Jesus shows a smiling face,
And waits to answer prayer.

2 That rich atoning blood,
Which sprinkled round, I see;
Provides for those who come to God,
An all-prevailing plea.

3 My soul, ask what thou wilt;
Thou canst not be too bold;
Since his own blood for thee he spilt,
What else can he withhold?

4 Beyond thy utmost wants,
His love and power can bless;
To praying souls he always grants
More than they can express.

5 Since 't is the Lord's command,
My mouth I open wide;
Lord, open thou thy bounteous hand,
That I may be supplied.

6 Thine image, Lord, bestow,
Thy presence and thy love;
I ask to serve thee here below
And reign with thee above.

7 Teach me to live by faith,
Conform my will to thine;
Let me victorious be in death
And then in glory shine.

477. S. M.

1 JESUS, the friend of man,
Invites us to his board;
The welcome summons we obey
And own our gracious Lord.

2 Here we survey that love,
Which spoke in every breath,
Prompted each action of his life,
And triumphed in his death.

3 Here let our powers unite,
His honored name to raise;
Let grateful joy fill every mind,
And every voice be praise.

4 One faith, one hope, one Lord,
One God alone we know;
Brethren we are; let every heart
With kind affections glow.

478. S. M.

1 AH! whither should I go,
Burdened, and sick, and faint?
To whom should I my troubles show,
And pour out my complaint?

2 My Saviour bids me come,
Ah! why do I delay?
He calls the weary sinner home,
And yet from him I stay?

3 What is it keeps me back
From which I will not part?
Which will not let the Saviour take
Possession of my heart?

4 Jesus, the hinderance show,
Which I have feared to see;
And let me now consent to know
What keeps me back from thee

5 Searcher of hearts, in mine
Thy trying power display;
Into its darkest corners shine,
And take the veil away.

PRIMROSE. C. M.

6a
A | 12.3 | .21 | || | 1234:5 || .5432:32-31 || | 12:3.2:1 ||
4c .5 6 .5 .5 6.5 .5
6a
O | | | || | 1 | | 1 | .1.2 | | 1 | | |
4c .5 55.5 .565 .5 .5 5634:5 .7767 56.5 .5 5 .6.5:5
6a
D | .1 | 35.5 | .542 | .3 || .14532:1 || .3456:5.5:32.2 || .235:1.5:3
4c 5
6a
B | | | | || | 1 | | | .1 | | | | |
4c .5 15.3 .512 .5 .5 15 76:5 .564 .5 12.5 .515 .3.5:1
6a

479. C. M.

- 1 THE Lord of Sabaoth let us praise,
In concert with the blest,
Who, joyful in harmonious lays,
Employ an endless rest.
- 2 Thus, Lord, while we remember thee,
We blessed and pious grow;
By hymns of praise we learn to be
Triumphant here below.
- 3 On this glad day a brighter scene
Of glory was displayed,
By Him, th' eternal Word, than when
This universe was made.
- 4 He rises, who mankind has bought
With grief and pain extreme:
'Twas great to speak the world from
naught;
'Twas greater to redeem.

480. C. M.

- 1 WITHIN thy house, O Lord our God,
In glory now appear:
Make us the place of thine abode,
And shed thy brightness here.
- 2 While we thy mercy seat surround,
Thy spirit, Lord, impart,
And let thy word's all-cheering sound,
With power reach every heart.
- 3 Here let the blind their sight obtain;
Here give the mourners rest;
Let Jesus here triumphant reign,
Enthroned in every breast.

- 4 Here let the voice of sacred joy
And humble prayer arise,
Till higher strains our tongues employ,
In realms beyond the skies.

481. C. M.

- 1 AGAIN, indulgent Lord, return
With sweet and quickening grace,
To cheer and warm our sluggish souls,
And speed us in our race.
- 2 Awake our love, our faith, our hope,
For fortitude and joy;
Vain world begone — let things above
Our happy thoughts employ.
- 3 Whilst thee, our Saviour and our God,
We would forever own;
Drive each rebellious rival, thrust
Each traitor from the throne.
- 4 Instruct our minds, our souls subdue,
To heaven our passions raise,
And let our life forever be
Devoted to thy praise.

482. C. M.

- 1 AGAIN our earthly cares we leave,
And to thy courts repair;
Again with joyful feet we come,
To meet our Saviour here.
- 2 Within those walls let holy peace
And love and concord dwell;
Here give the troubled conscience ease,
The wounded spirit heal.

484. 7s,6s.

1 THE morning light is breaking,
The darkness disappears,
The sons of earth are waking,
To penitential tears;
Each breeze that sweeps the ocean,
Brings tidings from afar,
Of nations in commotion,
Prepared for Zion's war.

2 Rich dews of grace come o'er us,
In many a gentle shower,
And brighter scenes before us,
Are opening every hour;
Each cry to heaven going,
Abundant answers brings,
And heavenly gales are blowing,
With peace upon their wings.

3 See heathen nations bending
Before the God we love,
And thousand hearts ascending,
In gratitude above;
While sinners now confessing,
The gospel call obey,
And seek the Saviour's blessing,
A nation in a day.

4 Blest river of salvation,
Pursue thy onward way,
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay;
Stay not, till all the lowly
Triumphant reach their home;
Stay not, till all the holy
Proclaim the Lord has come.

485. 7s,6s.

1 WHEN shall the voice of singing
Flow joyfully along?
And hill and valley, ringing
With one triumphant song,
Proclaim the contest ended,
And him who once was slain,
Again to earth descended,
In righteousness to reign?

2 Then from the craggy mountains
The sacred shout shall fly;
And shady vales and fountains
Shall echo the reply.
High tower and lowly dwelling
Shall send the chorus round,
The hallelujah swelling
In one eternal sound!

486. 7s,6s.

1 NOW be the gospel banner
In every land unfurled;
And be the shout hosanna,
Re-echoed through the world;
Till every isle and nation,
Till every tribe and tongue,
Receive the great salvation,
And join the happy throng.

2 What, though the embattled legions
Of earth and hell combine?
His arm throughout their regions,
Shall soon resplendent shine:
Ride on, O Lord, victorious!
Immanuel, Prince of Peace!
Thy triumph shall be glorious;
Thy empire still increase.

3 Yes, thou shalt reign forever,
Oh Jesus, King of kings!
Thy light, thy love, thy favor,
Each ransomed captive sings:
The isles for thee are waiting,
The deserts learn thy praise,
The hills and valleys greeting,
The song responsive raise.

487. 7s,6s.

Sunday-School Celebration.

1 TO thee, O blessed Saviour,
Our grateful songs we raise;
O, tune our hearts and voices
Thy holy name to praise;
'Tis by thy sovereign mercy
We're here allowed to meet;
To join with friends and teachers,
Thy blessing to entreat.

2 Lord, guide and bless our teachers,
Who labor for our good,
And may the holy Scriptures
By us be understood;
O, may our hearts be given
To thee, our glorious King;
That we may meet in heaven,
Thy praises there to sing.

3 And may the precious gospel
Be published all abroad,
Till the benighted heathen
Shall know and serve the Lord;
Till o'er the wide creation
The rays of truth shall shine,
And nations now in darkness
Arise to light divine.

488. THE CHARIOT.

WILLIAMS.

1g 3 .3 3 1 .2 1 .1 3 .1 2 2 .3 2 2 .1
 A 5 | .5 5 | | 7 | || 5 | | | 7 6 | .5 ||

4q

The chariot! the chariot! its wheels roll in fire,
 As the Lord cometh down in the pomp of his ire:

1g

C 3 | .3 3 5 | .5 5 3 | .4 3 2 | .3 || 3 5 | .3 5 5 | .5 4 3 | .3 3 1 | | .7

4q

1c 1 .1 1 1 .1 1 1 1 .1
 D | | | .6 5 5 | .5 || 5 | .5 7 7 | 5 5 | .5 5 4 | .5 ||

4q

1g B 1 | .1 1 1 | .1 1 1 | .4 5 5 | .1 || 1 1 | .1 5 5 | .1 | | .1 2 2 | |
 4q 7 7 .5

4q

1g 1 3 2 .1 1 1 .3 1 2 .1 4 .3 2 2 .1-
 A 5 | .5 | 3 4 | .5 6 | .5 || 5 | | 5 | | | ||

Lo, self-moving it drives on its pathway of cloud,
 And the heavens with the burden of God-head are bowed.

1g

C 3 5 | .3 5 4 | .3 1 2 | .3 3 4 | .3 || 3 3 | .5 3 3 | .3 3 6 | .5 4 4 | .3- ||

4q

1g 1 3 .1 .1 1 1 1 1
 D | 5 5 | .5 5 5 | .5 5 6 | || 5 | .5 5 5 | .5 | 5 5 | .5- ||

4q

1g .1 1 .1 1
 B 1 1 | .1 1 1 | .1 1 1 | .1 1 1 | .1 || 1 5 | 7 | 4 | .5 5 5 | .1- ||

4q

- 2 The glory! the glory! around him are poured
 Mighty hosts of the angels that wait on the Lord;
 And the glorified saints, and the martyrs are there,
 And there all who the palm-wreaths of victory wear.
- 3 The trumpet! the trumpet! the dead have all heard:
 Lo, the depths of the stone-covered charnel are stirred!
 From the sea, from the earth, from the south, from the north,
 All the vast generations of men are come forth!
- 4 The judgment! the judgment! the thrones are all set,
 Where the Lamb and the bright crowned elders are met,
 There all flesh is at once in the sight of the Lord,
 And the doom of eternity hangs on his word.
- 5 O mercy! O mercy! look down from above,
 Great Creator, on us, thy poor children, with love!
 When beneath to their darkness the wicked are driven,
 May our justified souls find a welcome in heaven!

489. JOB. 8s, 4s. WORDS BY W. BAXTER.

1c	.1 1-1 .1	.1.1 1 2 :1 .3 3-3
A	' .5 .6 .6 :5 .5 6-7	7 7 '
4c		
	O could I now but flee away, And ease the anguish of my breast, To bask in	
1c		.1 1-1
D	.3 3-3 .3.3 .4.4 :3 .3 4-4 .3.3 2 3 4 2 :3	'
4c		
1c		
B	.1 1-1 .1.1 .4.4 :1 .1 4-2 .1.1 .5 :1 .1 1-1	
4c		.5
1c	.2 3 5 4 3 2 1 .1	:1 .1 2-3 .4 .3 2 1 :1
A		.7 .5 6-7 ' .7
4c		
	an eternal day, And be at rest! And be at rest! And be at rest.	
1c	.1	P
D	.7 6 5 4 3 .3 .2 .3 4-4 :3 .3 5-5 .6 .5 4 3 .2 :3	
4c		
1c		1 P
B	.5 .1 .4 .4 :5 .1 4-2 :1 .1 3- ' .4 .1 .4 .5 1	
4c		

- 2 With joy I'd leave these courts below,
And join the songs above the sky,
Which angels bright are singing now —
They never die.
- 3 There elders tune their harps of gold,
And seraphs strike the sounding lyre :
Their ceaseless story ne'er is told —
They never tire.
- 4 Millions of saints surround the throne —
Praise Him to whom all praise belongs,
While swells to their chief Corner-stone,
Triumphant songs.
- 5 There we shall part with every tear,
When we once reach that blissful shore ;
For sorrow cannot enter there —
We'll weep no more.
- 6 We'll praise him there in loftier song,
Who has redeemed us by his blood ;
Praise shall resound from every tongue,
O Son of God!

490. C. M.

- 1 HOLY and reverend is the name
Of our eternal King;
"Thrice holy Lord," the angels cry—
Thrice holy let us sing.
- 2 The deepest reverence of the mind
Is due unto the Lord,
And he by all about him should
With reverence be adored.
- 3 With sacred awe pronounce his name.
Whom words nor thoughts can reach :
A contrite heart shall please him more
Than noblest forms of speech.
- 4 Thou holy God preserve our souls
From all pollution free ;
Thé pure in heart are thy delight,
And they thy face shall see.

491. C. M.

- 1 KEEP silence — all created things,
And wait your Maker's nod,
My soul stands trembling while she sings
The honors of her God.
- 2 Life, death, and hell, and worlds
unknown
Hang on his firm decree ;
He sits on an eternal throne,
Supremely high is he.
- 3 His providence unfolds his book,
And makes his counsels shine,
Each opening leaf — and every stroke
Fulfill some deep design.
- 4 In thy fair book of life and grace,
Oh may I find my name
Recorded in some humble place,
Beneath the Lord, the Lamb.

492. C. M.

- 1 COME, humble sinner, in whose breast
A thousand thoughts revolve,—
Come, with your guilt and fear oppress,
And make this last resolve :
- 2 I'll go to Jesus, though my sin
Hath like a mountain rose ;
His kingdom I will enter in,
Whatever may oppose ;

- 3 Prostrate I'll lie before his throne,
And there my guilt confess ;
I'll tell him I'm a wretch undone,
Without his sovereign grace :
- 4 The Saviour will admit my plea,
For he has bid me come ;
Forthwith I'll rise and to him flee,
For yet, he says, "there's room."
- 5 I cannot perish if I go,
I am resolved to try :
For if I stay away, I know
I must forever die.

493. C. M.

- 1 ONCE more we keep the sacred day
That saw the Saviour rise ;
Once more we tune our thankful song
To him that rules the skies.
- 2 What numbers vainly spend these
That are to Jesus due ! [hours,
Children and parents, how they sin !
And how they perish, too.
- 3 But we, a happier few, are taught
The better paths of truth ;
We hail, once more, the plan of love
That pities wandering youth.
- 4 Our foolish hearts are prone to err ;
Too oft we find it so ;
Oh, may the God of grace forgive,
And better hearts bestow.
- 5 Oh, may the God who gave our life,
And thus far leads us on,
Be pleased to train our youthful minds
To know and love his Son.

494. C. M.

- 1 AWAKE, ye saints, and raise your
eyes,
And raise your voices high :
Awake and praise that sovereign grace,
That shows salvation nigh.
- 2 On all the wings of time it flies ;
Each moment brings it near :
Then welcome each declining day,
And each revolving year.
- 3 Nor many years their rounds shall run,
Nor many mornings rise,
Ere all its glories stand reveal'd
To our admiring eyes.
- 4 Ye wheels of nature, speed your course ;
Ye mortal powers decay !
Fast as ye bring the night of death,
Ye bring eternal day.

3 For thy glory we were
First created to share
Both thy nature and kingdom divine;
Now created again,
That our souls may remain,
Both in time and eternity, thine.

4 With thanks we approve
The design of thy love,
Which has joined us in Christ's precious
name;
So united in heart
That we never can part —
We shall meet at the feast of the Lamb.

5 There, oh! there at his feet,
We shall joyfully meet,
And be parted in body no more;
We shall sing to our lyres,
With the heavenly choirs,
And our Saviour, in glory, adore.

6 "Hallelujah!" — we sing,
To our Father and King,
And his rapturous praises repeat;
To the Lamb that was slain,
"Hallelujah!" — again —
Sing all heaven, and fall at his feet.

496. 5s, 6s, 9s.

I O PARENT of light,
Thou hast scattered the night,
And burnished the wings of the morn:
In this balmy hour,
On the breath of the flower
The voice of our prayer shall be borne.

2 The warblers gay throats
Are alive with the notes,
That gush from the verdure-clad grove,
And nature's glad lays
Are all tuned to his praise,
Who has taught them to whisper his
love.

3 Thy life-giving dews
Have enlivened the hues
That pencil the violet's crest,
O shed from above
The dews of thy love,
And make us to shine with the blest.

4 With thanks for thy care
That encircled us there,
When our pillow in slumber we pressed,
Now Parent we pray
That each hour of this day
May find us reposed on thy breast.

5 O Father, through life,
With its billowy strife,
And its ocean of tremulous foam,
Be our guardian and guide,
Till full safe we may ride
In the haven of Heaven, our home.

497. 5s, 6s, 9s.

1 NOW dry up your tears,
The glad morning appears,
When the Prince of Salvation was born:
From Jehovah he came,
To Jehovah again,
With glory and fame to return.

2 In a rapture of joy
Our life we'll employ,
The God of salvation to praise:
'Tis worth living for this,
To partake of such bliss,
And salvation in Jesus's name.

3 Our remnant of days
Will we spend to his praise,
Who died, us from sin to redeem:
Whether many or few,
All our days are his due:
They shall all be devoted to him.

498. 5s, 6s, 9s.

1 COME and sing of that love;
All earth's treasures above;
The great love of the Saviour divine:
From bright glory he came,
Our poor souls to redeem,
From the pathway of error and crime,

2 O praise ye the Lord,
For the gift of his Word,
To teach us our duty to know:
May we walk in truth's way,
And its precepts obey,
'Till we triumph o'er every foe. L.

MEAR. C. M.

5a	A	1	.5	5	.3	3	.1	3	.2	2	.3	1	.5	5	4	.5
3c																
5a	C				1		1						.1			
3c	5	.5	7	.6	.6	.7	5	.5	5	6	.7					
5a	D	3	.3	2	.1	5	.4	5	.5		.1	5	.3	2	.2	
3c									7							
5a	B	1	.1								.1	3	.1	2		
3c			5	.6	3	.4	1	.5	5						.5	

5a	A	5	.6	5	.5	1	.4	3	.2		1	.5	3	.4	2	.1
3c																
5a	C	1	.1		.1	1	.1	1								
3c			7				.7	6	.7	5	.5	5	.5			
5a	D	3	.4	2	.3	3	.6	5	.5		3	.2	1	.1	4	.3
3c																
5a	B	1		.1							1					
3c		.4	5	6	.4	1	.5	6	.5		.4	5	.1			

499. ROCHESTER. C. M.

6a	A	.1	1	2	.1		.3	1	5	.6	5	.4	5	.5	1	2	.6	5	1	3	2	.3	1	4	3	2	1
4q					7																						
	Laden with guilt and full of fears, I fly to thee, my Lord ; And not a glimpse of hope appears, But in thy written word.																										
6a	B	.1	.1	1			.1	1	.2		.1	.1		.1													
4q	6	5	5	5	1	4	.6	5	6	5	.4	4	1	5	6	5	.4	5	1								

2 The volume of my Father's grace
Does all my grief assuage,
Here I behold my Saviour's face
In almost ev'ry page.

3 This is the field where hidden lies
The pearl of price unknown ;
That merchant is divinely wise,
Who makes the pearl his own.

4 Here consecrated water flows,
To quench my thirst of sin ;
Here the fair tree of knowledge grows,
Nor danger dwells therein

5 This is the judge which ends the strife,
Where wit and reason fail ;
My guide to everlasting life,
Through all this gloomy vale.

6 O may thy counsels, mighty God,
My roving feet command,
Nor I forsake the happy road,
Which leads to thy right hand.

500. C. M.

1 THY goodness, Lord, our souls confess,
Thy goodness we adore,
A spring whose blessings never fail,
A sea without a shore.

2 Sun, moon, and stars thy love attest,
In every golden ray ;
Love draws the curtain of the night,
And love brings back the day.

3 Thy bounty every season crowns,
With all the bliss it yields ;
With joyful clusters load the vines —
Wich strengthening grain, the fields.

4 But chiefly thy compassion, Lord,
Is in the gospel seen ;
There, like a sun, thy mercy shines,
Without a cloud between.

5 Pardon, acceptance, peace, and joy,
Through Jesus' name is given ;
He on the cross was lifted high,
That we might rise to heaven.

501. C. M.

1 JESUS, thy blessings are not few,
Nor is thy gospel weak ;
Thy grace can melt the stubborn Jew,
And heal the dying Greek.

2 Wide as the reach of Satan's rage
Does thy salvation flow ;
Thy not confined to sex nor age,
The lofty nor the low.

3 While grace is offered to the prince,
The poor may take his share ;
No mortal has a just pretense
To perish in despair.

4 Come, all you rebel sinners, come,
He'll form your souls anew ;
His gospel and his heart have room
For rebels such as you.

5 His doctrine is almighty love,
There's virtue in his name,
To turn a raven to a dove,
A lion to a lamb.

6 Come, then, accept the offered grace,
And make no more delay ;
His pardon will your guilt efface,
And wash your sins away.

502. C. M.

1 AGAIN the Lord of life and light
Awakes the kindling ray ;
Unseals the eyelids of the morn,
And pours increasing day.

2 O, what a night was that which wrapt
The heathen world in gloom !
O, what a sun which rose this day,
Triumphant from the tomb !

3 This day be grateful homage paid,
And loud hosannas sung ;
Let gladness dwell in every heart,
And praise on every tongue.

4 Ten thousand different lips shall join
To hail this welcome morn,
Which scatters blessings from its wings
To nations yet unborn.

503. C. M.

1 COME, let us join the hosts above,
Now in our youthful days ;
Remember our Creator's love,
And lispen our Father's praise.

2 His majesty will not despise
The day of feeble things ;
Grateful the songs of children rise,
And please the King of kings.

3 He loves to be remembered thus,
And honored for his grace ;
Out of the mouths of babes like us,
His wisdom calls forth praise.

4 Glory to God, and praise, and power,
Honor and thanks be given !
Children and cherubim adore
The Lord of earth and heaven.

AMSTERDAM. 7s, 6s.

5g $\text{\textcircled{S}}$

A	1	12	32	345	65	43	.2	1	12	32	345
2q	5			99				5			99

5g

D		1	123	43	21				1	123
2q	33	35	799			.7	33	35	799	

5g $\text{\textcircled{S}}$

B	11	1	1	11	1	1		11	1	1	11
2q		7	5		4	7	.5		7	5	

5g

A	654	32	.1	56	56	543	.2	323	43	2123	.2
2q	99							99		9999	

5g

D	432	1		34	34	321		1	1	21	1	REP. 2s.
2q	99	5	.3			99	.7	79		7679	.7	

5g

B	1			11	11	11						REP. 2s.
2q	494	55	.1				.5	55	55	55	55	.5

FUTURITY. 7s, 6s.

T. HARRISON.

6g $\text{\textcircled{S}}$ P REP.

A	5-	4	35	22	23-	4	5-	4	32	.1
2q					99					

6g P

D	3-	2	13		1-	2	3-	2	1	
2q			77	799					5	3

6g $\text{\textcircled{S}}$ P REP.

B	1-	1	11		1-	2	3-	4	55	.1
2q			55		1-	2	3-	4	55	.1

6g REP. 1 AND 2s.

A	2-	2	22	33	2-	2	5-	5	55	544	.5
2q											

6g

D			11							
2q	7-	7	77		7-	7	7-7	75	66	.7

6g REP. 1 AND 2s.

B			11				1	2		
2q	5-	5	55		5-	5	5-	6	7	2 .5

504. 7s,6s.

- 1 WHERE shall true believers go,
When from the flesh they fly?
Glorious joys ordained to know,
They mount above the sky,
To that bright celestial place;
There they shall in rapture live,
More than tongue can e'er express,
Or heart can e'er conceive.
- 2 When they once are entered there,
Their mourning days are o'er;
Pain, and sin, and want, and care,
And sighing are no more:
Subject then to no decay,
Heavenly bodies they put on,
Swifter than the lightning's ray,
And brighter than the sun.
- 3 But their greatest happiness,
Their highest joy shall be,
God their Saviour to possess,
To know, and love, and see.
With that beatific sight
Glorious ecstasy is given;
This is their supreme delight.
And makes a heaven of heaven.

505. 7s,6s.

- 1 RISE, my soul, and stretch thy wings,
Thy better portion trace;
Rise from transitory things
To heaven, thy native place;
Sun, and moon, and stars decay,
Time shall soon this earth remove,
Rise, my soul, and haste away
To seats prepared above.
- 2 Rivers to the ocean run,
Nor stay in all their course:
Trees and flowers seek the sun,
Drawn by its cheering force:
So a soul that's born of God,
Pants to view his glorious face,
Upward tends to his abode,
To rest in his embrace.
- 3 Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn,
Press onward to the prize:
Soon the Saviour will return
Triumphant in the skies:
Yet a season, and you know
Happy entrance will be given,
All our sorrow left below,
And earth exchanged for heaven.

506. 7s,6s.

- 1 SINNER, stop, O stop and think,
Before you further go;
Will you sport upon the brink
Of everlasting wo!
On the verge of ruin stop:—
Now the friendly warning take:
Stay your footsteps, ere you drop
Into the burning lake.
- 2 Say, have you an arm like God,
That you his will oppose?
Fear you not that iron rod
With which he breaks his foes?
Can you stand in that dread day,
Which his justice shall proclaim,
When the earth shall melt away,
Like wax before the flame?
- 3 Ghastly death will quickly come,
And drag you to his bar:
Then you'll hear your awful doom,
And sink in deep despair!
All your sins will round you crowd;
You will mark their crimson dye,
Each for vengeance crying loud,
And then — no refuge nigh.

507. 7s,6s.

- 1 JESUS, faithful to his word,
Shall with a shout descend;
Heaven's host their glorious Lord,
Shall pompously attend.
Christ shall come with dreadful noise,
Lightnings swift, and thunders loud
With the great archangel's voice,
And with the trump of God.
- 2 First the dead in Christ shall rise;
Then we that yet remain
Shall be caught up to the skies,
And see our Lord again.
We shall meet him in the air;
All rapt up to heaven shall be;
Find, and love, and praise him there,
To all eternity.
- 3 Who can tell the happiness
This glorious hope affords?
Joy unutter'd we possess
In these reviving words:
Happy while on earth we breathe;
Mightier bliss ordain'd to know;
Trampling down sin, hell, and death,
To heaven shall we go.

509. C. M.

I ETERNAL Wisdom ! thee we praise,
Thee the creation sings :
With thy loved name rocks, hills, and
seas,

And heaven's high palace rings.

2 Infinite strength and equal skill
Shine through thy works abroad,
Our souls with vast amazement fill,
And speak the builder God.

3 Thy hand, how wide it spreads the sky,
How glorious to behold :
Tinged with a blue of heavenly dye,
And starred with sparkling gold.

4 There thou hast bade the globes of
light
Their endless circuits run :
There the pale planet rules the night,
The day obeys the sun.

5 On the thin air, without a prop,
Hang fruitful showers around :
At thy command they freely drop
Their fatness on the ground.

6 There like a trumpet, loud and strong,
Thy thunder shakes our coast ;
While the red lightnings wave along,
The banners of thy host.

6 Thy glories blaze all nature round,
And strike the wondering sight,
Through skies, and seas, and solid
ground,
With terror and delight.

8 But the mild glories of thy grace
Our softer passions move :
Pity divine in Jesus' face
We see, adore, and love.

9 The Saviour calls — let every ear
Attend the heavenly sound ;
Ye doubting souls, dismiss your fear,
Hope smiles reviving round.

10 For every thirsty, longing heart,
Here streams of bounty flow,
And life, and health, and bliss impart,
To banish mortal woe.

510. SHE DIED IN BEAUTY.

3P	1	1-	2	3-	3-	2	1-	s5	6	6-	s5	6-	3	s5
A	6	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"
2s	She died in beauty, like a rose, Blown from its parent stem ; She													
3P									1	1-		1-		
C	3	6	6-	5	6-	5-	4	3-	7	"	"	7	"	6 7
3c	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"

3P	6	6-	s5	6-	5	4	3	6	3	3	1			
A	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	7	6	
2s	died in beau - ty, like a pearl, Dropp'd from some di - a - dem.													
3P	1	1-	2	3-	1		P	1						
C	"	"	"	"	"	7	6	"	6	6	3	s5	6	
2s						"	"		"	"	"	"	"	

2 She died in beauty ! like a lay
Along a moonlit lake ;
She died in beauty ! like the song
Of birds, amid the brake.

3 She died in beauty ! like the snow,
On flowers dissolv'd away ;

She died in beauty ! like a star,
Lost on the brow of day.

5 She lives in glory ! like night's gems,
Set round the silver moon ;
She lives in glory ! like the sun,
Amid the blue of June.

512. THE BETTER LAND.

BETTER LAND.

2g 1 1 1 2

A 5 5 | 5 5 4 | 3 2 1 || 2 2 | 3 2 1 5 6 7 | 5 | 7 7 | 7 7 7 6 6 |

23c " " " " , " " " " " " " " " " " "

I hear thee speak of the better land, Thou callest its children a happy band,
Mother! O where is that

2g

B 1 1 | 3 3 3 2 2 | 1 || 1 | 1 2 3 | 5 5 1 || 5 5 | 5 5 5 4 4 |

23c " " , " " " 7 6 5 5 7 6 ? ? ? , " " " " " " " "

2g

A 6 5 5 5 || 5 5 | 5 s 4 5 5 6 7 | 7 6 5 || 5 5 | 7 6 5 7 6 5 | 5 5 ||

23c " " " " , " " " , " " " , " " " " " " " "

radiant shore, Shall we not seek it, and weep no more?
Is it where the flower of the orange blows,

2g

B 4 3 3 3 || 3 3 | 3 2 1 3 4 5 | 5 4 3 || 3 3 | 5 4 3 5 4 3 | 6 3 3 ||

23c " " " " " " " " , " " " " " " " " " "

2g 1 1-1 1 1-

A 5 5 | 7 6 5 7 6 5 | 5 5 || 1 | 3 3 5 5 | 3 | 3 6 5 | 1-1 ||

23c " " " " " " " " , " " " , " " " " " " " "

And the fire-flies dance in the myrtle boughs?
Not there! not there! not there! Not there! not there! not there!

2g

B 3 3 | 5 4 3 5 4 3 | 6 3 3 || 1 | 1 1 2 2 | 5-5 || 5 | 5 1 2 3 | 1-1 ||

23c " " " " " " " , " " " , " " " " " " " "

- 2 Is it where the feathery palm trees rise,
And the date grows ripe under sunny skies,
Or 'midst the green islands of glittering seas,
Where fragrant forests perfume the breeze,
And strange bright birds on their starry wings,
Bear the rich hues of all glorious things ?
Not there ! not there !
- 3 Is it far away in some region old,
Where the rivers wander o'er sands of gold,
And the burning rays of the rubies shine,
And the diamond lights up the secret mine ?
And the pearl glows forth from the coral strand,
Is it there, sweet mother, that better land ?
Not there ! not there !
- 4 Eye hath not seen it, my gentle boy,
Ear hath not heard its song of joy !
Dreams cannot picture a world so fair,
Sorrow and death may not enter there,
Time may not breathe on its fadeless bloom,
Far beyond the clouds and beyond the tomb !
'Tis there ! 'Tis there !

513. LENOX. 6s, 8s.

1g .1 11 1232 .1 .1 3531 .2-2 312 .1-
 A | 56 | .5-5 | | | | | 7 |

4q

Blow ye the trumpet, blow, the gladly solemn sound,
 Let all the nations know, To earth's remotest bound ;

1g

B | .1 | 1134 | .1-1 | 35 5 | .1 | .1 | | .5-5 | 645 | .1- |

4q

1g 111 1 2223 111 1 .2- .1
 A 5 | 5 | 666 | | | 5 | 666 | 7 |

4q

The year of jubilee is come, The year of jubilee is come,
 Return ye ransomed sinners home.

1g

B | 1 | 1113 | 4446 | 5555 | 1111 | 4446 | .5-5 | .1 |

4q

2 Extol the Lamb of God,
 The sin-atonng Lamb :
 Redemption by his blood
 Through all the world proclaim.

3 Jesus, our great High Priest,
 Propitiation made ;
 You weary spirits rest,
 You mournful souls be glad :

4 You slaves of sin and hell,
 Your liberty receive,
 And safe in Jesus dwell.
 And blessed in Jesus live.

5 You bankrupt debtors, know
 The wond'rous grace of Heaven,
 Though sums immense you owe,
 A free discharge is given.

6 You who have sold for naught,
 The heritage above,
 Shall have it back unbought,
 The gift of Jesus' love ;
 The year of jubilee, &c.

514. 6s, 8s.

1 THROUGH tribulation deep
 The way to glory is ;
 This stormy course I keep
 On the tempestuous seas :
 By winds and waves I'm toss'd and
 driven,
 Freightd with grace, and bound for
 heaven.

2 The Bible is my chart —
 By it the seas I know ;
 I cannot with it part —
 It rocks and sands doth show.
 It is my chart and compass, too,
 Whose needle points forever true.

3 'Ere I reach heaven's coast,
 I must a gulf pass through,
 Which gloomy proves to most,
 For all this passage go ;
 But all death's waves can't me o'er-
 whelm,
 If God himself is at the helm.

4 When through death's gulf I get,
 Though rough, it is but short,
 The pilot angels meet
 And bring me into port ;
 And when I land on that blest shore,
 I shall be safe for evermore.

515. 6s, 8s.

1 KIND Lord, before thy face,
 Again with joy we bow ;
 For all the gifts and grace,
 Thou dost on us bestow
 Our tongues would all thy love proclaim,
 And chant the honors of thy name.

2 Here, in thine earthly house,
 Once more with joy we meet ;
 Here pay our holy vows,
 And feel our union sweet ;
 For this our tongues thy love proclaim,
 And chant the honors of thy name.

GAINSBORO. C. M.

6a P

A 1 | 1-2 1 | 1-2 3 3 4 | 5-4 3 1 | .2 || 3 | 5-4 3 1 | 2 1 | .1 ||

8c P

6a

C | | | .1 1 | | | || | | | | | | | | | | |

8c 5 .6 7 .5 5 .5 5 .5 5 6 5 5 .5

6a

D 3 | .4 2 | .3 1 2 | 3-2 1 3 | .2 || 1 | | 3 | 4 3 2 | .3 ||

8c P

6a

B 1 | | | 1 | .1 | | || 1 | | 1 | | | | | | | | | |

8c .4 5 .1 1 .5 .5 4 5 5 .1

6a P

A 3 | .5 6 | 5-4 3 3 4 | 5 4 3 | .2 || 5 | 6-5 4 3 | 2 1 | .1 ||

8c P

6a

C | | .1 1 | .1 | | | || | | | | | | | | | | |

8c 5 5 5 6 5 .5 5 6 5 5 .5

6a

D 1 | .3 4 | 3-2 1 1 2 | 3 2 1 | || | | .1 1 | 4 3 2 | .3 ||

8c P

6a

B 1 | 1- | | .1 1 | .1 1 | || | | 1 | | | | | | | | | |

8c 7 6 7 .5 5 .4 4 5 5 .1

BETHEL. C. M. M. G. THOMPSON.

6a P

A 3 2 | 1 | 2 3 | 1 || 2 | 3 5 3 | 2 2 | 3 || 1 | 3 2 | 1 | 1 3 | 1 || 5 3 | 2 2 | 1 ||

2q 5 6 P

6a P

B 1 | | | || 1 1 | 1 || 1 | 1 | | | | | | | | 1 | |

2q 5 5 6 6 4 5 1 5 5 5 6 6 4 5 1 5 5 4 5 1

ZOE. L. M. L.

REP. 2s.

4a 1

A 3 | 5 3 1 3 | 4 6 5 || 3 | 5 3 2 3 | 4 2 1 || 1 | | 1 5 | 6 7 5 ||

8a P

4a P

B 1 | 1 1 1 | 1 || 1 | 1 1 1 | 2 1 || 1 | | 1 | 3 3 1 ||

8a P

519. C. M.

- 1 COME, all you mournful souls, and
hear
The joyful news we tell;
The Lord has brought salvation down
To save our souls from hell.
- 2 The angels sung the tidings glad,
To shepherds in the field;
"Good will to men, and peace on earth—
The Saviour is revealed."
- 3 Come, all you poor, despairing souls
Now to the fold repair;
Here God his boundless love unfolds,
And says he'll meet you here.
- 4 His glorious presence fills our souls
With songs of loudest praise:
You shall his Holy Spirit taste,
If you will keep his ways.
- 5 Here's peace and glory to your souls,
It comes from heaven above;
Enkindling all the inward man,
With highest heavenly love.
- 6 Then serve the bleeding Lamb of God,
Approve his ways full well:
For know his precious blood was shed
To save your souls from hell.
- 7 Salvation, what a glorious plan!
How suited to our need!
The grace that raises fallen man,
Is wonderful indeed.
- 8 'Twas wisdom formed the vast design,
To ransom us when lost,
And love's unfathomable mine
Provided all the cost.

520. C. M.

- 1 IT is the Lord — enthroned in light,
His claims are all divine;
He has an undisputed right
To govern thee and thine.
- 2 Let then thine anxious doubts and
fears
All yield to his control;
His tender mercies shall illumine
The midnight of thy soul.
- 3 Then may'st thou close thine eyes in
death,
Free from distracting care;
For death is life — the grave is rest,
If Christ be with thee there.

521. C. M.

- 1 CHRIST, like an uncorrupted seed,
Abides and reigns within;
Immortal principles forbid,
The Sons of God to sin.
- 2 Not by the terrors of a slave,
Do they perform his will;
But with the noblest powers they have,
His sweet commands fulfill.
- 3 They find access at every hour,
To God within the veil;
Hence they derive a quickening power,
And joys that never fail.

522. L. M.

- 1 PRAYER is appointed to convey
The blessings God designs to give;
Long as they live should Christians pray,
For only while they pray they live.
- 2 If pain afflict, or wrongs oppress;
If cares distract, or fears dismay;
If guilt deject, if sin distress;
In every case, still watch and pray.
- 3 'Tis prayer supports the soul that's
weak:
Though thought be broken, language
lame,
Pray if thou canst, or canst not speak:
But pray with faith in Jesus' name.
- 4 Depend on him; thou canst not fail
Make all thy wants and wishes known
Fear not; his merits must prevail:
Ask but in faith, it shall be done.

523. C. M.

- 1 THAT awful day will surely come;
The appointed hour makes haste,
When I must stand before my Judge,
And pass the solemn test.
- 2 Thou lovely Chief of all my joys,
Thou Sovereign of my heart;
How could I bear to hear thy voice
Pronounce the sound, "Depart!"
- 3 O wretched state of deep despair,
To see my God remove;
And fix my doleful station where
I must not taste his love!
- 4 Jesus, I throw my arms around,
And hang upon thy breast;
Without one gracious smile from thee,
My spirit cannot rest.

525. CHRISTIAN. 6s, 8s

L.

5a P

A	1-2	3 1 1	1-2	3 1 1	1-2	3 2-3	4 2 3 4	5
2q	" "	" "	5 "	" "	5 "	" "	" "	" "

5a P

B	1-1	1 1 1	1 1-1	1 1 1	1 1-1	1 1	2 1 2	
2q	" "	" "	" "	" "	" "	7-"	" 7 "	5

5a P

A	1-2	3 1 1	1-2	3 1 1	2-3	4 2 3-4	5	1
2q	" "	" "	5 "	" "	5 "	" "	7 7	" "

5a P

B	1-1	1 1 1	1 1-1	1 1 1	1 1	2 1-2		
2q	" "	" "	" "	" "	7-"	" 7 "	5 5 5	1

5a REP. 2s.

A	3-4	5 5 5	5 6 5	4 4 4	4 5-4	3 1 1	1 2-1	
2q	" "	" "	" "	" "	" "	" "	" "	7 5-

5a REP. 2s.

B	1-2	3 3 3	3 4 3	2 2 2	2 3-2	1 1 1	1 1	
2q	" "	" "	" "	" "	" "	" "	7-"	5

- 1 OH the arm of the Lord is my shield and my sword!
And I fear not though foemen are nigh,
Their hosts will he smite by the blow of his might,
And the vanquished before him shall fly.
- 2 Though Satan may rage, and new forces engage,
To conquer my soul in the fray;
The strongest shall fail, for the Lord will prevail,
And win for his chosen the day.
- 3 Though the waters of woe may my spirit o'erflow,
They shall never — no, never destroy:
I will lean on the arm that shall quell my alarm,
And turn all my mourning to joy.
- 4 Though I on the brink of despondency sink,
At the sight of corruptions within,
From the depths of despair that arm shall upbear
My spirit, and free it from sin.
- 5 Each burden shall roll like a weight from my soul,
And strength shall her weakness renew —
With joy the bright road to a blissful abode,
My feet shall unfettered pursue.

526. GORHAM.

2g 1- P .1
 A 1 | 3 3 | 3- 2 | 5 5 | 5- || 5 | 5 | 6- 5 | 6 3 | 2 || 1 | 3 6 | 5 7 |
 2c , , , ,
 O love divine, how sweet thou art; When shall I find my willing heart
 All taken up by thee?
 2g P
 C 1 | 1 1 | 1- | 2 3 | 2- || 1 | 3- 1 | 1- 1 | 1 1 | || 1 | 1 1 | 1 2 | .3 ||
 2c , , , ,
 2g P
 D 3 | 5 5 | 5- 5 | 5 5 6 | 7- || 3 | 5- 5 | 4- 5 | 4 5 | 5 || 3 | 5 4 | 5 5 | .5 ||
 2c , , , ,
 2g P
 B 1 | 1 1 | 1- 2 | 1 | || 1 | 1- 3 | 4- 3 | 4 1 | || 1 | 1 4 | 3 5 | .1 ||
 2c , 7 5- , , , 5

2g 11 1- 3 2 1 2 3 2 1- P .1
 A R 5 | | , | | || , , 5 | 6- 5 | 6 3 | 2 || 1 | 3 6 | 5 7 | ||
 2c , , , ,
 I thirst, I faint, I die to prove The greatness of redeeming love,
 The love of Christ to me.
 2g P P
 C R 1 | 3 3 | 3- 5 | 5 5 4 | 5 | 5 4 | 3- 1 | 1- 1 | 1 1 | || 1 | 1 1 | 1 2 | .3 ||
 2c , , , ,
 2g P
 D R 3 | 5 5 | 5- , | 7 | 7 || 5- 5 | 4- 5 | 4 5 | 5 || 3 | 5 4 | 5 5 | .5 ||
 2c , , , ,
 2g P P
 B R 1 | 1 1 | 1- 1 | 5 6 | 5 || 1 | 1- 3 | 4- 3 | 4 1 | || 1 | 1 1 | 3 5 | .1 ||
 2c , , , , 5

2 Stronger his love than death or hell,
 Its riches are unsearchable:

The first-born sons of light
 Desire in vain its depths to see;
 They cannot reach the mystery,
 The length, the breadth, and height

3 God only knows the love of God;
 O that it now were shed abroad
 In this poor stony heart!

For love I sigh, for love I pine:
 This only portion, Lord, be mine!
 Be mine this better part!

4 O that I could forever sit
 With Mary at the Master's feet!
 Be this my happy choice;
 My only care, delight, and bliss,
 My joy, my heaven on earth be this,
 To hear the Bridegroom's voice!

5 O that I could, with favor'd John,
 Recline my weary head upon
 The dear Redeemer's breast:
 From care and sin, and sorrow free,
 Give me, O Lord, to find in thee
 My everlasting rest.

527. 8s, 6s.

1 COME, brethren, you who know the
 Lord,
 And taste the sweetness of his word,
 In Jesus' way go on;
 Our troubles, and our trials here,
 Will only make us richer there,
 When we arrive at home.

2 But when we come to dwell above,
And all surround the throne of love,
We'll drink a full supply;
Jesus will lead his armies through
To living fountains clear and pure,
That never will run dry.

3 'Tis there we'll reign, and shout, and
sing,
And make the heavenly arches ring,
When all the saints get home;
Come on, come on, my brethren dear,
Soon we shall meet together there,
For Jesus bids us come.

4 Amen! amen! my soul replies,
I'm bound to meet you in the skies,
And claim my mansion there:
Now here's my heart, and here's my
hand,
To meet you in that heavenly land,
Where we shall part no more.

528. 8s,6s.

1 'T WAS on a sultry summer's day,
When faint and weary with the way,
And by the heat oppress'd,
I stooped to taste the rippling rill
That wound around the sunny hill,
Where I had lean'd to rest.

2 Recruited by the cooling drop,
I hastened to the mountain top,
To view the plain below;
And wished my power the stream could
swell,
To those who in a region dwell,
Where no such waters flow.

3 So have I oft, when nigh despair,
Oppressed with guilt, and worn with
care,
Reclined on Zion's hill;
And there did I my strength renew,
And draughts of living water drew
From many a crystal rill.

4 O Christians, spread these cooling
streams,
Wide as the sun's enlivening beams,
That all their powers may prove;
Yours are the means, be yours the will,
To send to all from Zion's hill,
Rivers of joy and love.

529. 8s,6s.

1 COME on, my partners in distress,
My comrades through this wilderness,
Who still your burdens feel:
Awhile forget your griefs and fears,
And look beyond this vale of tears,
To that celestial hill.

2 Beyond the bounds of time and space
Look forward to that heavenly place,
The saints' secure abode;
On faith's strong eagle pinions rise,
And force your passag's to the skies,
And scale the mount of God.

3 Who suffer with our Master here,
We shall before his face appear,
And by his side set down;
To patient faith the prize is sure;
And all that to the end endure
The cross, shall wear the crown.

4 Thrice blessed bliss-inspiring hope!
It lifts the fainting spirits up;
It brings to life the dead;
Our conflicts here shall soon be past,
And you and I ascend at last,
Triumphant with our head.

530. 8s,6s.

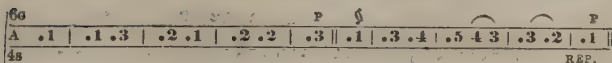
1 O LET your mingled voices rise,
In grateful rapture to the skies,
And hail a Saviour's birth!
Let songs of joy the day proclaim,
When Jesus, all-triumphant came
To bless the sons of earth.

2 He came to bid the weary rest,
To heal the sinner's wounded breast,
To bind the broken heart;
To spread the light of truth around,
And, to the world's remotest bound,
The heavenly gift impart.

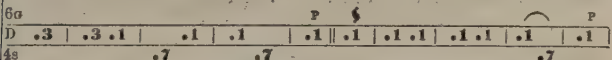
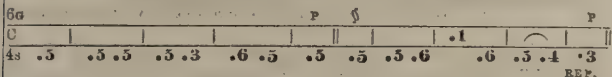
3 He came, our sinful race to save
From sin, from sorrow, and the grave,
And chase our fears away;
Victorious over death and time,
To lead us to a happier clime,
Where reigns eternal day.

533. LUTHER.

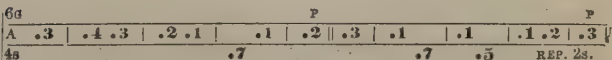
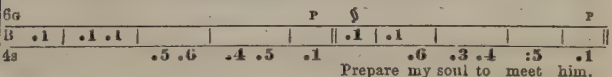
MARTIN LUTHER.



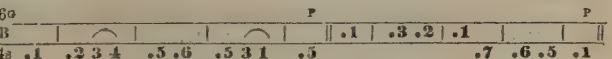
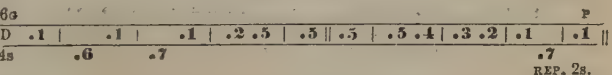
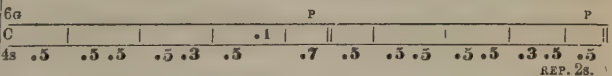
Great God! what do I see and hear? The end of things cre - a - ted;



The Judge of mankind doth appear, On clouds of glory seat - ed :



The trumpet sounds : the graves restore The dead which they contained before.



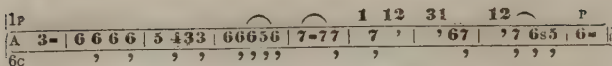
2 The dead in Christ shall first arise,
At the last trumpet's sounding,
Caught up to meet him in the skies,
With joy their Lord surrounding,
No gloomy fears their souls dismay;
His presence sheds eternal day
On those prepared to meet Him.

3 But sinners, filled with guilty fears,
Behold his wrath prevailing;
For they shall rise, and find their tears
And sighs are unavailing:

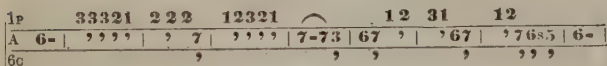
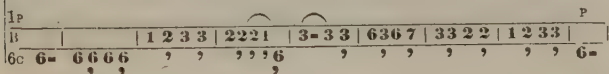
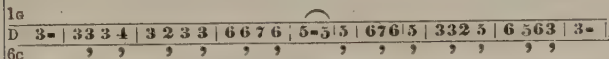
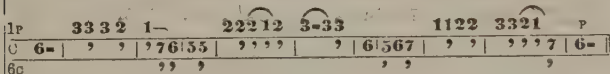
The day of grace is past and gone :
Trembling they stand before the throne,
All unprepared to meet him.

4 Great God! what do I see and hear?
The end of things created:
The Judge of mankind doth appear,
On clouds of glory seated:
Beneath his cross I view the day
When heaven and earth shall pass away,
And thus prepare to meet him.

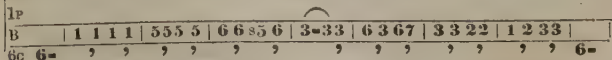
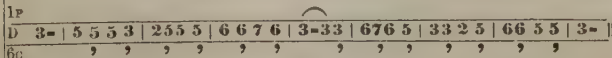
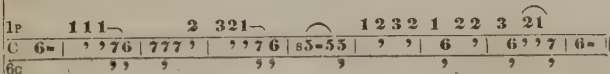
534. LEANDER. C. M.



I would not weep when passing clouds Obscure life's summer day,
Or when a deeper gloom o'erspreads my ever changeful way;



But through the dreariest night of gloom, The darkest clouds of care,
Look up to heaven's pure, steadfast light, And seek for solace there.



2 I would not weep, though one by one
My earthly visions fade;
Nor backward turn to mourn o'er hopes
Of happiness decayed;
But fix my yearning heart on heaven,
Secure of promis'd bliss
In that blest land — howe'er severe
My sorrows seem in this.

3 I would not weep, though faithful
The trusting and the kind, [hearts
Should go to seek a higher sphere,
While I am left behind:
But lift my thoughts to that abode,
Where, free from every stain,
Their happy spirits fondly wait
To welcome me again.

NINETY-THIRD. S. M.

1P	(	.1	.2	1—	(	.1	—1	.2	3	2	.1	5		
A	5	6	6	6	.5	5	6	6	6	6	6	6		
3c	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6		
1P												1		
B	1	.4	4	.5	1	.1	1	.4	1	.5	5	.1		
3c	1	4	4	5	1	1	1	4	1	5	5	1		
1P	.3	2	1	1	3	.2	1—	(	.1	—1	.2	3	2	.1
A	6	6	6	6	6	.5	5	6	6	6	6	6	6	6
3c	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6
1P	.1													
B	5	.4	6	.5	3	.5	5	.4	4	.5	5	.1		
3c	5	4	6	5	3	5	5	4	4	5	5	1		

535. S. M.

- 1 THE Lord my Shepherd is;
I shall be well supplied:
Since he is mine, and I am his,
What can I want beside?
- 2 He leads me to the place
Where heavenly pasture grows,
Where living waters gently pass,
And full salvation flows.
- 3 If e'er I go astray,
He doth my soul reclaim,
And guides me, in his own right way.
For his most holy name.
- 4 While he affords his aid,
I cannot yield to fear;
Though I should walk through death's
dark shade,
My Shepherd's with me there.
- 5 In sight of all my foes,
Thou dost my table spread:
My cup with blessings overflows,
And joy exalts my head.
- 6 The bounties of thy love
Shall crown my future days;
Nor from thy house will I remove,
Nor cease to speak thy praise.

536. S. M.

- 1 BEHOLD the amazing sight,
The Saviour lifted high;
Behold the Son of God's delight,
Expire in agony.
- 2 For whom, for whom, my heart,
Were all these sorrows borne?
Why did he feel that painful smart,
And meet that various scorn?

- 3 For us he hung, and bled,
For us in torture died;
'Twas love that bowed his fainting head,
And ope'd his gushing side.
- 4 I see, and I adore,
In sympathy of love;
I feel the strong, attractive power
To lift my soul above.
- 5 Drawn by such cords as these,
Let all the earth combine,
With cheerful ardor, to confess
The energy divine.
- 6 In thee our hearts unite,
Nor share thy griefs alone,
But from the cross pursue their flight
To thy triumphant throne.

537. S. M.

- 1 MY soul, be on thy guard,
Ten thousand foes arise;
The hosts of sin are pressing hard,
To draw thee from the skies.
- 2 O watch, and fight, and pray,
The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.
- 3 Ne'er think the victory won,
Nor lay thine armor down;
Thy arduous work will not be done,
Till thou obtain the crown.
- 4 Fight on, my soul, till death
Shall bring thee to thy God;
He'll take thee, at thy parting breath,
Up to his blest abode.

538. LONGING FOR HEAVEN. P. M. S. W.

5g	REP.																								
A		11		135		531		11		135		432		.1		34		531		531		646		.55	
3c	5	5				.55	5																		

O had I the wings of a dove I would fly Away to my home, and forever reside
With angels and glorified spirits on high, Who fast by the throne of my
Saviour abide;

5g	REP.																							
B				1		1				1				1		111		111		222		1		
3c	5	531	35		11	.55	531	35	455	.1														.5

The days of my sorrowing then should be past, My

5g	1	1																								
A	53	53	143	.234	531	531	646	.5	11	135	432	.1														
3c																										

warfare and pilgrimage both should be o'er : Safe, safe in the climes of bright
glory at last, Where sin and where suffering are heard of no more.

5g																										
B	111	111			1	111	111	222					1													
3c					441	.5							.55	531	35	455	.1									

- 2 Oh ! there I should range, with the saints in pure white,
The banks of the river that flows from the throne ;
But ever return from each feebler delight,
To feast on the smile of my Saviour alone :
If here, in the gloom of this dungeon below,
The light of that smile pierce the gross walls of clay,
What triumphs of rapture incessantly flow
From that blessed smile in the regions of day !

- 3 The fields of that land may forever be green,
Its flowers ne'er wither, nor fruitage decay,
And autumn and spring hand in hand may be seen,
Like beauty and wealth in their bridal array :
Each sight may be charming, ecstatic each sound,
Each odor be fragrant as gales of the spring ;
But all beauties mingle, and all joys are found
Alone in the smile of my Saviour and King.

- 4 With patriarchs, prophets, and sages of old,
Who walked with their God in this valley of tears —
With saints and with martyrs in life's book enrolled,
Methinks I might joyfully spend the long years :
With angels how happily could I unite —
They watched o'er my pathway with dangers bestrown ;
But still I would turn, with increasing delight,
To feast on the smile of my Saviour alone.

539. AMERICA. S. M. WHETMAN.

1P 1 .3- 5 3 2 1 P .1 2 2 2 5
 A .6 | 6 7 6 | || ' ' 7 6 s5 | .6 ||
 4q
 Now is th' accepted time, Now is the day of grace; Now sinners come with
 1P 1 P
 B .6 | 6 5 6 | .3- || 3 | 1 2 3 3 | || .1 | 5 5 5 3 |
 4q .6

1P 3 3 3 1- 1 2 .3- 5 3 2 1 P
 A ' 6 | 5 3 | || ' ' 7 6 s5 | .6 ||
 4q
 out delay, And seek the Saviour's face, And seek the Saviour's face
 1P 1 P
 B 6 6 6 | 7 6 5 3 3 | .3- || 3 | 1 2 3 3 | ||
 4q .6

2 Now is th' accepted time,
 The Saviour calls to-day;
 To-morrow it may be too late —
 Then why should you delay!

3 Now is th' accepted time,
 The gospel bids you come;
 And every promise in his word,
 Declares there yet is room.

540. S. M.

- 1 A CHARGE to keep I have,
 A God to glorify;
 A never-dying soul to save,
 And fit it for the sky.
- 2 To serve the present age,
 My calling to fulfill;
 Oh, may it all my powers engage,
 To do my Master's will!
- 3 Arm me with jealous care,
 As in thy sight to live;
 And thy poor servant, Lord, prepare,
 A strict account to give!
- 4 Help me to watch and pray,
 And on thyself rely:
 Assured if I my trust betray,
 I shall forever die.

541. S. M.

- 1 OUR Father and our God,
 Who art in heaven above;
 Thy name be praised, by all adored,
 In sweetest strains of love.
- 2 Thy kingdom spread as heaven,
 And every heart control;
 Thy will be done on earth as heaven,
 By every living soul.
- 3 Give us our daily bread —
 Forgive, as we forgive;
 O may we not in sin be led,
 But humbly with thee live.
- 4 Free us from every ill —
 Our trembling souls defend,
 For thine's the kingdom, power, and will
 For evermore.—Amen.

542. S. M.

- 1 HERE, Saviour, we would come,
 In thine appointed way;
 Obedient to thy high commands,
 Our solemn vows to pay.
- 2 O bless this sacred rite,
 To bring us near to thee;
 And may we find that as our day,
 Our strength shall also be. L.

543. RELIGION. 10s, 5s.

L.

6c §		REP.																									
A		1	1	1	1	3	3	2	1	1	2	2	2	3-2	1	1	1	3	4	5	5	5	3	4	4	4	2
3c 5	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"

Religion is a glorious treasure, Diffusion of the Saviour's love;
 The spirit's comfort without measure: It joins our souls to those above;
 It calms our fears, it soothes our sorrows —

6c §															REP.														
D	1	3	3	3	3	5	5	5	6	5	5	5	5	4	3	3	3	5	4	3	3	3	5	6	6	6	5		
3c	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'		

6c	§	REP.																				
B	1			1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	2	3	1	1	1	2	2	2	2
3c	5	5	5	5	7	7	7	7	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5

6a																										
A	3-4	5	5	5	1	3	2	2	3	4	5	5	5	3	3	4	1	1	3	2	3	4	5	1	1	1
3c	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"

It smoothes our way o'er life's rough sea; While endless ages are
 onward rolling, This heavenly portion ours shall be.

6c	1-																									
D	5-	4	3	3	3	5	5	5	5	4	3	3	3	5	5	66	7	6	5	5	5	5	4	3	3	3
3c	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"

6c																											
B	1-	1	1	1	1	1		1	2	3	1	1	1	1	2	2	2	2	1						1	1	1
3c	'	7	'	'	'	'	5	5	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'		
		"					"																				

2 While journeying here through tribulations,
 In phalanx firm we'll march along:

Contentions may divide the nations,
 But Christ shall be our common song —

For pure religion knits together —

It binds in love but makes us free;

While endless ages are onward rolling,

This heavenly portion ours shall be.

3 How vain! how frail! how transitory!

This world, with all its pomp and show;

Its mighty names, renowned in story —

We'll gladly leave them all below.

A brighter object now enraptures —

In Christ alone we beauties see;

While endless ages are onward rolling,

This heavenly portion ours shall be.

2 He comes, he comes, to call
The nations to his bar,
And take to glory all
Who meet for glory are :
Make ready for your full reward,
Go forth, with joy, to meet your Lord.

3 Go, meet him in the sky,
Your everlasting friend —
Your head to glorify,
With all his saints ascend :
Ye pure in heart, obtain the grace
To see, without a veil, his face.

4 Ye that have here received
The unction from above,
And in his spirit liv'd,
And thirsted for his love,
Jesus shall claim you for his bride :
Rejoice with all the sanctified.

5 Rejoice in glorious hope
Of that great day unknown,
When you shall be caught up
To stand before his throne ;
Called to partake the marriage feast,
And lean on our Immanuel's breast.

6 The everlasting doors
Shall soon the saints receive,
With seraphs, thrones, and powers,
In glorious joy to live :
And far from sorrow, pain, and sin,
With God eternally shut in.

7 Then let us wait to hear
The trumpet's welcome sound,
To see our Lord appear,
May we be watching found !
Enrob'd in righteousness divine,
In which the bride shall ever shine.

546. S. M.

1 GREAT God, at thy command,
Seasons in order rise ;
Thy power, and love in concert reign,
Through earth, and seas, and skies.

2 With grateful gifts we own,
Thy providential hand ;
While grass for kine, and herb and corn
For men, enrich the land.

3 But greater still the gift
Of thy beloved Son :
By him forgiveness, peace, and joy,
Through endless ages run.

547. S. M.

1 OH bless the Lord, my soul !
His grace to thee proclaim :
And all that is within me join
To bless his holy name.

2 Oh bless the Lord, my soul ;
His mercies bear in mind ;
Forget not all his benefits :
The Lord to thee is kind.

3 He will not always chide ;
He will with patience wait ;
His wrath is ever slow to rise,
And ready to abate.

4 He pardons all thy sins,
Prolongs thy feeble breath ;
He healeth thy infirmities,
And ransoms thee from death.

5 Then bless his holy name,
Whose grace hath made thee whole ;
Whose loving kindness crowns thy days ;
Oh bless the Lord, my soul !

548. S. M.

1 THE day is past and gone,
The ev'ning shades appear ;
O may we all remember well,
The night of death is near.

2 We lay our garments by,
Upon our beds to rest,
So death will soon disrobe us all
Of what we now possess.

3 Lord, keep us safe this night,
Secure from all our fears,
Beneath the pinions of thy love,
Till morning light appears.

4 And when we early rise,
To view th' unwearied sun,
May we set out to win the prize,
And after glory run.

5 And when our days are past,
And we from time remove,
O may we in thy bosom rest,
The bosom of thy love.

550. STOCKTON. L. M.

1g 1 1 1 1 .2- 1 3 1 2 1- 2 .1-
 A 7 .5 .7 || .6 ' 7 ||

8q

Thine earthly rests, O Lord, we love, But there's a nobler rest a - bove ;

1g

B 1 2 3 .3 1 5 1 .5- || 1 1 1 .4 4 .5 .1- ||
 8q 5 5

1g 2 2 2 .3 1 .4 3 .2- 1 3 1 2 1- 2 .1-
 A .6 ' 7 ||

8q

To that our longing souls as - pire, With cheerful hope and strong desire.

1g

B 1 3 5 .4 1 .5- || 1 1 1 .4 4 .5 .1- ||
 8q 5 7 5 5

2 No more fatigue, no more distress,
 Nor sin, nor death, shall reach the place,
 No groans shall mingle with the songs
 Which warble from immortal tongues.

551. L. M.

1 AS the sweet flower that scents the
 morn,
 But withers in the rising day —
 Thus lovely seemed the infant's dawn ;
 Thus swiftly fled his life away !

2 Ere sin could blight, or sorrow fade,
 Death timely came with friendly care ;
 The opening bud to heaven conveyed,
 And bade it bloom forever there.

552. L. M.

1 HOW sweet the hour of closing day,
 When all is peaceful and serene,
 And when the sun, with cloudless ray,
 Sheds mellow lustre o'er the scene !

2 Such is the Christian's parting hour ;
 So peacefully he sinks to rest ;
 When faith, endued from heaven with
 power,
 Sustains and cheers his languid breast.

3 Mark but that radiance of his eye,
 That smile upon his wasted cheek ;
 They tell us of his glory nigh,
 In language that no tongue can speak.

4 A beam from heaven is sent to cheer
 The pilgrim on his gloomy road ;
 And angels are attending near,
 To bear him to their bright abode.

5 Who would not wish to die like those
 Whom God's own Spirit deigns to bless ?
 To sink into that soft repose,
 Then wake to perfect happiness ?

553. L. M.

1 YOU saints of God, arise and sing,
 Behold your Saviour, Friend, and King !
 With pleasing smiles he now looks down,
 And cries, " Press on, and take the
 crown.

2 " Prove faithful yet a few more days ;
 Fight the good fight, and win the race ;
 And then your soul with me shall reign,
 Your head a crown of glory gain,"

3 Your flesh shall slumber in the ground,
 Till the last trumpet's joyful sound ;
 Then burst the tomb with sweet surprise
 And in the Saviour's image rise.

- 2 The Bible, the volume of God's inspiration,
 At morning and evening could yield us delight;
 The prayer of our sire was a sweet invocation,
 For mercy by day, and for safety by night;
 Our hymns of thanksgiving with harmony swelling,
 All warm from the heart of the family band,
 Half raised us from earth to that rapturous dwelling
 Described in the Bible that lay on the stand.
- 3 You scenes of tranquility long have we parted,
 My hopes almost gone, and my parents no more;
 In sorrow and sadness I live broken-hearted,
 And wander alone on a far distant shore;
 Yet how can I doubt a dear Saviour's protection —
 Forgetful of gifts from his bountiful hand:
 Oh! let me with patience receive his correction,
 And think of the Bible that lay on the stand.
- 4 Blest Bible, the light and the guide of the stranger,
 With thee I seem circled with parents and friends;
 Thy blest admonitions shall guard me from danger,
 On thee my last lingering hope still depends:
 Hope wakens to vigor and rouses to glory —
 I'll hasten and flee to the promised land,
 And for refuge lay hold on the hope set before me,
 Revealed in the Bible that lay on the stand.
- 5 Hail, Bible, the brightest and best of the morning —
 The star that has guided my parents quite home,
 The beams of thy glory my pathway adorning,
 Shall scatter the darkness and brighten the gloom,
 As did eastern sages, to worship the stranger,
 Glad hasten with joy to behold Canaan's land,
 I will bow to adore him, but not in a manger:
 He's seen in the Bible that lay on the stand.
- 6 Though age and misfortune press hard on my feelings
 I'll cleave to the Bible and trust in the Lord;
 Though darkness may cover his merciful dealings,
 My soul shall be cheered by his heavenly word;
 And now from things earthly my soul is removing,
 I soon shall shout glory with heaven's bright band,
 And in raptures of joy be forever adoring
 The God of the Bible that lay on the stand.

REST. L. M. W. B. BRADBURY.*

3g	1	2	1-	1
A	555 553 2- 444 767	555 5345 6- 6' 6 5325 1-		
3c	?? ? ? ? ?	?? ? ? ? ?	?? ? ? ? ?	
3g				
D	111 3311	222 4222 3- 111 1111 1- 111 11 2 1-		
3c	?? ? ? ? ?	?? ? ? ? ?	?? ? ? ? ?	?? ? ? ? ?
3g	1			
D	333 5 55 5- 555 5555 5- 333 3543 4- 464 3555 3-			
3c	?? ? ? ? ?	?? ? ? ? ?	?? ? ? ? ?	?? ? ? ? ?
3g				
B	111 1131		1- 111 11	
3c	?? ? ? ? ?	5- 555 5555	?? ? ? ? ?	4- 444 5555

555. L. M.

1 "ASLEEP in Jesus," blessed sleep,
From which none ever wakes to weep;
A calm and undisturbed repose,
Unbroken by the last of foes.

2 "Asleep in Jesus," oh, how sweet,
To be for such a slumber meet!
With holy confidence to sing,
That death has lost his venom'd sting.

3 "Asleep in Jesus," peaceful rest,
Whose waking is supremely blest;
Nor fear nor woe shall dim the hour,
That manifests the Saviour's power.

4 "Asleep in Jesus," oh, for me
May such a blissful refuge be;
Securely shall my ashes lie,
And wait the summons from on high.

556. L. M.

- 1 THE time of my departure's nigh,
When I must quit life's fleeting day,
And soar away to joys on high,
Where Jesus wipes all tears away.
- 2 The battle's fought, my warfare's done,
I meekly lay my armor down;
The faith I've kept, my race is run,
I shall receive the immortal crown.
- 3 With joy I wait that blessed word,
"Well done, thou good and faithful one,
Enter the mansions of thy Lord,
Where sin and sorrow are unknown."
- 4 Then, dearest Lord, let me depart,
And go in peace where joys are given;
Where nothing e'er shall grieve the heart,
And calmly rest with thee in heaven.

* By permission.

557. MARCHING TO GLORY. P. M.

6G \$						REP.													
A	1	2	2	2	1	3	3	3-2	1	1	1	1	1	1	5	5	5	3-1	3
2q	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	

Our kindred dear to heaven are gone, We'll meet our friends in glory ;
We're marching to glory.

[illegible]

They landed safe, we'll follow on, To meet our friends in glory,

6a § REP.

B	1				1	1	1	-									1		1	1	1		1	1	
2q	'		5	5	5	5		'	'	'	7		6	6	4	4		5	1		'		'		'
			"	"	"	"					"		"	"	"	"		"		"	"		"		"

We're on our way to paradise, To meet our friends in glory.

[illegible]

We're marching to glory, We're marching to glory,
To meet our friends in glory.

6G																											
D	5		4	4	6		3=	1	3	3		3	3	3		5=	3	5	4		3	3	3	1		3	3
2q	'																										
6g																											
B	1											1	1	1		1	1=										
2q	'		4	4	4		5		5	5		'	'			'	5			1	1	1	1		4	4	

2 Like us they had their cares and fears
We'll meet our friends in glory!
Like us they shed affliction's tears,
We'll meet our friends in glory!
We're marching, &c.

3 They had to fight their passage
through—
We'll meet our friends in glory!
But conquered, as we soon shall do—
And meet our friends in glory!
We're marching, &c.

4 Now they are shining bright and fair—
We'll meet our friends in glory!
Victorious palms with joy they bear,
We'll meet our friends in glory!
We're marching, &c.

6 Safe housed in their eternal home,
We'll meet our friends in glory !
They wait till we with songs shall come—
We'll meet our friends in glory !
We're marching, &c.

6 How happy they, from sorrow free,
We'll meet our friends in glory!
And such our happiness shall be—
We'll meet our friends in glory!
We're marching, &c.

7 How bright the crown their temples
bear —
We'll meet our friends in glory —
Like crowns for us are waiting there,
We'll meet our friends in glory!
We're marching, &c.

8 What robes they wear before the throne,
We'll meet our friends in glory !
Such glorious robes shall be our own —
We'll meet our friends in glory !
We're marching, &c

9 What harps of gold they all employ—
We'll meet our friends in glory!
Such harps our hands shall strike with
joy—
We'll meet our friends in glory.
We're marching, &c.

2 O happy, thrice happy exchange,
My Saviour, with eyes full of love,
Now beck'ning me, soon I shall range
The fields of bright glory above.
O break off these fetters of clay;
I long to be freed from my load;
O Jesus, I mourn thy delay.
Impatient to be with my God:
Each moment seems ling'ring and slow,
While far from my home I must stay;
I long for the pleasures that flow
Unceasing, in regions of day.

3 No more to be tempted by sin,
No longer by Satan be vex'd,
My conscience is peaceful within,
And is by no passion perplex'd.
Lo! speedily wafted on wings,
This world in a moment I leave —
"O death, where now is thy sting?
And where is thy victory, grave?"
Now, mounting, my soul shall descry
The regions of pleasure and love;
My spirit triumphant shall fly,
And dwell with my Saviour above.

559. TRUE RICHES.

7G
A 1 1- 1 | 1 1 | 2 2- 2 | 2- 1 | 3 3- 2 |
2c 5 , , 7 , , , , , , , ,

I'm happy, I'm happy, oh, wond'rous account, My joys are im-
7G
B
2c 1 1 1- 1 | 1 3 1 | 5 5- 5 | 5- 3 | 6 6- 6 |
 , , , , , , , , , , , , , ,

mor - tal, I stand on the mount! I gaze on my treasure and
7G
B 1 1 | | | 1 1 1 | |
2c , 4 , 5 5- 5 | 1- 5 , , 5 5 3 |
 , , , , , , , , , , , , , ,

long to be there, With Jesus, my Saviour, the kingdom to share.
7G
B
2c 1 2 1 | 5 3 2 | 1 2 3 | 4 4 4 | 4 5- 5 | .1 |
 ,

2 Oh, Jesus, my Saviour, in thee I am blest!
My life and my treasure, my joy and my rest!
Thy grace be my theme, and thy name be my song;
Thy love doth inspire my heart and my tongue.

3 Oh, who is like Jesus! he's Salem's bright King;
He smiles, and he loves me, he taught me to sing;
I'll praise him, I'll praise him, and bow to his will,
While rivers of pleasure my spirit doth fill.

561. DIRGE. L. M.

6G
 A 3 | .3 .3 | .3-3 | 3 2 3 4 3 | .2 .R || .4556 | .1-6 | 5 4 3 2 3 4 | .3 |
 4s
 Unvell thy bosom, faith - ful tomb, Take this new treasure to thy trust,
 8G
 B 1 | .1 .1 | .1-1 | | | .R || .2234 | .2-4 | 3 2 1 | | .1 |
 4s
 .5 .5 .5
 3G
 A R 5 | .5 .5 | .5-5 6 | F.7-6 | .5 || R 5 | 5 .4 3 | 3.25 | 5 4 3 4 3 | .2 |
 4s
 And give these sacred relics room, To slumber in the silent dust—
 8G
 B R 1 | .1 .1 | .1-1 | .1-1 | .1 || R 1 | | | | | | | |
 4s
 .5 .5 .5 .5 .5 .5 .5
 3G
 A R 3 | .3 3-4 5 | .3-3 | 2 1 4 3 | .2 || R 5 | .5 | .5-5 | 4 3 2 2-1 | .1 |
 4s
 And give these sacred relics room, To slumber in the si - lent dust.
 8G
 B R 1 | .1 .1 | .1-1 | 4 3 2 1 | || R | .1 .1 | .1-3 | 2 1 | | .1 |
 4s
 .5 7 .5

- 2 Nor pain, nor grief, nor anxious fear,
 Invade thy bounds: no mortal woes
 Can reach the lovely sleeper here,
 While angels watch the soft repose.
- 3 So Jesus slept; — God's dying Son
 Passed through the grave, and blessed the dead;
 Rest here, dear saint, till, from his throne,
 The morning break, and pierce the shade.
- 4 Break from his throne, illustrious morn;
 Attend, O earth! his sovereign word;
 Restore thy trust — a glorious form
 Shall then arise to meet the Lord.

562. L. M.

- 1 'T WAS the commission of our Lord,
 "Go teach the nations and baptize;"
 The nations have received the word,
 Since he ascended to the skies.
- 2 He sits upon th' eternal hills,
 With grace and pardon in his hands
 And sends his cov'nant with his seals,
 To bless the distant Pagan lands.

3 There is a place where my friends are gone,
 Who suffered and worshiped with me;
 Exalted with Christ, high on his throne,
 The King in his beauty they see.
 That blissful place, &c.

4 There is a place where I hope to live,
 When life and its labors are o'er;
 A place which the Lord to me will give,
 And then I shall sorrow no more.
 That blissful place, &c.

W. HUNTER.

564. 9s, 8s.

1 I SEEK a place which is out of sight,
 A city high up in the skies;
 There, there is my home, all pure and bright,
 And homeward my spirit still hies.

CHORUS— I'm bound for home, for my blissful home,
 The house and the city above;
 And all who forsake their sins may come,
 And dwell in that city of love.

2 I seek a place where they heave no sigh,
 Where sorrow can never be known;
 But where I shall drink from founts of joy,
 That gush ever bright from the throne.
 I'm bound for home, &c.

3 I seek a place where they never die,
 Where beauty and youth never fade,
 Where never is heard the mournful cry,
 "My friend, my beloved, is dead."
 I'm bound for home, &c.

4 I seek a place where they sin no more,
 Where Satan, my foe, cannot lure;
 And oh! when I reach that blessed shore,
 My soul is forever secure.
 I'm bound for home, &c.

5 I seek a place where the patriarchs shine,
 Apostles, and martyrs, and seers;
 Encircled in robes of light divine,
 Triumphant o'er sorrow and fears.
 I'm bound for home, &c.

6 I seek a place where the Saviour reigns,
That Jesus once nailed to the tree;
He purchased that place with blood and pains,
And went to prepare it for me.
I'm bound for home, &c.

W. HUNTER.

NUREMBURG. 7s.

5g																
A	31	25	31	.2	11	11	232	.1			2		11	11	232	.1
2c							99	55	55	6	.7				99	
5g																
B	11		11					.1								.1
2c		57		.7	65	45	67		55	33	47	.5	65	45	67	

LIGHT. 7s.

L.

4g																
A	31	3-123	.1	31	5-365	.3	31	2-346	.5	67		532	.1			
8s	99	999	99	999	99	999	99	999	99	999	99	999	99	999	99	999
4g																
B	11	1-1		11	3-342	.1	11	1 3	.2	42	5-1		.1			
8s	99	955	.5	99	999	99	99	5-69	99	99	955	99	99	999	99	999

565. 7s.

1 ANGELS, roll the rock away,
Death yield up thy mighty prey;
See! he rises from the tomb,
Glowing with immortal bloom.

2 'Tis the Saviour, angels raise
Fame's eternal trump of praise:
Let the earth's remotest bound
Hear the joy-inspiring sound.

3 Now, ye saints, lift up your eyes,
Now to glory see him rise,
In long triumph up the sky,
Up to waiting worlds on high.

4 Heav'n displays her portal wide,
Glorious Saviour, through them ride,
King of glory, mount thy throne,
Thy great Father's and thy own.

5 Praise him, all ye heav'nly choirs,
Praise, and sweep your golden lyres;
Shout, O earth, in rapt'rous song,
Let the strains be sweet and strong.

6 Ev'ry note with wonders swell,
Sin o'erthrown, and captiv'd hell;
Where is hell's once dreaded king?
Where, O death, thy mortal sting?

566. 7s.

1 THEY who on the Lord rely,
Safely dwell, though danger's nigh,
Lo! his sheltering wings are spread
O'er each faithful servant's head.

2 Vain temptation's wily snare;
Christians are Jehovah's care;
Harmless flies the shaft by day,
Or in darkness wings its way.

3 When they wake, or when they sleep,
Angel guards their vigils keep;
Death and danger may be near,
Faith and Love have naught to fear.

567. BOURBON. L. M.

1P	12-1				1	1233	53233-2	1	12-1							
A	3	66	'	'	6s566	66	6	'	'	'	'	655	66	'	'	6s56
Sc	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'

Why droops my soul with grief oppress? Why these wild tumults in my breast?
Is there no balm to heal my wound? No kind physician to be found?

1P					1	1						
B	6	6	6	6	3365	6666	643	55	s5	6111	1663	636
Sc	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'

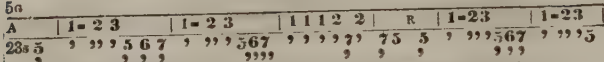
- 2 Yes, in the gospel's faithful lines,
Jehovah's boundless mercy shines;
There, drest in love, the Saviour stands,
With pitying heart and wooing hands!
- 3 Raise to the cross thy weeping eyes;—
Behold the Prince of glory dies!
He dies extended on the tree,
And sheds a sov'reign balm for thee.
- 4 Oh Saviour at thy feet I lie,
Here to receive a cure or die!
But grace forbids the painful fear,
Infinite grace, which triumphs here!
- 5 Dear Lord, extract the poisoned dart,
Bind up and heal my broken heart;
With blooming health my face adorn,
And change my gloomy night to morn.

568. L. M.

- 1 DEEP in our hearts let us record,
The deeper sorrows of our Lord;
Behold the rising billows roll,
To overwhelm his holy soul.
- 2 Yet, gracious God, thy power and love,
Have made the curse a blessing prove;
The dreadful sufferings of thy Son,
Atoned for crimes which we had done.
- 3 Oh for his sake, our crimes forgive,
And let thy waiting people live:
Thee we invoke in his great name,
Let not our hope be put to shame.

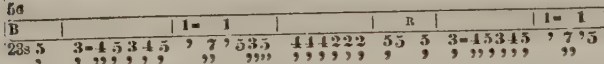
569. THE CHRISTIAN'S DEATH SONG. P. M.

5a

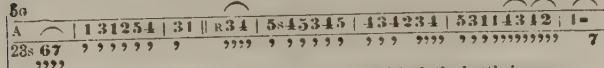


I'm fading away to the land of the blest, Like the lingering hues of the even;
Reclining my head on my kiud angel's breast,

5a

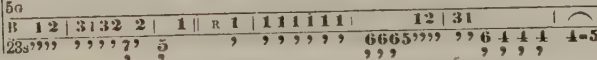


5a

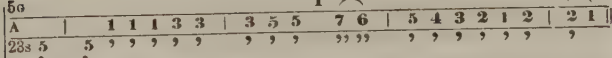


I soar to my own native heaven, My warfare is finished, the battle is won,
To a crown and a throne I aspire;

5a

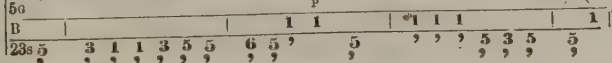


5a



My coursers are brighter than steeds of the sun, I mount in a chariot of fire.

5a



- 2 The world is fast sinking away from my sight,
A trifle appear all its treasures;
I see them from hence by eternity's light—
How vanish its pomp and its pleasures!
How faint are the notes of the trumpet of fame,
Rehearsing its soul flattering story!
How tarnished the lustre of each noble name,
A meteor flash is its glory!
- 3 But there is one spot — one most beautiful spot,
Which my heart lingers o'er with emotion;
Its peaceful enjoyments shall ne'er be forgot,
'T is the place of the spirit's devotion;
I see it "outstretched in its loveliness" lie,
Like a garden of lilies and roses;
More charming to me, as it fades from the eye,
Than the valleys of Canaan to Moses.

4 Lo! upward I gaze, and the glory supreme,
That illumines the heights of clysian,
Shines down through the veil — there is life in each beam —
It renders immortal my vision:
The notes of soft melody fall on my ear,
Harmonious the cadence and measure;
'T is the voice of the harpers on Zion I hear,
Full high swells their chorus of pleasure.

5 Lo! there are the towers of my future abode,
The city on high and eternal;
See, there is the Eden — the river of God!
And the trees ever bearing and vernal:
Haste, haste with me onward, companion and guide,
Let me join in that heavenly matin;
Fly wide, ye bright gates! swiftly through them I ride,
Triumphant o'er sin, death, and Satan.

570. THAT BLISSFUL LAND. A. C. WILLIAMSON.

70	.1					2-1	3 2 1			1 1-1			1 2 3 4 3 2
A		5	5	3		.5	'			5	6		' 6 5 6 ' ' ' '
40			'	'						'	'		' ' ' '

There is a place there is a place where my hopes are stayed,
My heart and my treasure are there;

B
4q .1 1 1 .1 .5 5 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 7 6 6 6

[illegible]

Where ver - dure and blossoms never fade, And fields are eternally fair.

7a

B

4a .5 .5 ' 7 6 5 6 6 5 5 5 ' ' 4 5 5 :1

571. IMANDRA. 11s.

1P§ $\overset{\frown}{\text{A}}$ $\overset{\frown}{3 \text{ s5}}$ $\overset{\frown}{.6 \text{ 6 5 3}}$ | $\overset{\frown}{.1 \text{ 2 2}}$ $\overset{\frown}{.3 \text{ 3 2}}$ REP. $\overset{\frown}{1 \text{ 1}}$ $\overset{\frown}{.3 \text{ 1 5}}$ $\overset{\frown}{.3}$ | s5 |

4C $\overset{\frown}{\text{O}}$ $\overset{\frown}{\text{Jesus, the}}$ $\overset{\frown}{\text{Giver of}}$ $\overset{\frown}{\text{all we en-joy,}}$ } With praises unceasing
 1P§ $\overset{\frown}{\text{Our}}$ $\overset{\frown}{\text{lives to thy}}$ $\overset{\frown}{\text{honor we wish to employ,}}$ REP. $\overset{\frown}{1}$ |

1P§ $\overset{\frown}{\text{C}}$ $\overset{\frown}{3 \text{ 2}}$ | $\overset{\frown}{.3 \text{ 6 5 3}}$ | $\overset{\frown}{.5 \text{ 5 4}}$ | $\overset{\frown}{.3 \text{ 3 4 s5}}$ | $\overset{\frown}{.6}$ || $\overset{\frown}{7}$ | $\overset{\frown}{.6 \text{ 3 4 5}}$ | $\overset{\frown}{.3 \text{ 5}}$ |

4C $\overset{\frown}{\text{D}}$ $\overset{\frown}{7}$ | $\overset{\frown}{.6 \text{ 6 5 3}}$ | $\overset{\frown}{.5 \text{ 5 6}}$ | $\overset{\frown}{7}$ ' ' ' | $\overset{\frown}{.6}$ || | ' ' ' 7 6 5 | $\overset{\frown}{.3 \text{ 3}}$ |

4C $\overset{\frown}{\text{B}}$ $\overset{\frown}{3 \text{ s5}}$ | $\overset{\frown}{.6 \text{ 6 5 3}}$ | $\overset{\frown}{.1 \text{ 5 6}}$ | $\overset{\frown}{.3 \text{ 3 3}}$ | || $\overset{\frown}{7}$ | $\overset{\frown}{.6 \text{ 6 7}}$ | $\overset{\frown}{.6 \text{ 5}}$ |

4C $\overset{\frown}{\text{A}}$ $\overset{\frown}{5}$ | $\overset{\frown}{.6 \text{ 6 5 3}}$ | $\overset{\frown}{.5}$ || $\overset{\frown}{7}$ | $\overset{\frown}{.6 \text{ 6 5 3}}$ | | ' ' ' 7 | $\overset{\frown}{.6}$ ||

4C we'll sing of thy name, Thy goodness increasing, thy love we'll proclaim.

1P $\overset{\frown}{\text{C}}$ $\overset{\frown}{7}$ | $\overset{\frown}{.1 \text{ 1}}$ | ' ' 7 6 | $\overset{\frown}{.7}$ || $\overset{\frown}{6 \text{ 5}}$ | $\overset{\frown}{.3 \text{ 3 2 1}}$ | $\overset{\frown}{.3 \text{ 5 5}}$ | $\overset{\frown}{.3 \text{ 3 s5}}$ | $\overset{\frown}{.6}$ ||

4C $\overset{\frown}{\text{D}}$ $\overset{\frown}{5}$ | $\overset{\frown}{6 \text{ s5 6}}$ | || | ' ' | $\overset{\frown}{.5 \text{ 5 3 2}}$ | $\overset{\frown}{3 \text{ 6 6 s5}}$ | $\overset{\frown}{.6}$ ||

4C $\overset{\frown}{\text{B}}$ $\overset{\frown}{3}$ | $\overset{\frown}{.6 \text{ 3 3}}$ | $\overset{\frown}{.5}$ || $\overset{\frown}{3 \text{ s5}}$ | $\overset{\frown}{.6 \text{ 6 5 3}}$ | $\overset{\frown}{.1}$ | $\overset{\frown}{.3 \text{ 3 3}}$ | ||

4C $\overset{\frown}{\text{A}}$ $\overset{\frown}{5}$ | $\overset{\frown}{.6 \text{ 6 5 3}}$ | $\overset{\frown}{.5}$ || $\overset{\frown}{7}$ | $\overset{\frown}{.6 \text{ 6 5 3}}$ | | ' ' ' 7 | $\overset{\frown}{.6}$ ||

- 2 With joy we remember the dawn of that day,
When cold as December in darkness we lay;
The sweet invitation we heard with surprise,
And witnessed salvation to flow from the skies.
- 3 The wonderful name of our Jesus we'll sing,
And publish the fame of our Captain and King;
With sweet exultation his goodness we prove,
His name is Salvation — his nature is Love.
- 4 We now are enlisted in Jesus' blessed cause,
Divinely assisted, to conquer our foes;
His grace will support us till conflicts are o'er,
He then will escort us to Zion's bright shore.
- 5 And when to the regions of glory we rise,
And join the bright legions that shout through the skies,
We'll tell the glad story of Jesus' kind grace,
And give him the glory, the honor, and praise.

- 6 In this blest employment our spirits shall rest,
 In sweetest enjoyment on Jesus' own breast;
 We'll drink of the streams of Immanuel's love,
 And bask in the beams of his glory above.

572. 11s.

- 1 THE Bible! the Bible! 't is heaven's own book,
 We love, oh! we love on its pages to look;
 It gives us bright hopes of a glorious rest,
 A happier state in the land of the blest;
 We love it; it tells of the goodness of God;
 It gives us glad tidings to publish abroad;
 And oh! it refreshes the sin-burdened heart,
 To read of the Saviour — I can't with it part!
- 2 The Bible! the Bible! assist us dear Lord,
 To treasure the precepts of thy holy word;
 To learn from its pages the lessons of love,
 Of wisdom and peace that come down from above;
 May we not be ashamed of thee nor thy word,
 For such thou hast taught us, thou wilt not regard;
 And oh! may we live, so that when we shall die,
 Our souls may ascend to bright mansions on high. L.

573. 11s.

- 1 WHY stand you here idle, my friends, all the day?
 Your moments so fleeting, will soon pass away;
 All things are provided for sinners undone,
 And you are invited, and welcome to come.
- 2 Here mercy and pardon, here love and free grace,
 Here strong consolation, here great joy and peace,
 Here hope for the hopeless — the weary find rest;
 Here all things are plenty for sinners distressed.
- 3 Here wine, milk, and honey, are plenty in store,
 Sufficient for thousands, yea, millions, and more;
 Here balm for the wounded, here strength for the weak,
 Here cordials divine are prepared for the sick.
- 4 Here armor and weapons for soldiers to wield,
 A breastplate, a helmet, a sword and a shield;
 The poor receive riches, a crown for the head,
 Eternal salvation, and life from the dead.
- 5 Oh come all ye needy, ye poor and distressed,
 Partake of his grace, and then ever be blessed;
 Oh come, without money, to Jesus and buy,
 Then love him and praise him forever on high.

574. AMAZING GRACE. Arranged by s. w. l.

5g .1

A 3 | .1 3 | .5 5 | .2 3 | .1 || 5 | .5 7 | 6 | .5 ||

8c

A - mazing grace, how sweet the sound, That saved a wretch like me,

5g

C 1 | .3 1 | .3 3 | 1 | .1 || 3 | .3 5 | .6 s4 | .5 ||

8c .7

5g .1 1 1 .1 2 .1

D 5 | .5 5 | .5 5 | .5 || 6 | .5 ||

8c

5g

B 1 | .1 1 | .1 1 | .1 || 1 | .1 2 | .3 1 |

8c .5 5 .5

5g .1

A 5 | .5 7 | 6 | .5 3 | .4 || 5 | .6 s4 | .5 3 | .1 ||

8c

I once was lost, but now am found, Was blind, but now I see.

5g

C 3 | .3 5 | .6 4 | .3 1 | .2 || 3 | .4 s2 | .3 1 | .1 ||

8c

5g 1 .1 1 .1 .1 1 .2 .1 1 .1

D | 6 | 5 | .5 || 7 |

8c

5g

B 1 | .1 | 1 | .1 1 | .1 || 1 | .1 s4 | .5 5 | .1 ||

8c 5 .6 .1 s4 .5 5

2 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,

And grace my fears relieved ;
How precious did that grace appear,
The hour I first believed !

3 Through many dangers, toils, and
snares,

I have already come ;
'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home.

4 The Lord has promised good to me,
His word my hope secures ;
He will my shield and portion be,
As long as life endures.

5 Yes, when this flesh and heart shall
fail,

And mortal life shall cease,
I shall pos-sess, within the veil,
A life of joy and peace.

575. C. M.

1 COURAGE, my soul, thy heavy cross,
In every trial here,
Shall bear thee to thy heaven above,
But shall not enter there.
The sighing ones that humbly seek,
In sorrowing paths below,
Shall in eternity rejoice,
Where endless comforts flow.

2 Soon will the toilsome strife be o'er,
Of sublunary care,
And life's dull vanities no more
This anxious breast ensnare.
Courage, my soul, on God rely,
Deliv'rance soon will come,
A thousand ways has Providence
To bring believers home.

576. C. M.

- 1 GOD of all grace and majesty,
 Supremely great and good,
 If I have mercy found with thee,
 Through the atoning blood,—
 The guard of all thy mercies give,
 And 'o my pardon join
 4 fear, lest I should ever grieve
 The Comforter divine.
- 2 Still may I walk as in thy sight,
 My strict Observer see;
 And thou, by reverent love, unite
 My child-like heart to thee:
 Still let me, till my days are past,
 At Jesus' feet abide;
 So shall he lift me up at last,
 And seat me by his side.

577. C. M.

- 1 ATTEND, young friends, while I relate,
 The dangers you are in,
 The evils that around you wait,
 While subject unto sin.
- 2 Although you flourish like the rose,
 While in its branches green;
 Your sparkling eyes in death will close,
 No more now to be seen.
- 3 In vain you'll mourn your days are
 past,
 Alas! those days are gone,
 And you will leave your friends at last,
 And never to return.
- 4 In silent shades you will lie down,
 Long in your graves to dwell;
 Your friends will then stand weeping
 round,
 And bid a long farewell.
- 5 Oh! come this moment and begin,
 While life's sweet moments last,
 Turn to the Lord, forsake your sins,
 And he'll forgive what's past.

578. C. M.

- 1 O WHAT a power has years to change
 Each transient earthly scene,
 To make the pleasures of the past,
 As though they had not been.
- 2 'Tis mournful to retrace the past,
 And bring to memory's eye
 The days, our brightest, happier days,
 Of joyous infancy.

3 The world, was it not brighter then,
 Without those cares and fears,
 Which oft, like storm-clouds, rise to
 burst
 On our maturer years?

4 Have all the hopes been realized,
 Which thronged life's early dreams,
 Or on the future does the star
 Of promise shed its beams!

5 Ah, no! the flowers of hope we've
 learned,
 Oft blossom but to fade,
 And though life has its sunny spots,
 It also has its shade.

6 But, ah! the dream of youth has fled,
 The brightest, purest ray,
 Which lights our pathway till the hour
 We seek our kindred clay.

579. C. M.

- 1 FAITH adds new charms to earthly
 bliss,
 And saves me from its snares;
 Its aid in every duty brings,
 And softens all my cares.
- 2 Extinguishes the thirst of sin,
 And lights the sacred fire
 Of love to God and heavenly things,
 And feeds the pure desire.
- 3 The wounded conscience knows its
 power,
 The healing balm to give;
 That balm the saddest heart can cheer,
 And make the dying live.
- 4 Wide it unveils celestial worlds,
 Where deathless pleasures reign,
 And bids me seek my portion there,
 Nor bids me seek in vain.
- 5 Shows me the precious promise sealed
 With the Redeemer's blood,
 And helps my feeble hope to rest
 Upon a faithful God.
- 6 There, there, unshaken, would I rest,
 Till this vile body dies;
 And then, on faith's triumphant wings,
 At once to glory rise!

76

A	1-2	3-21-1	21	1	123	.1-	5	5-13-21	
4q	9 9	9 9	9 7 6 5 5	6 7	6 7 9 9		9	9 9 9	.7-

But these bright flowers about our path Whisper of grace and heaven,
Whisper of grace and heaven,

70

B 1 1=

4q 51=1 4 s4 5 1 1 2 3 4 5 5 .1= ' 7 6 .5=

[illegible]

Whisper of grace and heaven, But these bright flowers about our path,
Whisper of grace and heaven.

P

B 1 | 2-1 | || | ⤿ | ⤿ | ⤿ | ⤿ |

4Q ♭7-6 .5= 1 4 4 4 5 4 3 1 5 5 1 2 3 4 5 5 .1=

♯ ♯ ♯ ♯ ♯ ♯ ♯ ♯ ♯ ♯

2 They tell us of our Father's love,
Our Father's bounteous care;
And point us to that land above—
Unfading flowers are there.
The flowers of earth but bloom to die,
And lose their rich perfume;
But those sweet flowers beyond the sky
For evermore shall bloom.

8 Oh give us, Lord, a cheerful mind
To joy in all thy ways ;
That we in every flower may find
Some grateful song of praise :
That as to heaven the moments flee,
Their record there to trace,
Thine own pure eyes well pleased may see
In us the flowers of grace.

582. D. C. M.

1 JESUS, in thy blest steps I'll tread,
And walk in all thy ways ;
I'll never cease to weep and plead,
Till I'm restored to grace.
Oh come, dear Lord, possess my heart,
Chase thence the shades of night ;
Come, pierce it with thy lovely dart,
And ever-shining light.

2 Oh, God of love, thy blessed fire,
Does such sweet flames excite ;
That first it raises the desire,
Then fills it with delight ;

Then let me ever Jesus sing,
And with the saints rejoice ;
To him, my soul, thy tribute bring,
In never-ending joys.

583. D. C. M

I LOVE is the sweetest flower that blows,
 Its beauties never die;
 On earth, among the saints it grows,
 And ripens in the sky.
 The finest flower that ever blowed,
 Opened on Calv'ry's tree,
 When Jesus' blood in rivers flow'd —
 It flow'd, my soul, for thee!

2 Earth could not hold so rich a flower,
Nor half its beauties show ;
Nor could the world and Satan's power
Confine its sweets below.
On Canaan's banks supremely fair,
This flower of wonder blooms,
Transplanted to its native air,
And all the shore perfumes.

3 But not to Canaan's shores confined,
Its seeds take root and grow ;
They bloom within the human mind,
And scent the church below.
And soon, on yonder banks above,
Shall every blossom here,
Appear, a full, ripe flower of love
With Christ, transplanted there.

589, 590. ELYSIUM. 7s.

1g	§	1- 2	3 4 2	1	.1	
A	3- 4	5 5	6 6	.5		7
2q						REP.
	Glory	be to God on high	God, whose	glory	fills the	sky;
1g	§					REP.
D	1- 2	3 3	4 4	.3		3- 4
2q						5 6 4
	Glory	to the Lamb be given—	glory	in the	highest heaven.	
1g	§					REP.
B	1- 1	1 1	4 4	.1		1- 5
2q						4 5
	Wisdom, riches, praise, and power,	Be to	God for	- ever	more.	
1g	4 3	2 3	4 3	.2		4 3
A						7 6
2q						.5
	Wisdom, riches, praise, and power,	Be to	God for	- ever	more.	
1g	2 1	1	2 1			2 1
D		7		.7		7 6
2q						5 4
						.3
1g						
B	5 5	5 5	5 5	.5		5 5
2q						5 5
						.1

1 WHEN the beauteous Spring is here,
Trees and fields in bloom appear;
And the birds, with cheerful lays,
Warble their Creator's praise.
Lord, afford a spring to me!
Let me draw bright joys from thee;
Ah, my winter has been long;
Chill'd my hopes, suppress'd my song.

2 How the soul in sadness mourns,
Till its glorious Sun returns,
Till the Spirit's gentle rain
Bids the heart revive again.
Haste, O blessed Saviour, haste;
Tell me all the storms are past,
Speak, and by thy gracious voice
Make my drooping soul rejoice.

591. THE HAPPY FEW. P. M. KING.

6G

A	1	3-2	1	3	5-4	3	R5	5	-6-4	4	-53	3	5	4	3	2	-2	3	1	2
2q	'	'	5	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	6		.5

How happy are the favored few, Who live below, as angels do,
In blissful bowers above :

6G

B	1	1-		1	1	1	R	1	1											
2q	'	7	65		'	5		7	6	5	5	5	-5	1	1	2	2			.5

6G					P					P				
A R	2-3	42		13	5R1	2-3	42		13	5R	1-1			
2Q	5	'	'	75	'	'	'	75	'	5	'	5-5	.3	

Serenely calm with sweet content, Their days, like days in heaven, are spent
In holiness and love,

6G					P					P				
B R					1R1					1R	1-1			
2Q	3	5-5		5 5	45	'	'	5-5	6 5	45	'	5	'	5-5 .3

6G										P				
A R	1	3-3	1-1		R 3	5-4	321		6	5R4	35	2-2	.1	
2Q	'	'	.5		'	'	'	7	6	'	'	'		

In holiness and love, Their days, like days in heaven, are spent
In holiness and love.

6G										P				
B R	1	1-1			R 1	3-2	1			R 1	1			
2Q	'	4-4	.3		'	'	7 65	44	3''	'	3-4	5-5	.1	

- 2 Say, what to them is pleasure's voice ?
Or glory's flame ? or wealth's gay toys ?
Or all earth boasts besides ?
This world is but their pilgrim rest,
And onward to their home they haste,
Where Christ their Lord abides.
- 3 The ills that o'er their pathway cross
Disease, and poverty, and loss,
Are servants in disguise,
Who aid them in the holy strife,
To seize the crown of endless life —
Bright heaven's enduring prize.
- 4 How peaceful their communings are,
Who thus with Christ, their Saviour, share
The Father's boundless grace ;
Assured of his unfailing love,
Their hopes, their joys are all above —
In heaven their native place.
- 5 Let storm on storm, in angry mood,
And earthquake dire, and flame and flood,
In all their fury rise ;
Their steady hearts shall know no fear.
For lo ! their Father, God is near,
Who rules both earth and skies.

593. L. M.

- 1 THE Lord of lords and King of kings,
In realms of bliss exalted reigns ;
Ah ! who can touch the trembling strings,
And hymn his praise with equal strains ?
- 2 The grandeur of his works may show,
In beams of lasting, heavenly light,
To all who love their radiant glow,
The wisdom of his boundless might.
- 3 But Zion, on thy portals fair,
His wondrous name resplendent shines,
And every child of wisdom there,
Shall read it in the clearest lines.
- 4 Yes, there we learn that God is love !
The lucid truth let angel choirs,
(Circling the shining throne above,)
Resound upon their golden lyres.
- 5 With deep astonishment they saw
Immanuel, the Virgin's Son !
And heard, with fixed and sacred awe,
The Lord of glory cry, 'Tis done !
- 6 But quit the endless theme, my soul,
And wait resigned a brighter day,
Above mortality's control,
To wake a more enraptured lay.
- 7 The crown of life, the harp of gold,
And palm of victory, all proclaim
That nobler songs shall yet unfold
The glories of Jehovah's name.

594. L. M.

- 1 JESUS, and shall it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed of thee,
Ashamed of thee, whom angels praise,
Whose glory shines through endless days ?
- 2 Ashamed of Jesus ? Sooner far
Let evening blush to own a star !
He sheds the beams of light divine,
O'er this benighted soul of mine.
- 3 Ashamed of Jesus ? Just as soon
Let midnight be ashamed of noon ;
'Tis midnight with my soul till he,
Bright Morning Star, bids darkness flee

4 Ashamed of Jesus? that dear friend,
On whom my hopes of heaven depend;
No! when I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere his name.

5 Ashamed of Jesus? Yes I may,
When I've no guilt to wash away,
No tears to wipe, no good to crave,
No fears to quell, no soul to save.

6 Till then — nor is my boasting vain —
Till then I'll boast a Saviour slain!
And oh! may this my glory be,
That Christ is not ashamed of me!

595, 596. UNIVERSAL PRAISE. 8s, 7 $\frac{1}{2}$. BOST.

4a 1
A 1 3 1 | 1 3- 4 5 3 | 5 3 1 | 2- 3 4- 3 2 R | 3 3- 4 5 5 |
4c 5 " " " " " " " "

Praise to God, the great Creator, Praise to God from every tongue;
Join, my soul, with

4a P
B 1 1 1 1 | 1 1 1 1 | 1 5 3 1 | R | 1 1 |
4c 5 5 5 7 7

4a 1 1 1 1
A 7- 6 5 | 5 1- 2 | 3 2 1 R | 1 1- 2 | 3 2 . 1 ||
4c " " " " 6 5 " "

every creature, Join the u - ni - versal song, Join the u - ni - versal song.

4a
B 2 | 3 3 4 3- 4 | 5 1 R | 1 1 1 1 | . 1 ||
4c 6 5 5 " " 5 5 5

2 Father, source of all compassion!
Pure, unbounded grace is thine;
Hail the God of our salvation,
Praise him for his love divine.

3 Joyfully on earth adore him,
Till in heaven our songs we raise;
Then enraptured fall before him,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

4 Praise to God, the great Creator,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost;
Praise him, every living creature,
Earth and heaven's united host.

1 COME, ye saints, come and adore Him,
Fall before his glorious throne;
Angels prostrate fall before Him,
Their Creator and our own.

2 Sinners, come and make confession,
Of his high exalted name,
He was bruised for your transgressions,
To redeem your souls he came.

3 All on earth and all in heaven,
Join to chant a solemn song:
Unto Jesus should be given,
Praises that to Him belong.

597. JEFFERSON. 8s, 7s.

1p	5	(		(		1	(		(		(		1	REP.	12	33	1	(
A	6	6	5	3	5	6	76	76	6532	3s56	7	.6					76	76
2c	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9				9	9

Who will go to rear the standard, Of the cross in heathen lands,
Where the people sit in darkness, Bound by superstition's bands?

Who will leave their friends and country,

1p	5	(		(			(		(					REP.	1			
B	3	3	5	6	6	534	53	123s5	62	33				7	66	56	33	
2c	9	9				9		999						.6				

1p	12	33	1	(		12	33	1	(		(		(		1			
A				76	.7	6	9			76	76	6532	38.56	7	.6			
2c				9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9			

Bid adieu to earthly bliss, Yield their lives a willing offering.

To so great a work as this!

1p	1	(		(		1	1	(		(		(					
B	7	66	5	4	.2	656		554	33	42	312	33					
2c						9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	.6

2 Who will go to Afric's centre,
Tell the Ethiop there's a God,
Point him to the crimson fountain
Of a Saviour's cleansing blood?
Who will climb the Rocky mountains,
Through the western forests stray,
Where thick gloom and pagan darkness
Long have held despotic sway?

3 Oh! for Paul's denying spirit,
For his missionary zeal;
And the perfect love of Jesus,
Ev'ry Christian heart to fill:
Then the earth would soon be covered
With the knowledge of the Lord,
And the far-off isles of ocean
Soon would all receive his word.

598. 8s, 7s.

1 HARK, the gospel trumpet's sounding,
Sinners hear the joyful call;
Christ, in pardoning love abounding,
Offers liberty to all.

2 Though your crimes have reached to
heaven,
And of deepest dye appear,
Ask, and they shall be forgiven,
Seek, and you shall find him near.

3 Cast your load of guilt upon him,
To the Lord for mercy flee;
Though the strongest fetters bind you,
His salvation makes you free.

4 Turn to Jesus, seek salvation,
Sound aloud his gracious name;
Glory, honor, adoration!
Christ the Lord to save us came.

599. 8s, 7s.

1 SINNERS, hear your Lord and Saviour
Hear his gracious voice to-day;
Turn from all your vain behavior,
O repent, return, obey.

2 O be wise before you languish
On the bed of dying strife;
Endless joy, or endless anguish,
Turn upon th' events of life.

3 Open now your case before him,
Bid the Saviour welcome in;
O receive him, O adore him,
Take a full discharge from sin.

4 Come, for all things now are ready
Yet there's room for many more;
O you blind, you lame, you needy,
Come to wisdom's boundless store.

600. HE DIED AT HIS POST. P. M. S. W.

6a	P									
A	.111	.112	.332	.1-			.11		.112.332	
2q 5	5 .666 .656 6 .556									
Away from his home and the friends of his youth, He hasted, the herald of mercy and truth ; For the love of his Lord, and to										
6a	P									
B			.11						.1	
2q 1	.111	.435	5	.1-1	.444	.111	.444	.154	.335	12
6a	P									
A	.112	.334	.553	.111	.222	.234	.553	.112	.332	.1
2q	seek for the lost ; Soon, alas ! was his fall, but he died at his post, Soon, alas ! was his fall, but he died at his post.									
6a	P									
B		.112	.311			12	.311			
2q	.333		.411	.555	.5		.444	.555	.1	

- 2 The stranger's eye wept, that, in life's brightest bloom,
One gifted so highly should sink to the tomb ;
For in ardor he led in the van of the host,
And he fell like a soldier — he died at his post.
- 3 He wept not himself that his warfare was done,
The battle was fought and the victory won ;
But he whispered of those whom his heart clung to most,
“ Tell my brethren, for me, that I died at my post.”
- 4 He asked not a stone to be sculptured with verse,
He asked not that fame should his merits rehearse ;
But he asked as a boon, when he gave up the ghost,
That his brethren might know that he died at his post.
- 5 Victorious his fall — for he rose as he fell,
With Jesus, his Master, in glory to dwell ;
He has passed o'er the stream, and has reached the bright coast
For he fell like a martyr — he died at his post.
- 6 And can we the words of his exit forget ?
Oh no ! they are fresh in our memory yet :
An example so brilliant shall never be lost,
We will fall in the work — we will die at our post.

601. CARMARTHEN. 6s, 8s.

5G \$ REP. P

A 1 3 2 2 1 2 3 5 4 3 2 1 3 4 5 2 3 4 3 4 5 2 3

2q 5 , , , , , , , , , ,

Rejoice, the Lord is King, Your God and King adore ;
Let all give thanks and sing, And triumph evermore ;

5G \$ REP. P Lift up the heart, lift up the

B 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 2 1 1

2q 7 5 6 7 4 5 5 1 7 7 , 7 5 7 , , ,

5G P P P P P P P

A 4 3 4 5 - 4 3 2 1 1 3 3 4 5 3 2 1 4 5 6 4 3 2 1

2q , , , , , 5 , , , , , , , , , ,

voice, Rejoice a - loud, ye saints, rejoice, Rejoice a - loud, ye saints, rejoice.

5G P P

B 2 1 3 - 2 1 1 1 1 1

2q 7 , , 5 3 1 5 4 4 5 5 1

602. H. M.

- 1 JESUS the Saviour reigns ;
His character is love ;
When he had purged our sins,
He took his seat above —
Lift up your heart, &c.
- 2 His kingdom cannot fail ;
He rules o'er earth and heav'n ;
The keys of death and hell
Are to our Saviour giv'n —
Lift up your heart, &c.
- 3 He sits at God's right hand,
Till all his foes submit,
And bow at his command,
And fall beneath his feet —
Lift up your heart, &c.
- 4 He all our foes shall quell,
Shall death itself destroy.
And all his people fill
With pure celestial joy —
Lift up your heart, &c.
- 5 Rejoice in glorious hope,
Jesus the Judge shall come,
And take his servants up
To their eternal home —
We soon shall hear th' archangel's voice,
The trump of God shall sound, Rejoice !

Let hell oppose God's only Son,
In spite of foes his cause goes on.

- 2 All power is in his hand,
His people to defend,
To his most high command.
Shall millions more attend:
All heaven with smiles approve his
cause,
And distant isles revere his laws.

604. H. M.

- 1 COME, sing a Saviour's power,
And praise his mighty name ;
His wondrous love adore,
And chant his growing fame ;
Wide o'er the world a King shall reign,
And righteousness and peace maintain.
- 2 The sceptre of his grace,
He shall for ever wield ;
His foes, before his face,
To strength divine shall yield ;
The conquest of his truth shall show
What an almighty arm can do.
- 3 His realm shall ever stand,
By wisdom's arm upheld,
And, from his bounteous hand,
All hearts with joy be filled ;
A universe with praise shall own
The cloudless honors of his throne.

605. OLDEN TIMES. 7s,6s.

S. W.

6g											P											P					
A	.1	3	3	5	5	.4	3	3	2	1	3	2	.1	.1	3	3	5	5	.4	3	3	2	1	3	2	.1	
4c	When I set out for heaven, But few were in the way, But oftentimes together, We met to praise and pray ;																										
6g											P											P					
B	.1	1	1	1	1						1						.1	1	1	1	1						1
4c	.4 5 5 6 5 5 .1 .4 5 5 6 5 5 .1																										
6g																											
A	1	2	2	2	.1	1	2	3	4	4	3	3	.2	3	4	5	5	5	4	.3	3	2	1	1	2	.1	
4c	7- ' 7 ' ' ' 7																										
Our bosom glowed with rapture, With love our hearts were fired ; We sung and talked of glory, We sung and never tired.																											
6g																											
B																											
4c	.5	5	5	5	5	.1	1	5	4	4	.5	'						5	6	6	5	5	1				

2 Those days were full of sweetness,
I think upon them yet ;
Their holy joys and gladness
I never can forget :

We were a band of brothers,
Of brothers fond and true ;
We were a band of brothers,
And loved as brothers do.

3 The world was all against us,
What cared we for its frown ?

A better world before us
Contained a starry crown :
We trampled on earth's pleasures,
Its riches were but dross ;
Its glory was all tarnished,
We gloried in the cross.

4 When one was called to leave us,
And fly away to God,
We cheered him with our voices
While crossing Jordan's flood :
We sung the songs of Zion
Around his dying bed,
And witnessed with what triumph
The soul from sorrow fled.

5 Then with our friends departed,
We seemed the earth to leave ;
And soaring up like seraphs
Forgot to weep and grieve ;
With patriarchs and prophets,
And blood-washed throngs above,
We sung the loud hosannah —
The song of heavenly love.

6 Ye friends of former seasons,
Of happy youthful days,
All, all have gone before me,
Ye all have run your race ;

And mine will soon be finished ;
I haste to grasp your hand,
To join again my comrades
In that undying land.

606. 7s,6s.

1 SOON as the morn with roses
Bedecks the dewy east,
And when the sun reposes
Upon the ocean's breast ;
Our voice in supplication,
Jehovah, thou shalt hear ;
O grant us thy salvation,
And be thou ever near.

2 By thee through life supported,
We pass the dang'rous road,
By heavenly hosts escorted
Up to their bright abode ;
There cast our crowns before thee,
Our toils and conflicts o'er,
And day and night adore thee,
Forever, ever more.

607. 7s,6s.

1 GOD is my strong salvation ;
What foe have I to fear ?
In darkness and temptation,
My light, my help, is near ;
Though hosts encamp around me,
Firm in the fight I stand ;
What terror can confound me,
With God at my right hand ?

7c
A 1 1 | 1 3 2 | . 1 || 2 3 | 4 3 2 | . 3 || 5 4 | 3 1 | | 1 |
Bq ' ' , , ' , 6 6 6 . 5
Ho, ye remnant oppressed, Scattered, bruised, and distressed,
7c Where the nations in sadness that mourn :
D 1 1 | 1 1 | . 1 || 1 | 2 1 | | 3 4 | 5 3 1 | 1 1 1 | . 1 ||
Bq ' ' , , 7 7 , 5 . 5 ' ,
Lo, a prophet of old, Of a highway hath told,
7c Where the ransomed of Israel may go,
B 1 1 | 1 1 | | | . 1 || 1 1 | 1 1 1 | |
Bq ' ' , , 5 . 1 5 5 5 5 5 ' , 4 4 4 . 1

76				
A		.1	1 3 2 1 .5	3 2 1 1 2 3 2 .1
3q	3 4 5 3 5	5 ,	, ,	5
	,	,		
Your captivity's broke, Come away from the stroke,				
76	And to Zion in gladness return.			
D			3 4 5 4 3 .2	1 1 1 1 3 2 1 .1
3q	5 5 5 5 5	.3	, ,	, ,
				7

Your Deliverer hath come, And he calleth you home,
That his mercy and peace you may know.

G^a | | | || 1 1 | 1 1 | | || | | | | |
B | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
3q 1 1 | 1 1 1 . 1 ' ' 7 . 5 1 , 1 1 1 4 5 5 . 1

3 Come to Salem again, And forever remain. In the place where David hath been ; Lo. in David's own mount God hath opened a fount, [sin. For your guilt, your transgression, and	4 Let the leprous appear, And be purified here, And be banished from Zion no more ; On the Saviour believe, And his mercy receive. And before him devoutly adore.
--	--

6a																					
A	1	1-	2	3	2	1	1	2	3	4	R	4	3	2	1	2	.1	R			
4q	5						7								6	7					
6a																					
B	1	1	1-	1	1	1					R	1					.1	R			
4q															5	3	4	5	5		
6a																					
A	3	4	5	5-	5	5	4	3	4	3	2	3	3	4	5	3	1	4	3	2	.1-
4q																					
6a																					
B	1						1	1	1	1	1	1								.1-	
4q																					

ROCKBRIDGE. L. M.

1c	1	1 1	3 2 1	1	3 5 3 1	3 1 2
A	5 6		' '		' '	' '
3s	' '					
1c						
B	1	1 1 1 4	3 5 1	4	3 2 3 4	3 4 5
3s	' '	' '	' '	' '	' '	' '

1c	2	3 5 3 1	3 1	2	1	1	3 2 1
A	' '	' ' 6-	' ' 6-	5 6	' '	' '	
3s				' ' 6-	' ' 6-	' ' 6-	
1c	1	1					P
B	5	' 5 4	3 5 6-	5	3 1 2 1	1 5 1	
3s	'	'	'	'	'	'	

609. FRIENDSHIP. P. M. S. WAKEFIELD.

7a									
A	.1	1	1		1 1 3 5	.2 R	.1 1 R	1	1
4c	6 6	6 5 5 5		5	6 6	6 5 5			
	Can there a balm on earth be found, To heal the wounded soul?								
	'Tis friendship, for it cheers, though all around								
7a									
B					R	R			
4c	.1	1 1 1 1	1 1 1 3	4 4 3 1	.5	5	.1 1	4 4 4 4	1 1 1
7a									
A	4	3 5 2 3	.1 R 3	.4 .3	.2 .3 4	.5 .5	.3 .3 2	1 3 4	.3 .2
4c									
	The waves of trouble roll ; But friends must die, But friends must die,								
	And in the grave forsaken lie								
7a									
B			R				.1-		
4c	1	5 5 5 5	.1 1	.4 .1	.5- 5	.5 .5	1	3 3 3 4	.5 .5

2 If there be aught beneath "skies,
 That vies with things above,
 'Tis friendship ; when its sacred charms arise
 From pure and virtuous love ;
 But still how vain !
 Dust must return to dust again.

3 Yet, while our earthly comforts fly,
 We still retain one friend ;
 'Tis Jesus ! while he lives we cannot die,
 Nor can his friendship end :
 His love shall last
 When death expires, and time is past.

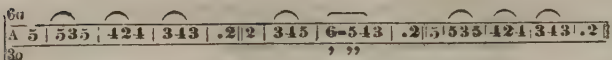
610. L. M.

- 1 "WHERE two or three, with sweet accord
Obedient to their sov'reign Lord,
Meet to record his acts of grace,
And offer solemn prayer and praise ;
- 2 "There," says the Saviour, "will I be,
Amid this little company ;
To them unveil my smiling face,
And shed my glories round the place."
- 3 We meet at thy command, dear Lord,
Relying on thy faithful word ;
Now send thy Spirit from above,
Now fill our hearts with heavenly love.

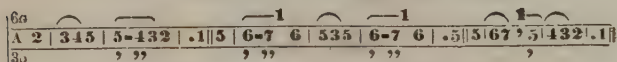
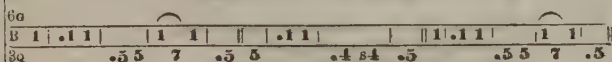
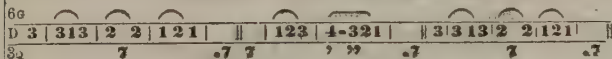
611. L. M.

- 1 TO-DAY, if you will hear his voice,
Now is the time to make your choice ;
Say, will you to mount Zion go ?
Say, will you have this Christ or no ?
- 2 Say, will you be forever blest,
And with this glorious Jesus rest ?
Will you be saved from guilt and pain ?
Will you with Christ forever reign ?
- 3 Make now your choice, and halt no more,
He now is waiting for the poor ;
Say now, poor souls, what will you do ?
Say, will you have this Christ or no ?
- 4 Fathers and sons, for ruin bound,
Amidst the gospel's joyful sound,
Come, go with us and seek to prove,
The joys of Christ's redeeming love.
- 5 Matrons and maids, we look to you,
Are you resolved to perish too ?
To rush in earthly pleasures on,
And sink in flaming ruin down ?
- 6 Once more we ask you in his name ;
(We know his love remains the same,)
Say, will you to Mount Zion go ?
Say, will you have this Christ or no ?

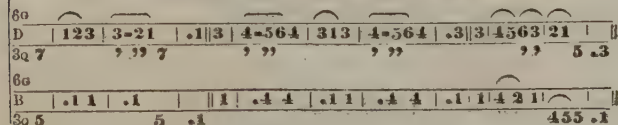
612. WAREHAM. C. M. DR. ARNOLD.



For me, O did my Saviour bleed, And did my Sovereign die,
Would he devote that sacred head



For such a worm as I! Would he devote that sacred head,
For such a worm as I!



2 Was it for crimes that I have done
He groined upon the tree?
Amazing pity, grace unknown,
And love beyond degree.

3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When Christ, the Lord, was crucified
For man, the rebel's sin.

4 Thus might I hide my blushing face
While his dear cross appears;
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt my eyes to tears.

5 But tears of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe;
Here, Lord, I give myself away,
'Tis all that I can do.

613. C. M.

1 WITH warm affection let us view,
With pious grief improve,
The solemn and impressive scene
Of Jesus' dying love.

2 Not all the malice of his foes
His pity could subdue;
"Father! forgive," he meekly prayed,
"They know not what they do."

3 O, what a love was here displayed,
Beyond our utmost thought!
How pure the lessons, how sublime,
In life and death, he taught!

4 Let not his sacred truths by us
Be lost, or misapplied;
Nor let our thoughtless hearts forget,
That 'twas for us he died.

614. MERCY'S FREE. P. M. s. w.

[illegible]

6G

A	1	3- 1 4 3	2	2- 4 3 2	1-	3 3 4	5- 5 4 3	4-
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3Q 5 5', , , 5 5 7', , , , , , , , ,

To every nation he is crying, Look to me, look to me;
He bids the guilty now draw near,

6G

C			2 1	1-				
---	--	--	-----	----	--	--	--	--

3Q 3 3 3 5- 5 5 5 5 5 5 7- , , 7 , 5 5 5 5- 5 5 5 5 5-

6G

D	1 1	1- 1 1	2 2 2	2- 5 4	3-	1 1 2	3- 3 2 1	2-
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3Q , , 5 , 7 , 7 , , 7 , , , , , , , , ,

6G , , , , , , , , , , , , , , ,

B

						1 1	1- 1	
--	--	--	--	--	--	-----	------	--

3Q 1 1 1 1- 3 2 1 5 5 5 5 5- 5 5 5 1- , , 5 , 5 5 5-

[illegible]

- 2 Did Christ, when I was sin pursuing,
Pity me, pity me ?
And did he snatch my soul from ruin,
Can it be, can it be ?
Oh yes, he did salvation bring,
He is my Prophet, Priest, and King,
And now my happy soul can sing,
Mercy's free, mercy's free.
- 3 Jesus my weary soul refreshes —
Mercy's free, mercy's free —
And every moment Christ is precious,
Unto me, unto me ;
None can describe the bliss I prove,
While through this wilderness I rove ;
All may enjoy the Saviour's love —
Mercy's free, mercy's free.
- 4 This precious truth, ye sinners hear it —
Mercy's free, mercy's free —
Ye ministers of God declare it —
Mercy's free, mercy's free :
Visit the heathen's dark abode,
Proclaim to all the love of God,
And spread the glorious news abroad —
Mercy's free, mercy's free.
- 5 Long as I live, I'll still be crying,
Mercy's free, mercy's free ;
And this shall be my theme when dying,
Mercy's free, mercy's free :
And when the vale of death I've passed,
When lodged above the stormy blast,
I'll sing while endless ages last,
Mercy's free, mercy's free.

615. C. M.

- 1 FATHER of all ! on this Lord's day
To thee for help we cry,
To guide us through the dreary way
Of dark mortality !
- 2 We ask not, Lord, the cloven flame
Or tongues of various tone ;
But long thy praises to proclaim
With fervor in our own.

- 3 We mourn not that prophetic skill
Is found on earth no more ;
Enough for us to trace thy will
In Scripture's sacred lore.

- 4 No heavenly harpings soothe our ear,
No mystic dreams we share ;
Yet hope to feel thy comfort near,
And bless thee in our prayer.

616. THE LAND OF REST. C. M.

2g	.1- 32 1	.1- 32 1	
A	.5-.65 .32.31 .1-	.65 .5-	.65 .65.31 212.31
23c			
2g			
C	.3-.35 .56.54 .3-.3- .33.65 .3-.3- .33.43 .65.53 .22.65		
23c			
2g	.1-.11 .1	.11	.11 .11
D	6.55 .5-.5- 656	.5-.6- .56	.55 .65.35
23c			
2g			
B	.1-.11 .12	.1-.1- .56.31 .1-.1- .11	.11.11 1
23c	.56	.65	.6556
2g			
A	.1-.3- .55 .65 .5-.5- .6556	.65 .65.31 212.31 .1-	
23c			
2g			
C	.3-.R- .R- .R- .R- .3- .33234 .5-.3- .543.43 .45.53 .22.65 .3-		
23c			
2g	.11.1	.11 .11	
D	.5-.3- .55.65 .5-.5-	5 .5-.6- .56	.55 .65.35 .5-
23c			
2g			
B	.1-.R- .R- .R- .R- .5- .65531 .1-.1- .11	.11.11.11 11.1-	
23c		.65	.6556

- 1 OH land of rest, for thee I sigh,
When will the moment come,
When I shall lay my armor by,
And dwell in peace at home?
Oh, this is not my home. Oh, this, &c.
This world's a wilderness of woe,
This world is not my home.
- 2 No tranquil joy on earth I know,
No peaceful, sheltering dome;
This world's a wilderness of woe,
This world is not my home.
- 3 When by afflictions sharply tried,
I view the gaping tomb,
Although I dread death's chilling tide,
Yet still I sigh for home.
- 4 Weary of toil and wandring round
This vale of sin and gloom,
I long to quit the unhallow'd ground,
And dwell with Christ at home.
- 5 Our tears shall all be wiped away,
When we have ceased to roam;
And we shall hear our Father say,
Come, dwell with me at home.

617. C. M.

- 1 HOW oft, alas, this wretched heart
Has wandered from the Lord!
How oft my roving thoughts depart,
Forgetful of his word.
- 2 Yet sove-reign mercy calls, "Return;"
Dear Lord, and may I come?
My vile ingratitude I mourn;
Oh take the wanderer home.
- 3 And canst thou, wilt thou yet forgive,
And bid my crimes remove?
And shall a pardoned rebel live,
To speak thy wondrous love?
- 4 Almighty grace, thy healing power,
How glorious, how divine!
That can to life and bliss restore
So vile a heart as mine.
- 5 Thy pardoning love, so free, so sweet,
Dear Saviour, I adore;
Oh keep me at thy sacred feet,
And let me rove no more.

618. SHELBYVILLE. Arranged by s. w. l.

3G	\$																		REP.
A	.	1	5	5	1	6	5	5	3	1	1	3-	4	5	3	.	1		
2C																			

Come, let us join our friends above, That have obtained the prize ;

3G	\$																		REP.
C	.	3	3	3	3	3	3	1	3	1-	2	3	2	.	3				
2C																			

And on the eagle wings of love, To joys ce - lestial rise ;

3G		1	1	1	1	1	1												.
D	.	5							5	5-	6	5	5						
2C																			

For all the servants of our King, In earth and heaven are one.

3G	\$																		REP.
B	.	1	1	1	1	1			1										.
2C																			

3G			1-		1	3	2			1-	1	1							REP. 1, 2s.
A	R	5		5				7	5	5				6	.	5			
2C																			

Let all the saints ter - restrial sing, With those to glory gone ;

3G																			REP. 1, 2s.
C	R	3	5-	3	5	5	5	5	3	3	4-	4	4	4	.	3			
2C																			

3G		1	1-	1	1	1	1	1	1-	1	1	1	1	.	1				
D	R							7	5										
2C																			

REP. 1, 2s.

3G																			REP. 1, 2s.
B	R	1	1-	1	1	2	2	1	3	2-	1			.	1				
2C																			

6 6

2 One family we dwell in him,
One church above, beneath,
Though now divided by the stream,
The narrow stream of death.
One army of the living God,
To his command we bow ;
Part of his host have cross'd the flood,
And part are crossing now.

3 Ten thousand to their endless home
This solemn moment fly ;
And we are to the margin come,
And we expect to die :
His militant embodied host,
With wishful looks we stand,
And long to see that happy coast,
And reach the heavenly land.

4 Our old companions in distress
We haste again to see,
And eager long for our release,
And full felicity ;
E'en now by faith we join our hands
With those that went before ;
And greet the blood-besprinkled bands
On the eternal shore.

5 Our spirits, too, shall quickly join,
Like theirs with glory crown'd.
And shout to see our Captain's sign,
To hear his trumpet sound.
O that we now might grasp our Guide !
O that the word were given !
Come, Lord of hosts, the waves divide,
And land us all in heaven !

WILHOYTE. C. M.

2a											1	1										
A	5	5	6	5	3	4	2	.1		7	6	6	.5									
8c																						
2a																						
B	1	5	6	5	3	4	2	.1	1	2	5	1	2									
8c																						
2a																						
A	5	5	6	5	3	4	2	.1	1	2	5	1	2									
8c																						
2a																						
A	5	5	6	5	3	4	2	.1	1	2	5	1	2									
8c																						
2a																						
A	5	5	6	5	3	4	2	.1	1	2	5	1	2									
8c																						
2a																						
A	5	5	6	5	3	4	2	.1	1	2	5	1	2									
8c																						
2a																						
A	5	5	6	5	3	4	2	.1	1	2	5	1	2									
8c																						
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A	5	5	6	5	3	4	2	.1	1	2	5	1	2									
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A	5	5	6	5	3	4	2	.1	1	2	5	1	2									
8c																						
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A	5	5	6	5	3	4	2	.1	1	2	5	1	2									
8c																						
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A	5	5	6	5	3	4	2	.1	1	2	5	1	2									
8c																						
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A	5	5	6	5	3	4	2	.1	1	2	5	1	2									
8c																						
2a																						
A	5	5	6	5	3	4	2	.1	1	2	5	1	2									
8c																						
2a																						
A	5	5	6	5	3	4	2	.1	1	2	5	1	2									
8c																						
2a																						
A	5	5	6	5	3	4	2	.1	1	2	5	1										

619. C. M.

1 JESUS, O Lord, how rich thy grace!
Thy bounty how complete!
How shall we count the matchless sum?
How pay the mighty debt?

2 Lord, thou hast brethren here below,
Partakers of thy grace;
And wilt confess their humble names
Before thy Father's face.

3 In them thou mayst be clothed and fed.

And visited and cheer'd ;
And in their accents of distress,
Thy needful voice is heard.

4 Thy face with reverence and with love,
We in thy poor would see:
As thou bestow'st our daily bread —
We share it thus with thee.

620. CONDESCENSION. C. M.

4G ^P 1 3 3 | 3 2 3 4 | 5 4 | 3 3 | 5 5' | 6 5 4 3 | 3 2 |
2Q , , , , , , , , , ,
O for a faith that will not shrink, Though pressed by many a foe;
4G ^P 1 1 | 1 1 | 3 5 4 | 3 2 | 1 1 | 5 3 1 | 1 |
2Q , , , , 7 .5
4G ^P R 2 | 5 3 4 | 3 3 2 | 1 2 3 4 | 5 5 | 6 5 6 | 5 4 3 2 | 1 |
2Q , , , , , , , , , , , , , , , ,
That will not tremble on the brink Of pover - ty or woe.
4G ^P R | | 1 | 1 | 1 | 4 4 | 5 | 1 |
2Q 5 5 5 5 6 7' 6 5 5

2 That will not murmur nor complain
Beneath the chastening rod ;
But in the hour of grief or pain
Can lean upon its God.

3 A faith that shines more bright and
When tempests rage without; [clear
That when in danger knows no fear,
In darkness feels no doubt;

4 That bears unmoved the world's dread
Nor heeds its scornful smile; [frown,
That sin's wild ocean cannot drown,
Nor its soft arts beguile.

5 A faith that keeps the narrow way,
By truth restrained and led,
And with a pure and heavenly ray
Lights up a dying bed.

HARMONY. D. C. M.

6c♯	P	REP.	P	REP. 1, 2s
A 11 3-1 55 3 1 22 1 34 55 6-5 31 5- 4 33 23 1				
2q 5	,	567	,	P
6c♯	P	REP.	P	REP. 1, 2s.
D 1 33 5-3 22 1 3 55 5 4 3 1 22 3-1 55 3- 2 11 55 3				
2q	,		,	P
6c♯	P	REP.		REP. 1, 2s.
B 1 11 1- 1 1 1 1-1 1- 4 31 1				
2q	5 55	55 55 1	55	55 P

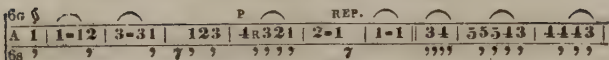
622. 7s, 6s.

- 1 FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.
- 2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's Isle;
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile;
In vain, with lavish kindness,
The gifts of God are strown,
The heathen, in their blindness,
Bow down to wood and stone.
- 3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
By wisdom from on high,
Shall we, to man benighted,
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! O salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learnt Messiah's name.
- 4 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till like a sea of glory
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till o'er our ransomed nature,
The lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

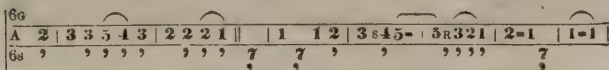
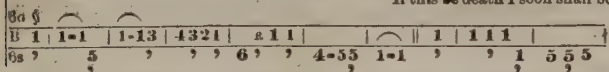
623. C. M.

- 1 FROM all that's mortal, all that's vain,
And from this earthly clod,
Arise, my soul, and strive to gain
Some fellowship with God.
- 2 Say, what is there below the sky,
Or all the paths thou'st trod,
Can suit thy wishes or thy joys,
Like fellowship with God?
- 3 Not life, nor all the toys of art,
Nor pleasure's flowery road,
Can to my soul such bliss impart
As fellowship with God.
- 4 Not health nor friendship here below
Nor wealth, that golden load,
Can such delights and comforts show,
As fellowship with God.
- 5 When I in love am made to bear
Affliction's needful rod,
Light, sweet and kind the strokes appear,
Through fellowship with God.
- 6 In fierce temptation's fiery blast,
And dark distraction's road,
I'm happy, if I can but taste
Some fellowship with God.
- 7 And when the icy arms of death
Shall chill my flowing blood,
With joy I'll yield my latest breath,
In fellowship with God.
- 8 When I at last to heaven ascend,
And gain that blest abode;
There an eternity I'll spend
In fellowship with God.

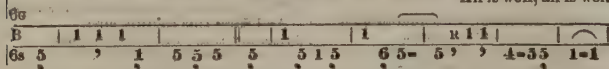
624. ALL IS WELL.



What's this that steals, that steals upon my frame, Is it death? is it death?
 That soon will quench, will quench this vital flame, Is it death? Is it death?
 If this be death I soon shall be



From every pain and sorrow free, I shall the King of glory see,
 All is well, all is well,



- 2 Weep not my friends, my friends weep not for me,
 All is well, all is well;
 My sins are pardoned, pardoned, I am free,
 All is well, all is well;
 There's not a cloud that doth arise,
 To hide my Saviour from mine eyes,
 I soon shall mount the upper skies,
 All is well, all is well.
- 3 Tune, tune your harps, your harps ye saints in glory,
 All is well, all is well;
 I will rehearse, rehearse the pleasing story,
 All is well, all is well;
 Bright angels are from glory come,
 They're round my bed, they're in my room,
 They wait to waft my spirit home,
 All is well, all is well.
- 4 Hark! hark! my Lord, my Lord and Master calls me,
 All is well, all is well;
 I soon shall see, shall see his face in glory,
 All is well, all is well;
 Farewell, dear friends, adieu, adieu;
 I can no longer stay with you,
 My glittering crown appears in view,
 All is well, all is well.

5 Hail, hail, all hail, all hail ye blood-washed throng,
 Saved by grace, saved by grace ;
 I've come to join, to join your rapturous song,
 Saved by grace, saved by grace ;
 All, all is peace and joy divine,
 And heaven and glory now is mine,
 Oh hallelujah to the Lamb,
 All is well, all is well.

625.

- 1 WHAT sound is this ? a song through heaven resounding,
 God is Love !
 And now from earth I hear the song rebounding,
 God is Love !
 Yes, while adoring hosts proclaim,
 Love is his nature, love his name,
 My soul in rapture cries the same ;
 God is Love !
- 2 This song repeat, repeat, ye saints in glory,
 God is Love !
 And saints on earth shout back the pleasing story,
 God is Love !
 In this let earth and heaven agree,
 To sound his love both full and free,
 And let the theme forever be,
 God is Love !
- 3 The love of God is now my greatest pleasure,
 God is Love !
 And while I live, I'll ask no other treasure,
 God is Love !
 This theme shall be my song below,
 And when to glory I shall go,
 This strain eternally shall flow,—
 God is Love !

626. YORK. C. M.

MILTON.

1a	P										P									
A	1	3546	352		2	35564	.5-		1	3546	352		3	4323	.1-					
4a	How still and peaceful is the grave, Where life's vain tumults past, Th' appointed house by heaven's decree, Receives us all at last.																			
4a	P										P									
B	1	11	1		1322		1	11	1		1	1	.1-							
4b	64		355		.3-		64		35		455									

- 2 The wicked there from troubling cease,
 Their passions rage no more;
 And there the weary pilgrim rests
 From all the toils he bore.
- 3 All, leveled by the hand of death,
 Lie sleeping in the tomb,
 Till God in judgment call them forth
 To meet their final doom.

627. BETHESDA. 6s, 8s. A. S. HAYDEN.

6s
 A :1 .3 | :4 .3 | :2 .1 | :2 || 1 | .1 | :2 | :1 ||

6s .5
 Five porches for the sick were made, Where oft an angel came,
 6s

D .1 | :3 .5 | :4 .5 | :5 s.4 | :5 || 3 2 | :1 .3 | :2 .2 | :3 ||

6s
 6s

B .1 | :1 .1 | .1 | | | | | | | |

6s :4 :5 .1 :5 .6 :6 .6 :5 .5 :1

6s
 A 3- 4 | :5 .6 | .5- 4 3 4 | .5- 4 4 3 | :2 || | :1 .2 | :3 4 3 | :3 .2 | :1 ||

6s
 And there the im - potent were laid, The sick, the halt, the blind, the lame.
 6s

D 1- 2 | :3 .4 | .3- 2 1 2 | .3- 2 2 1 | || .5 | :5 3 2 1 | .1 | :1 | :1 |

6s
 6s

B .1 | :1 | :1 .1 | .3- 2 .1 | || :1 | | | | | |

6s .6
 :5 .5 .5 :3 .4 :5 .5 :1

- 2 A man diseased there helpless lay,
 Who many years was bound,
 And when the angel came that way,
 No friend to put him in he found.
- 3 At length the Saviour passing by,
 Compassion moved his soul;
 He saw him there in sorrow lie, [whole.
 He saw, he spoke, and made him
- 4 And there, by grief and sin oppress'd,
 At mercy's door I lay,
 When Jesus came and touched my
 breast,
 And bore my grief and sins away.
- 5 Now light breaks in upon my soul,
 And love for Jesus's name;
 For him who makes the wounded whole,
 Who heals the blind and cures the lame.
- 3 Our daily bread supply,
 While by thy word we live;
 The guile of our iniquity
 Forgive, as we forgive.
- 4 From dark temptation's power
 Our feeble hearts defend;
 Deliver in the evil hour,
 And guide us to the end.
- 5 Thine, then, forever be
 Glory and power divine;
 The sceptre, throne, and majesty
 Of heaven and earth are thine.

629. S. M.

628. S. M.

- 1 OUR heavenly Father, hear
 The prayer we offer now:—
 Thy name be hallowed far and near,
 To thee all nations bow.
- 2 Thy kingdom come; thy will
 On earth be done in love,
 As saints and seraphim fulfill
 Thy perfect law above.
- 1 GREAT God, now condescend
 To bless the rising race;
 Soon may their willing spirits bend
 To thy victorious grace!
- 2 O, what a vast delight,
 Their happiness to see!
 Our warmest wishes all unite
 To lead their souls to thee.
- 3 May they receive thy word,
 Confess the Saviour's name,
 And follow their despised Lord,
 Amidst reproach and shame.

630. MARCELLUS. S. M.

5a										
A	11-112	3RR3	25	1	2RRR	33-332	1	6	5-432	.1
4c	' "		7			' "	76			

Soldiers of Christ arise, And put your armor on,
Strong in the strength which God supplies, Through his beloved Son;

5a										
C	3	1RR1	1		RRR	11-11	1	3-21		
4c	5-557		5	567		' "	7	6s56	' 7	.6
5a	' "									

5a										
D	33-33s1	5RR5	5	76	5RRR	55-554	3214	3-465	.1	
4c	' "					' "				
5a										
B	11-11	1RR1			RRR	11-112	321	1		
4c	' " 5		5-4321	5		' "		6 5-7	5	.1
			' "							

5a										
A	RR	22-223	2RR2	35	84	5RRR	32-216	5-435	6-432	.1
4c	' "					' "			' "	

Strong in the Lord of hosts, And in his mighty power:
He who in his Redeemer trusts, Is more than conqueror.

5a										
C	RR	1	RR	1366	3RRR	1	4	3-213	421	.1
4c	77-77	7 7				7-76			7	
5a	' "					' "				

5a										
D	RR	55-556	5RR5	5	6	5RRR	55-544	3-8453	64-654	.3
4c	' "					' "			' "	

5a										
B	RR	1	RR	11 2	RRR	1		11		.1
4c	55-55	5	5	6	5	5-56s1	5-7	64-255		
	' "					' "		' "		

3 Stand then in his great might,
With all his strength endued;
Take you, to arm you for the fight,
The paup'ly of God.

4 Then when your work is done,
And all your conflicts past,
You shall o'ercome, through Christ
alone,
And stand entire at last.

5 Stand then against your foes,
In close and firm array;
Legions of wily fiends oppose,
Throughout the evil day.

6 But meet the sons of night,
Oppose their vain design;
Armed in the arms of heavenly light,
Of righteousness divine.

7 Leave no unguarded place,
No weakness of the soul;
Take every virtue, every grace,
And fortify the whole.

8 Ever together joined,
To battle all proceed:
Arm you yourselves with all the mind
That was in Christ your head.

631. HOPE. S. M.

5a .1

A	.1	3 2 1	.1- 2	3 2 3 s 1	:5	:R	7 6 5 6	5 4 3
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4q 7

Israel the desert trod, Sustained by power divine,
While wond'rous mercy marked the road,

5a

D	.3	5 5 1 2	.3- 2	1 5 5 4	:3	:R	:R	:R
---	----	---------	-------	---------	----	----	----	----

4q

5a

B	.1	1	.1-	1 1 2		:R .1	1 2 3 4	3 2 1
---	----	---	-----	-------	--	-------	---------	-------

4q 5 3 5 5 7 :5

5a 1-

A	5	4 3 2 1	.5-R	.5 3 5	1-2 1 2	3-4 5 4 3	.2-R	6 5 4	.3.2	:1
---	---	---------	------	--------	---------	-----------	------	-------	------	----

4q

With many a mystic sign, While wond'rous mercy marked the road
With many a mystic sign.

5a

D	:R	:R	:R	.1 1 1	.1-	1-2 3 2 1	R	.1 3 2	.1	:1
---	----	----	----	--------	-----	-----------	---	--------	----	----

4q 5 :5 .5- .7

5a

B	3	2 1	R	:R	:R	:R	:R			
---	---	-----	---	----	----	----	----	--	--	--

4q 7 6 .5- .4 3 4 .5.5 :1

2 When Moses gave the stroke,
From Horeb's flinty side
Issued a river, and the rock
The Hebrew's thirst supplied.

3 But O what nobler themes
Does gospel grace afford!
From Calvary spring superior streams,
There hung the smitten Lord!

4 Of every hope bereft,
Sinners, to Jesus go;
Behold the Rock of Ages cleft,
And living currents flow.

5 Here may our spirits bathe,
Here may our joys abound!
Till (passed the wilderness and death)
We tread celestial ground!

632. S. M.

1 O GOD, my strength, my hope,
On thee I cast my care,
With humble confidence look up,
And know thou hearest prayer.

2 O, for a godly fear,
A quick discerning eye,
That looks to thee when sin is near,
And sees the tempter fly!

3 A spirit still prepared,
And armed with jealous care,
Forever standing on its guard,
And watching unto prayer!

4 Lord, let me still abide,
Nor from my hope remove,
Till thou my patient spirit guide,
To better worlds above.

633. S. M.

1 SWEET at the dawning light,
Thy boundless love to tell,
And when approach the shades of night,
Still on the theme we dwell.

2 To learn to do thy will,
Oh Lord, our hearts incline,
And, o'er the paths of future life,
Command thy light to shine

637, 638. CLARINGTON. 6s. E. M. COY.

6G	\$													REP.
A	.1-	1 1		.3- .3-		1 2 1						.1-		
6c		6 5 5 6						6 5 6						
The angels that watched round the tomb, Where, low the Redeemer was laid When deep in mortality's gloom, He hid for a season his head.														
6G	\$													REP.
D	.3-	3 5 5 6 5 5		.5- .5-		3 5 5 6 5 5						.3-		
6c														
Have witnessed his rising, and swept The chords with the triumphs of joy.														
6G	\$													REP.
B														
6c	.1-	1 1 1 3 5 5				5 5 5 3 5 5						.1-		
6G														REP. 1s.
A	.5-	6 5 3 2 1 1		.3- .5-		6 5 3 2 1 1								
6c														.6-
That veiled their face while he slept, And ceased their sweet harps to employ.														
6G														REP. 1s.
D	.3-	3 2 1 5 5 5		.5- .3-		3 2 1 5 5 5						.3-		
6c														
6G														REP. 1s.
B	.1-	3 2 1		.1- .1-		3 2 1								
6c		5 5 5				5 5 5						.6-		

3 You saints who once languished below,
But long since have entered your rest,
I pant to be glorified too,
To lean on Immanuel's breast!

4 The grave in which Jesus was laid,
Has buried my guilt and my fears;
And while I contemplate its shade,
The light of his presence appears.

5 Oh sweet is the season of rest,
When life's weary journey is done!
The blush that spreads over its west,
The last lingering ray of its sun!

6 Though dreary the empire of night,
I soon shall emerge from its gloom,
And see immortality's light
Arise on the shades of the tomb.

7 Then welcome the last rending sighs,
When these aching heart-strings shall
break;
When death shall extinguish these eyes,
And moisten with dew the pale cheek.

8 No terror the prospect begets,
I am not mortality's slave;
The sunbeam of life as it sets,
Leaves a halo of peace on the grave.

1 BEHOLD, the bright morning appears,
And Jesus revives from the grave!
His rising removes all our fears,
And shows that he's mighty to save.

2 How strong were his tears and his cries!
The worth of his blood, how divine!
How perfect is his sacrifice,
Who rose, though he suffered for sin!

3 The man that was crowned with thorns,
The man that on Calvary died,
The man that bore scourging and thorns,
Whom sinners agreed to deride—

4 Now blessed forever, is made,
And life has rewarded his pain;
Now glory has crowned his head;
Heaven sings to the Lamb that was slain.

5 Believing we share in his joy;
By faith we partake in his rest;
With this we can cheerfully die,
For with him we hope to be blessed.

6 We wait for his coming again,
To raise us in glory like him;
This glory his saints shall obtain,
His foes shall be clothed with shame.

639. MORRIS. C. M., with two 8s.

2a	(	.32	1—	(	(	(	(	.32	1—	
A	3 1	.55		7 6	5 4 3	.65	5 4 3	3 2	3 4 .55	7 6
3c	'	'							'	'

How calm and beautiful the morn, That gilds the sacred tomb,
Whereon the crucified was

2a										
B	1	.11	.11	.1 1	.1 1	.43	.2 1		1	.11 .1 1 .1 1
3c							.5			

2a	(	2	.1	.1 1	1	.21	1—1	.21—	(	12 .3— .2— .1
A	5 3 5	.6	7		.7		7	'7	.66	.5'
3c										

born, And veiled in midnight gloom, O weep no more the Saviour slain,
The Lord is risen, he lives again.

2a										
B	.1 3	.42	.5	.1	.53	.5 5	.55	.55	.44	.31 .5— .5— .1
3c			5							.5—

2 How tranquil now the rising day!
'Tis Jesus still appears,
A risen Lord to chase away
Your unbelieving fears;
Oh, weep no more your comforts slain,
The Lord is risen — he lives again.

3 And when the shades of evening fall,
When life's last hour draws nigh,
If Jesus shine upon the soul,
How blissful then to die,
Since he has risen that once was slain,
Ye die in Christ to live again.

640. C. H. M.

1 COME, let us pray: 'tis sweet to feel,
That God himself is near;
That, while we at his footstool kneel,
His mercy deigns to hear:
Though sorrows cloud life's dreary way,
This is our solace — let us pray.

2 Come, let us pray: the burning brow,
The heart oppressed with care,
And all the woes that throng us now,
Will be relieved by prayer:
Jesus will smile our griefs away;
O, glorious thought! — come, let us pray.

3 Come, let us pray: the mercy-seat
Invites the fervent prayer,
And Jesus ready stands to greet
The contrite spirit there:
Oh, loiter not, nor longer stay
From him who loves us — let us pray

641. C. H. M.

1 HE knelt; the Saviour knelt and
prayed,
When but his Father's eye
Looked, through the lonely garden's
shade,

On that dread agony;
The Lord of all above, beneath,
Was bowed with sorrow unto death.

2 The sun went down in fearful hour,
The heavens might well grow dim
When this mortality had power
To thus o'ershadow him;
That he who gave man's breath might
know,
The very depths of human woe.

3 His sweat, as 't were great drops of
blood,
Falling, bedewed the ground;
In agony unto his God,
He breathed a prayer profound;
"Oh! let this cup pass from thy Son,
Yet not my will, but thine, be done"

- 3 Then let us prepare to embrace them again,
Where sighing and sorrow shall cease;
In virtue's bright path the bright heaven attain,
Where all is composure and peace.

643. THE STARS SINK ONE BY ONE FROM SIGHT.—S. W. LEONARD.

1P	A	.6		1 2		3 s4 5 s5		6 6 5 s4		.3	.6		1 2	
4s		6 7											6 7	

The stars sink one by one from sight, No trace of them we find,
They vanish from the

1P	C	.6		3 3 3 s5		6 6 3 3		4 4 2 s2		.3	.6		3 3 3 s5	
4s														
1P	B					1 1 1 1		2 1						
4s		.6		6 s5 6 7				7 s5		.6		.6	6 s5 6 7	

1P	A	3 s4 5 s5		6 3 4 2		3 1		1 3- 1						
4s								6 6		'		7	.6	
1P	C	6 6 5 3		6 6 6 s5		6 3 4 2		3 6- 5 s4		.3				
4s														
1P	B	1 1 1 1		2 1		1 1		1-						
4s						6 7		6 s5		6		7 s5	.6	

brow of night, And none is left behind Alone, And none is left behind.

- 2 The sun goes to his ocean bed,
In all his rays enshrined;
He wraps them round his crimson head,
And leaveth none behind
To mourn,—
And leaveth none behind.

- 3 The beautiful and gifted dead,
The noblest of our kind,
Have cast their works aside, and fled,
And we are left behind,
Alone,
And we are left behind.

- 4 The dear old friends of early times,
Hearts round our hearts entwined,
Have faded from us in their prime,
And we are left behind
To mourn,
And we are left behind.

- 5 Oh! dear ones, teach us so to run
Our race in sun and wind,
That we may win where ye have won,
Though we be left behind
Awhile,
Though we be left behind.

644. BENEVENTO. 7s.

4G
A 1 1 1 1 | 3- 2 .1 | 2 2 2 2 | 4- 3 .2 || 3 3 3 2 |
4s
1 While with ceaseless course the sun, Hasted through the former year,
4G Many souls their
C 1 1 1 1 | 1- .1 | | 2- 1 || 1 1 1 |
4s
4G 2 As the winged arrow flies, Speedily the mark to find, As the lightning
D 3 3 3 3 | 5- 4 .3 | 5 5 5 5 | 5- 5 .5 || 5 5 5 5 |
4s
4G 3 Spared to see another year. Come, thy precious work revive; Let thy blessing
B 1 1 1 1 | 1- 1 .1 | | 5- 5 .5 || 1 5 5 4 |
4s
4G 1
A 5 5 5 6 7 | 3 3 4 | .2 .1 || 5 5 5 5 | 7- 6 .5 |
4s
race have run, Never more to meet us here; Fixed in an e - ternal state,
4G
C 1 2 1 4 4 | 3 1 1 1 | .1 || | 2- 1 |
4s
from the skies Darts, and leaves no trace behind; Swiftly thus our fleeting days,
4G 1
D 5 7 4 5 | 5 5 6 6 | .4 .3 || 2 2 2 2 | 2- 2 .2 |
4s
meet us here, Bid thy drooping garden thrive: Sun of Righteousness, arise!
4G
B 3 4 3 2 2 | 1 1 | .1 || | |
4s
4G 1
A 2 2 2 2 | 4- 3 .2 || 3 3 3 2 | 5 5 5 6 7 | 3 3 4 | .2 .1 |
4s
They have done with all below; We a little longer wait, But how little none can know
4G
C | 2- 1 | | 1 1 1 | 1 2 1 4 4 | 3 1 1 1 | .1 ||
4s
Bear us down life's rapid stream; Upward, Lord, our spirits raise,
4G All below is but a dream.
D 5 5 5 5 | 5- 5 .5 || 5 5 5 5 | 5 7 4 5 | 5 5 6 6 | .4 .3 |
4s
Let our prayer thy pity move; Warm our hearts and bless our eyes,
4G Make this year a time of love.
B | | 1 5 5 4 | 3 4 3 2 2 | 1 1 | .1 |
4s
5 5 5 5 | 5- 5 .5 | | 6 4 .5 |

646. PROCLAMATION. 8s,3s.

3g										P	1- 1 1 2 3 2
A	1 1 3 5	6 6 6 5 3		2 2 2 3 5	6 6 6 5		' ' ' ' ' ' ' '				
4c		' ' ' ' ' ' ' '		' ' ' ' ' ' ' '							
3g	Hear the royal proclamation, The glad tidings of salvation, Publishing to										
B	1 1 1 2	3 3 3 2 1		1	2 4 3 1	3- 3 5 6 5 4					
4c	' ' ' ' ' ' ' '	5 5 5		' ' ' ' ' ' ' '							
3g	1 1 1-			1							
A	' 6 5	6- 5 6 7 ' 6		5 3 2 1		1- 2 1- 3					
4c	' ' ' ' ' ' ' '	' ' ' ' ' ' ' '		' ' ' ' ' ' ' '							
3g	every creature, To the ru - ined sons of nature Jesus reigns—he										
B	3 3 3 2 1	4- 2 3 4 5 4		3 1 2 1		1- 1					
4c	' ' ' ' ' ' ' '	' ' ' ' ' ' ' '		' ' ' ' ' ' ' '							
3g				1							
A	2 1 2 3 2 1		6- 5 6 7 ' 6	5 3 2 1		1- 2 .1					
4c	' ' ' ' ' ' ' '	6	' ' ' ' ' ' ' '	' ' ' ' ' ' ' '							
3g	reigns vic - torious, Over heaven and earth most glorious, Jesus reigns.										
B	2 1		4- 2 3 4 5 4	3 1 2 1		.1					
4c	5 5 ' ' 6	' ' ' ' ' ' ' '		' ' ' ' ' ' ' '							

2 See the royal banners flying,
Hear the heralds loudly crying,
Rebel sinners, royal favor
Now is offered by the Saviour.
Lo! he reigns, &c.

3 Hear, ye sons of wrath and ruin,
Who have wrought your own undoing,
Here is life and free salvation,
Offered to the whole creation.
Jesus reigns, &c.

4 It was for you that Jesus died,
For you, he was crucified,
Conquered death, and rose to heaven,
Eternal life through him is given.
Lo! he reigns, &c.

5 Turn unto the Lord most holy,
Shun the paths of vice and folly —
Turn, or you are lost for ever;
Oh! now turn to God your Saviour.
Lo! he reigns, &c.

647. ITALIAN AIR. 8s, 7s.

1g 32-3 1121 321231- 2.1 32- 31-2
 A 3 | 5- ' ' ' ' 3 | 5 ' ' ' ' ' ' | ' ' || R 35- ' ' ' ' |
 4c

Hail! all you hosts of seraphs bright, I come to join your company,
 Here to partake your pure de-

1g 1 33211 21 1- 13-2
 D 5 | 5-6 5- ' ' ' ' 6 5 5 | 6.5 || R 5 5-6 | 5- ' ' ' ' |
 4c

No more shall earth's poor honors gain One moment's veneration,
 With fleeting joys for me in

1g 3 | 3-3 5-6 | 33233 | 5655 | 5-s4 .5 || R 3 2-3 | 5-6 5-5 |
 4c

Lo! angel bands, with peans sweet, The raptur'd soul entrancing,
 Lead me the martyred saints to

1g 5 | 5-3 5-3 | 11213 | 565 | 1-2 .1 || R 3 5-3 | 5-31-2 |
 4c

1g 1- 1- 1- 1- 1- 1- 1-
 A '65311 | 12345-3 | .2.5 | 22344 | 456'5-5 | 22344 | 456'5 |
 4c

light, And join your sacred symphony;
 My pains have ceas'd, my cares are o'er, I now have reached the blissful shore,

1g 121-11 | 1-13-3 .2.2 221 132-1 221 13.2
 D ' ' 6 ' 76 ' ' ' ' ' ' 66 | ' ' ' 66 |
 4c

vain, Shall Satan spread temptation,
 I've fought the fight, nor could I yield, For Jesus was my glorious shield;

1g 5533 | 3365-s4 | .5.3 | 5563 | 43215-5 | 5563 | 4321.5 |
 4c

meet, In joyful troops advancing. I find my Christian neighbors here,
 My brethren and my friends so dear.

1g 1 11 | 111-1 | .3 | 2221 | 11 1 | 2221 | 11 |
 4c 5 ' .5 5- ' .5

1g 11-13-12 11-13-12 1 1-1 1-1 35-4321.3.2.1-
 A R ' ' 5 | 5.R | ' ' 55 || 6567 ' 656'5.5 | R | ' ' ' ' |
 4c

And scenes of joy before me rise, All heaven bursts upon my eyes.
 O sound his praise, you heavenly choir, Who saved me from the flaming fire.

1g 11- 1 11- 123223-3 321.2 .3 3-123.1.2.3-
 D R 7 | 6-56 | 5.R | 76-5 | 6 | ' ' ' ' .R | ' ' |
 4c

1g And now I'll give in realms above, The glory to my Saviour's love. O sound, &c.
 CR 53-316-345 | 5.R 5 | 3-36-5 | 455 | 5 | 665-5 | 5s4.5 | R.5 | 5-636 | 5.5 | 5 ||
 4c

And now, before th' eternal throne, My Jesus claims me for his own. O sound, &c.

1g 1-11
 B R 56-5 | 3-121 | R 5 | 6-53-1 | 215 || 1-1 | 321.5 | R.5 | ' 3 | 5.5 | 1- ||
 4c

- 4 Then, but for Hope, the heart would groan,
 And pine beneath the stroke of Fate;
 Or break, to find itself alone,
 A thing all sad and desolate !

649. L. M.

BOWRING.

- 1 HOW sweetly flowed the gospel sound
 From lips of gentleness and grace,
 When list'ning thousands gather'd round,
 And joy and gladness filled the place !
- 2 From heaven he came, of heaven he spoke,
 To heaven he led his followers' way ;
 Dark clouds of gloomy night he broke,
 Unveiling an immortal day.
- 3 " Come, wand'ers, to my Father's home ;
 Come, all ye weary ones, and rest : "
 Yes, sacred Teacher, we will come,
 Obey thee, love thee, and be blest.

650. L. M.

- 1 PEACE, troubled soul, thou need'st not fear,
 Thy great Deliverer still is near ;
 Who fed thee last, will feed thee still :
 Be calm, and sink into his will.
- 2 The Lord, who built the earth and sky,
 In mercy stoops to hear thy cry ;
 His promise all may freely claim :
 Ask and receive in Jesus' name.
- 3 Without reserve give Christ your heart ;
 Let him his righteousness impart ;
 Then all things else he'll freely give ;
 With him you all things shall receive.
- 4 Thus shall the soul be truly blest,
 That seeks in God his only rest ;
 May I that happy person be,
 In time and in eternity.

651. PARTING FRIENDS. 7s.

4p
A .3 3 .3 1 | .3- | .5 5 .5 6 | .3 2 .3- || .0 3 4 5- 6 5 4 | 3 2 1 .2 |

6s .7 6
When shall we all meet again? When shall we all meet again?
Oft shall glowing hope expire,

4p
B | | .1 1 .3 3 | .1 .1- || .2 1 2 3- 4 3 2 | 1- |

6s .6 6 .6 3 .4 4 .6- 7
Oft shall wearied love retire, Oft shall death and sorrow reign,
Ere we all shall meet again.

4p .1 1-
A -3 5 7 | .6 6 .5- || 7 6 s .5 6 | 7 6 5 .3- | 3 2 1 5 3 s 5 | .6 s 5 .6- ||

6s 7
B .3 3 .5 5 | .4 4 .3- || 6 7 5 | .6 3 .6- | .6 .5 5 | .6 3 .6- ||

6s

- 2 Though in distant lands we sigh,
Parched beneath a burning sky;
Though the deep between us rolls,
Friendship shall unite our souls;
And in fancy's wide domain,
Oft shall we all meet again.
- 3 When the dreams of life are fled,
And its wasted lamp is dead;
When in cold oblivion's shade,
Beauty, wealth, and fame are laid;
Where immortal spirits reign,
There may we all meet again.

652. 7s.

- 1 GENTLE Nature! heavenly fair!
O, how sweet thy pleasures are!
In thy presence while I stay,
As a stream, time glides away
- 2 Here I would serenely rest,
By no worldly cares oppress;
Tasting that sublime repose,
He who slights thee never knows.
- 3 Let me in thy beauties trace
Him who lends thee every grace;
While my thoughts rise to his throne,
Thy great Parent and my own!
- 4 When his glories in thee shine,
Then thy face is all divine;
Like a mirror beaming bright,
With a soft, celestial light.
- 5 Fount of light! I look to thee.
Smile on nature — smile on me!
Let thy humble suppliant know
Paradise revived below.

653. 7s.

- 1 IF 'tis sweet to mingle where
Christians meet for social prayer;
If 'tis sweet with them to raise
Songs of holy joys and praise —
Passing sweet that state must be,
Where they meet eternally.
- 2 Saviour, may these meetings prove
Antepasts to that above;
While we worship in this place,
May we go from grace to grace,
Till we each in his degree,
Fit for endless glory be.

654. 7s.

- 1 CHRIST, whose glory fills the skies,
Christ, the true, the only light,
Sun of righteousness, arise,
Triumph o'er the shades of night;
Dayspring from on high, be near;
Daystar, in my heart appear.
- 2 Dark and cheerless is the morn,
If thy light is hid from me;
Joyless is the day's return,
Till thy mercy's beams I see;
Till thy inward light impart
Warmth and gladness to my heart.
- 3 Visit, then, this soul of mine;
Pierce the gloom of sin and grief;
Fill me, radiant Sun divine;
Scatter all my unbelief;
More and more thyself display,
Shining to the perfect day.

655. MERCER. L. M.

1s	1	1	1	3	1	-1	2	1-			3	2	
A	'	'			7	'			5	6	6	5	84 .5
2s													
Come, sinners, to the gospel feast, Let every soul be Jesus' guest; Hark! 'tis the Saviour's gracious call, The invi - tation is to all;													
1s													
B	1	1	1	1	3		5	1-	1	4	4	1	1 2 2
2s	'	'					5						.5
1s	1	1	1	3	1	-1	2	1-			13	3 2 1-	.1
A	'	'			7	'			5	6	6	5	' ' ' 7
2s													
You need not one be left be - hind, For God has bidden all mankind. Come, all the world—come, sinner, thou, All things in Christ are ready now.													
1s													
B	1	1	1	1	3		5	1-	1	4	4	13 1	5 .1
2s	'	'					5					' ' ' 5	

3 Come, all you souls by sin oppressed,
You weary wanderers after rest;
You poor, and maimed, and halt, and blind,
In Christ a hearty welcome find.

4 The message, as from God, receive,
You all may come to Christ and live;
Oh let his love your hearts constrain,
Nor suffer him to call in vain.

5 This is the time — no more delay;
The Saviour calls you all to-day:
Oh may his call effectual prove!
Accept the offers of his love!

656. L. M.

1 LORD, we adore thy conqu'ring grace,
Which crowns the gospel with success,
Subjecting rebels to thy yoke,
And leading them unto thy flock.

2 May those who have thy truth confessed,
As their own faith, and hope, and rest,
From day to day still more increase,
In faith, in love, in holiness:

3 As living members may they share,
The joys and griefs which others bear;
And active in their stations prove,
In all the offices of love.

661. CHRISTIAN WARFARE.

7G ♯ REP.

A	1 1 1 1	3 2 1 1	2 2	1- R	1	2 2 2 2	2 3 4 3
23c	5	,	,	,	,	5 6 7	,

O, Christians, keep your armor bright, Rejoice, give thanks, and sing,
In union strong together fight, Hosanna to our King!

Come, laud and magnify his name,

7G ♯ REP.

B	1	1 1 1 1	1 1 1 1	R	1		
23c	,	,	,	,	5 5 5 5	1-	5 5 5 5

7G

A	2	3 2 3 s4	5- R	4	3 2 1 4	3 2 1 1	2 2	1- R
23c	,	,	,	,	,	,	5 6 7	

Nor let his praises cease; His ways are ways of pleasantness,

And all his paths are peace

7G

B	1	2	R	1	1		R
23c	5	7 6	5-	5	5 3 5	5 3 5	5 5 5 5

7G CHORUS.

A	1- 1 1 1	3- 1 1	2 2 2 3 4	5 3 1	1 1 1 1	3 2 1 1	2 2	1- R
23c	,	,	,	,	,	,	5 6 7	

Oh it will be glorious, With crowns and palms victorious,

And Jesus reigning over us, When our sad warfare's o'er,

7G CHORUS.

B	1- 1 1 1	1- 1 1	1 1 1 1	1 1 1 1	1 1 1	R
23c	,	,	5 5 5 5	7	7	5 5 5 5

7G

A	1	2 2 2 2	2 3 4 3 2	3 2 3 s4	5- R	4	3 2 1 4	3 2 1 1	2 2	1-
23c	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	5 6 7	

When our sad warfare's o'er, When our sad warfare's o'er,

And Jesus reigning over us, When our sad warfare's o'er.

7G

B	1	2	R	1	1	
23c	1	5 5 5 5	5- 5 5	7 6	5-	5 5 3 5

2 We will not act the coward's part,
But onward all proceed;
Our captain shall his grace impart,
In every time of need.
Great peace have they who love his cause,
And on his word rely;
From such as keep his holy laws
The enemy will fly.
O, it will be glorious, &c.

3 The world and sin may grieve us sore,
And rouse our weakest fears;
Our march is but a few days more,
Through this dark vale of tears,
Death may assail, and Satan too,
With his opposing powers;
But let us prove our valor true,
The victory is ours.
O, it will be glorious, &c.

664. SAVANNAH. 8s. W. BILLINGS.

1p .1 .1

A .3 | .6 6 7 | 7 6 | .7- 7 | 7 6 | .7 5 7 | .6-

4c

From whence does this union arise, That hatred is conquered by love?

1p

C .3 | .3 3 3 | .5 5 6 | s.5- 5 | .6 5 3 | .5 5 5 | .3-

4c

1p .1 .1 1

D | .6 3 5 | 7 6 | s.5- 5 | .6 7 | 7 5 3 s5 | .6-

4c

1p

B .6 | .6 6 3 | .5 5 6 | .3- 3 | .6 s5 6 | .1 3 3 | .6-

4c

1p

A 5 4 | .3 1 3 | .5 6 5 4 | .3 .3 | .6 6 7 | 7 7 | .6

4c ' ' , ,

It fastens our souls with such ties, That distance nor time can remove.

1p

C 3 | .3 5 6 | .3 3 s4 | .5 .5 | .3 3 2 | .3 5 3 | .3

4c

1p 1 p 1

D 6 | .5 5 3 | .5 6 7 | .7 .5 | .6 7 6 | .5 3 s5 | .6

4c ' ' ' '

1p

B 3 | .1 1 1 | .5 3 6 | .3 .3 | .6 6 5 | .1 3 3 | .6

4c

665. 8s.

- 2 It cannot in Eden be found,
Nor yet in a Paradise lost ;
It grows on Immanuel's ground,
And Jesus' life blood it did cost.
- 3 My friends so endeared unto me,
Our souls so united in love ;
Where Jesus is gone we shall be,
In yonder blest mansions above.
- 4 Why then so unwilling to part,
Since there we shall soon meet again ;
Engraved on Immanuel's heart,
At distance we cannot remain.
- 5 And then we shall see that bright day,
And join with the angels above,
Set free from our prisons of clay,
United in Jesus' kind love.
- 6 With Jesus we ever shall reign,
And all his bright glory shall see ;
Then sing hallelujahs — Amen !
Amen ! Even so let it be !

- 1 O THOU whose compassionate care
Forbids my fond heart to complain
Now graciously teach me to bear
The weight of affliction and pain.
- 2 Though cheerless my days seem to
flow,
Though weary and wakeful my nights,
What comfort it gives me to know
'Tis the hand of a Father that smites!
- 3 A tender physician thou art,
Who woundest in order to heal,
And comfort divine dost impart
To soften the anguish we feel.
- 4 Oh, let this correction be blest,
And answer this gracious design;
Then grant that my soul may find rest
In comforts so healing as thine.

- 2 They have gone — the glad heralds of mercy have gone,
 To the land where the martyrs once bled;
 Where the "Beast and False Prophet" have since trodden down
 The fair fabric that Zion had laid;
 Where the churches, once planted, and watered, and blest
 With the dews which the Spirit distilled,
 Have been smitten, despoiled, and by heathens possessed,
 And the places that knew them defiled.
- 3 They go to the land where the Indians now dwell,
 Impelled by the love of the Lord;
 His love to proclaim, and His mercy to tell,
 As revealed in his excellent word.
 "Thy blessing go with them, oh be thou their shield
 From the shafts of the fowler that fly;
 Oh, Saviour of sinners, thine arm be revealed,
 In mercy and might from on high."

668. L. M.

- 1 OF Him who did salvation bring,
 I could forever think and sing;
 Arise, ye needy, he'll relieve;
 Arise, ye guilty, he'll forgive.
- 2 Ask but his grace, and lo, 'tis given!
 Ask, and he turns your hell to heaven;
 Though sin and sorrow wound my soul,
 Jesus, thy balm will make it whole.
- 3 To shame our sins, he blushed in blood,
 He closed his eyes to show us God;
 Let all the world fall down and know,
 That none but God such love can show.
- 4 'Tis thee I love, for thee alone
 I shed my tears, and make my moan!
 Where'er I am, where'er I move,
 I meet the object of my love.
- 5 Insatiate to this spring I fly;
 I drink, and yet am ever dry;
 Ah! who against thy charms is proof?
 Ah! who that loves, can love enough?

672. HOUSE OF THE LORD. 12s.

6g											REP. P
A	1- 2	.3 2 1	1	R 1		1	.1	2- 3	.4 3 2		
4c	6				.5 6						
You may sing of the beauty of mountain and dale, Of the silvery streamlet and flowers of the vale; } But the place most de-											
6g											REP. P
B		.1		R				1			
4c	1- 5	5 6	4 4	4	.3 4 5	.1	5-	.6 5 5			
Is the ' place of de - votion—the house of the Lord.											
6g											REP. 1s
A	3 1 R 3	.5 3 1	.2	2- 3	.4 3 2	3 1 R 1	1	4-5 6.5	.R		
4c					.5 6						
lightful this earth can afford, Is the place of devotion—the house of the Lord.											
6g											REP. 1s.
B	1 1 R 1	.1		1		1 1 R		.1	.R		
4c	1 1		.5	5-	.6 5 5	4	.3 4 5	6- 5			

- 2 You may boast of the sweetness of day's early dawn —
 Of the sky's softening graces when day is just gone ;
 But there's no other season or time can compare
 With the hour of devotion — the season of prayer.
- 3 You may value the friendships of youth and of age,
 And select for your comrades the noble and sage ;
 But the friends that most cheer me on life's rugged road,
 Are the friends of my Master — the children of God.
- 4 You may talk of your prospects, of fame, or of wealth,
 And the hopes that oft flatter the fav'rites of health ;
 But the hope of bright glory — of heavenly bliss !
 Take away every other, and give me but this.
- 5 Ever hail, blessed temple, abode of my Lord !
 I will turn to thee often, to hear from his word ;
 I will walk to the altar with those that I love,
 And delight in the prospects revealed from above.

673. 12s.

- 1 WHY silent and sad, dost thou stand here and mourn,
 Son of Israel, the days that shall never return ?
 And why do those tear drops of misery fall
 On the mould'ring ruin, the perishing wall ?
 Was yon city, in dust, with the heathen now clad,
 Once, the beautiful Zion, where Judah was glad ?
 And those walls that in ruins, now scattered all lie,
 Were they once reared to heaven, and hallow'd on high ?

2 Yet why dost thou mourn ? O to gladness awaken ;
 Though Jehovah this city of God has forsaken,
 He prepares for his people a city more fair,
 Which the ruthless invader, no, never shall share ;
 No longer the tear from yon city shall flow —
 No longer thy bosom the sad sigh bestow,
 But night shall be followed by glorious day,
 And sorrow and sighing shall vanish away.

674. MONTGOMERY. 8s, 6s. N. NUTT.

2G .1 .2 :3 1 1
 A .5 3 5 | .5 6 7 | | .5 | .7 .6 | :5 | .5 3 5 | .5 6 5 |
 4q

This world is but a fleeting show, For man's illusion given
 The smiles of joy, the

2G
 C .3 1 3 | .3 .4 | .3 .2 | :1 | .2 3 3 | .2 .2 | :2 | .3 1 3 | .3 4 3 |
 4q

And false the light on glory's plume, As fading hues of even ;
 And love, and joy, and

2G .1 1 1 .1 .1 2-1 .1 1 1 .1 .1
 D | | .5 .5 | :5 | .7 6 6 | .5 | :7 | | |
 4q

Poor wanderers of a stormy day, From wave to wave we're driven ;
 And fancy's flash, and

2G :1
 B .1 1 1 | .1 4 2 | .1 .5 | | .5 1 1 | .2 .2 | | .1 1 1 | .1 .1 |
 4q :5

2G .1 1 2 .3 2 1 .1 .1 .1
 A .4 .3 | :2 | | 7 6 | .5 | 3 5 | 6 4 | .3 .2 | :1 |
 4q

tears of woe, Uncertain shine, uncertain flow,
 There's nothing true but heaven.

2G
 C .2 .1 | | .3 3 4 | .5 4 3 | .3 .2 | .2 | .1 | .3 .2 | .3 .4 | :3 |
 4q :7

beauty's bloom, Are blossoms gathered for the tomb ;
 There's nothing bright but heaven !

2G .1 2 1
 D .6 .5 | :5 | .5 5 7 | 7 6 | .5 | .7 | .5 | .5 4 6 | .5 .5 | :5 |
 4q

reason's ray, Serve but to light the troubled way ;
 There's nothing calm but heaven !

2G .1
 B .1 | | .1 3 5 | .5 | .1 .2 | | .1 | .1 .1 | .5 | :1 |
 4q .4 :3 .5 .5

675. VENANGO. L. M.

1c	1 1	3- 2	1		2	2- 2		1 1	3- 2
A	5		'	5	5- 5	7		7 5	5 R 5
2q	'			'				'	'

The Lord my pasture shall prepare, And feed me with a shepherd's care;
His presence shall my

1c									
B	1	3 3	3- 4	3 1	1- 1	2 2	2- 2	2 1	1 R 1
2q			'		'		'		'

1c	1	P			P				P
A	6	6- 5	3 3	5- 3	5 5	6- 5	3 3	5 3 2	1 1 1
2q		'		'		'		'	'

wants supply, And guard me with a watchful eye;
And guard me with a watchful eye;

1c		P			P				P
B	3 2	2- 3	1 1	1-	1 1	2- 1	1 1	1	1
2q		'		5		'		5	5 5

1c									
A	3	4 4	4 2	5 5	6- 5	3 3	5 3 2	1 1	. 1
2q					'		'		

My noon-day walks he will at - tend, And all my midnight hours defend.

1c									
B	1			1 1	2- 1		1		. 1
2q	6	6	6 5		'	6 6	6	5 5	

- 2 When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant,
To fertile vales and dewy meads
My weary wandering steps he leads;
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscapes flow.
- 3 Though in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious, lonely wilds I stray,
Thy presence shall my pain beguile;
The barren wilderness shall smile,
With sudden greens and herbage crowned,
And streams shall murmur all around.
- 4 Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
For thou, O Lord! art with me still;
Thy friendly rod shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

676. ZION'S LIGHT. S. W. L.

2p 1 1 P 1 P P

A | 112|366|55|567|''76|5s4|5||66|'65|5653|234|5332|1||

2c 66 '' '' '' '' '' '' '' '' '' '' '' '' '' '' 7 6

Zion! bright and fair, strong thy bulwarks are, And thy towers majestic
stand! City of our God, now our blest abode In this free and happy land,

3p P P P

C | 133|22|234|5 532|1 2|3|33|533|3 431|212|311||

2c 66 66 7 '' '' '' '' '' '' '' '' '' '' '' '' '' '' 7 6s 6

SLOW. FAST.

3p 1 1 P

A 5-3 | 31-2 | 35-53 | '' 7 | 63s5|667|63s4|553|234|5332|1||

2c '' '' '' '' '' '' '' '' '' '' '' '' '' '' '' 7 6

O Zion, dear Zion, Zion lovely and fair, Now arise and shine,
for thy light has come; In thy beautiful robes appear.

3p SLOW. FAST. P

C 1 | 1-31 | 5 55 | 3 1 2|334|3 1 2|331| 12|311||

2c 66-s5 6 '' '' '' '' '' '' '' '' '' '' '' '' '' '' 7 6s 6

- 2 Now the isles of the sea look imploring to thee,
For the gospel's joyful sound!
And from heathen lands millions stretch their hands,
For the word which you have found.

O Zion, &c.

- 3 Let the word go forth to the south and north,
And thy light be seen afar,
Till the east and west with the rays are blest,
Of the bright and morning star.

O Zion, &c.

- 4 Then the heavenly strain shall be heard again,
As it once o'er Judah ran,
And all nations join in the song divine —
Peace on earth, good will to man.

O Zion, &c.

677. EVENING.

5g

A .3.2 | .1-1 | .4.3 | .3.2||.3s.4 | :5 | .3s.4 | :5||.4-5|432|1.1 | :1||

4q

Ere I sleep, for every favor, This day showed by my God, I do bless my Saviour.

5g

B 1. | .1 | .1 | .1.2 | .1 | .1

4q .5 .6-6 .7 .1.5 .6 :7 :5 .6-5 .4 :5 :1

- 2 Leave me not, but ever love me;

Let thy peace be my bliss,

Till thou hence remove me.

- 3 Thou, my Rock, my Guard, my
Tower,

Safely keep, while I sleep,
Me with all thy power.

4 And where'er in death I slumber,
Let me rise with the wise,
Counted in their number.

682. ROCK OF SALVATION. A. CRIFIELD.

4P

A 3 5 5 6 | 5 3 3 5 | 4 2 1 | :1 || 3 5 5 6 | 5 3 3 5 | 4 3 2 1 | .5- ||

4C

7

If life's pleasures charm thee, Christian, give them not thy heart.

Lest the gift ensnare thee, Christian, and from God thou part ;

4P

1 1 1 1 | 1 2 | 1 1 1 1 | 1 2 1 |
D 5 | 6 6 | 7 6 s 4 | :5 || 5 | 6 6 | 7 6 | .5- ||

4C

4P

B 1 3 3 3 | 1 1 1 1 | 2 1 2 | :1 || 1 3 3 3 | 1 1 1 1 | 2 1 | .1- ||

4C

5

5 5

4P

1-11 1-11 P 1-11
A 5 | ' 5 | ' 5 | 4 3 4 5 | .6 5 || 5 | ' 5 | 6 5 3 5 | 6 5 3 2 | .11r ||

4C

His favor seek, his praises speak, Fix here your hope's foundation ;

Serve him, and he will ever be, The Rock of your Salvation

4P

P
.1 1

D 5 | 5-5 5 5 | 5-5 5 5 | 6 5 6 7 | || 5 | 5-5 5 5 | 4 3 5 2 | 3 5 5 4 | .3 2 r ||

4C

4P

B 1 | 3-3 3 3 | 3-3 3 3 | 4 3 2 2 | .4 3 || 3 | 3-2 1 1 | 2 1 | | .11r |

4C

- 2 If distress befall thee, Christian, painful though it be,
 Let not grief appal thee, Christian — to thy Saviour flee.
 He, ever near, thy prayer will hear,
 And calm thy perturbation ;
 The waves of woe shall not o'erthrow
 The Rock of thy Salvation.

683. L. M.

- 1 BY faith in Christ I walk with God
 With heaven, my journey's end in view,
 Supported by his staff and rod,
 My road is safe and pleasant too.
- 2 I travel through a desert wide,
 Where many round me blindly stray !
 But he vouchsafes to be my guide,
 And keeps me in the narrow way.
- 3 Though snares and dangers throng my path,
 And earth and hell my course withstand ;
 I triumph over all by faith,
 Guarded by his almighty hand.

684. BROWN.* C. M.

W. B. B.

1g	1-231	1	13	.2	3-213	2-1	1-	1	2	.1-			
A	5	'	6-7	6	55		R5	'	'6'	6	5	7	
4c													
There's not a tint that paints the rose. Or decks the lily fair, Or streaks the humblest flower that grows, But heaven has placed it there.													
1g													
B	1	1- 13	4-444	55431		R5	1-231	4-444	5555	.1-			
4c													

There's not a tint that paints the rose, Or decks the lily fair,
Or streaks the humblest flower that grows, But heaven has placed it there.

2 There's not of grass a single blade,
Or leaf of lowliest mien,
Where heavenly skill is not displayed,
And heavenly wisdom seen.

3 There's not a star whose twinkling
light
Illumes the distant earth,
And cheers the solemn gloom of night,
But heaven gave it birth.

4 There's not a place in earth's vast
round,
In ocean's deep, or air,
Where skill and wisdom are not found,—
For God is every where.

685. C. M.

1 JESUS, in thy transporting name,
What glories meet our eyes:
Thou art the seraph's lofty theme,
The wonder of the skies.

2 Well might the heavens with wonder
view
A love so strange as thine;
No thought of angels ever knew
Compassion so divine.

3 And didst thou, Saviour, leave the sky,
To sink beneath our woes?
Didst thou descend to bleed and die,
For thy rebellious foes?

4 Oh, may our willing hearts confess
Thy sweet, thy gentle sway;
Glad captives of thy matchless grace,
Thy righteous rule obey.

686. C. M.

1 FAITH is the brightest evidence
Of things beyond our sight;
It pierces through the veil of sense,
And dwells in heavenly light.

2 It sets time past in present view
Brings distant prospects home,
Of things a thousand years ago,
Or thousand years to come.

3 By faith we know the world was made
By God's almighty word;
By faith we know the earth shall fade,
And be again restored.

4 Abra'm obeyed the Lord's command,
From his own country driven;
By faith he sought a promised land,
And found his rest in heaven.

5 Thus through life's pilgrimage we
stray,
The promise in our eye;
By faith we walk the narrow way,
That leads to joys on high.

687. C. M.

1 LORD, in the morning I will send
My cries to reach thy ear;
Thou art my father and my friend,
My help forever near.

2 Oh lead me, keep me all the day,
Near thee in perfect peace;
Help me to watch, to watch and pray,
To pray and never cease.

3 I know my roving feet will err,
Unless thou be my guide;
Warn me of every foe and snare,
And keep me near thy side.

4 Then shall I pass all dangers safe,
And tread the tempter down;
My trust, my hope, joy and relief,
Shall be in thee alone.

688. JEFFERSON.

F. J. WEBSTER.

5a																				
A	3	5	3	.2	3	5	4	2	.3-	2	2	2	.3	3	2	.1	5	4	3	2
3q																				
Now to the Lord that made us know The wonders of his dy - ing love,																				
5a																				
C	5	5	5	.5	5	.5	5	.5-	5	5	5	s.5	5	.6	6	.5				
3q																				
5a																				
D	1	1	1	2	1	1	.1-					2	1							
3q																				
To Jesus, our a - toning Priest, To Jesus, our e - - - ternal King,																				
5a																				
B	1	3	1	1	3	2	.1-					.6	s.4	.5						
3q																				

5g												
A	3 4	.5 6 5	.5 3 5	5 4 3	3 2 R	5 4 3 2	.1 2 4	.3 2	.1-			
8q	''	''	''			''	''					
Be humble honors paid below, And strains of nobler praise above.												
5g												
C	R	.R=	.R=	.R=	.R=	3 2 1	.1 1	1 5 4	.3-			
3q						''	''	7		''		
5g												
D	1 2	.3 4 3	.3 1 3	3 2 1	1 R							
8q	''	''	''		7	5 5 s5	.6 6	.5 5	.5-			
Be ever - lasting power confessed; Let every tongue his glory sing.												
5g												
B	R	.R=	.R=	.R=	.E=	1 2 3 3	.4 4	.5 5	.1-			
8q						1 2 3 3	.4 4	.5 5				

689. L. M.

- 1 HEAVEN is a place of rest from sin,
But all who hope to enter there,
Must here that holy course begin,
Which shall their souls for rest prepare.
- 2 In Jesus' footsteps may we tread,
Learn every lesson of his love;
And be from grace to glory led,
From heaven below to heaven above.

690. ORFORD. L. M.

4a											P
A	3-4	5 6-5	5 3	2-3 4	3 3-4	5 6-5	5 3	2 6	5		
2c	' "	' "	' "	' "	' "	' "	' "	' "	' "		
	We've no a - biding city here, This may distress the worldling's mind ;										
4a											P
B	1	1 1	1 1		1 1	1 1	1 1	2			
2c				5 5					5 5		

4a	1-					1-					1
A	5	' 7 6-5	5 3-5	' 7 6-5	5 3-4	5 6-5	5	3 2	.1		
2c		' ' ' "	' "	' ' ' "	' "	' "	' "	' "	' "		
	But should not cost the saint a tear, Who hopes a better rest to find.										
4a											
B	1	1 1	1 1	1 1	1 1	1 1	1		.1		
2c								6 5 5			

- 2 We've no abiding city here,
 Sad truth, were this to be our home :
 But let this thought our spirits cheer,
 We seek a city yet to come.
- 3 We've no abiding city here,
 Then let us live as pilgrims do ;
 Let not the world our rest appear,
 But let us haste from all below.
- 4 We've no abiding city here,
 We seek a city out of sight :
 Zion its name — we'll soon be there,
 It shines with everlasting light.
- 5 Zion! — Jehovah is her strength !
 Secure she smiles at all her foes :
 And weary travelers at length,
 Within her sacred walls repose.
- 6 Oh sweet abode of peace and love,
 Where pilgrims freed from toil are blest :
 Had I the pinions of the dove,
 I'd fly to thee, and be at rest.
- 7 But hush, my soul, nor dare repine !
 The time my God appoints is best
 While here to do his will be mine ;
 And His to fix my time of rest.

5 There every sight that pleases,
There every sound that cheers,
There sweet immortal breezes
Inspire the palmy years ;
There all the just join in a band,
From every age, from every land,

While o'er them reigns king Jesus,
With crowns of glory now!
The people of His grace,
Have reached the heavenly place —
'T is glory, everlasting glory, now!

AMBOY. L. M. D.

[illegible]

692. L. M.

- 1 MY dear Redeemer, and my Lord,
I read my duty in thy word :
But in thy life the law appears,
Drawn out in living characters.
- 2 Such was thy truth, and such thy zeal,
Such deference to thy Father's will,
Such love, and meekness so divine,
I would transcribe, and make them mine.
- 3 Cold mountains, and the midnight air,
Witnessed the fervor of thy prayer ;
The desert thy temptations knew,
Thy conflict, and thy victory too.

4 Be thou my pattern ; may I bear
More of thy gracious image here ;
Then God, the Judge, shall own my name,
Amongst the followers of the Lamb.

693. CONDESCENSION. C. M.

1g 2 2 1 2 3 2 .1 .1 2 2 3 4 3 :2

A .5 5 | ' ' | ' ' |

4c Calm on the listening ear of night, Come heaven's melodious strains,

1g 1

B .1 3 5 | 5 6 7 5 | .5 .1 | 5 5 6 6 5 | :5 ||

4c ' ' | ' ' |

1g .R 5-3 2 1 -1 1 2 3 .2 .2 2-1 1 REP. 2s.

A ' | ' ' 6 ' 5 5 6 | ' | 6 5 4 5 6 ' 6 | .5 | :5 ||

4c ' ' | ' ' | ' ' | ' ' | 1 2

1g Where wild Ju - dea stretches far Her silver - mantled plains. REP. 2s.

B .R 5-6 | 4 3 2 1 2 2 1 | 5 5 .5 | .5 .5 | 3 2 1 2 3 2 | .1 | :1 ||

4c ' ' | ' ' | ' ' | ' ' | 1 2

2 Celestial choirs, from courts above,
Shed sacred glories there ;
And angels, with their sparkling lyres,
Make music on the air.

3 "Glory to God !" the sounding skies
Loud with their anthems sing —
"Peace to the earth — good will to men,"
From heaven's eternal King !

694. C. M.

1 BEHOLD the Saviour of mankind,
Upon the shameful tree ;
How great the love that him inclined,
To bleed and die for me !

2 "My God," he cries ; all nature shakes,
And earth's strong pillars bend ;
The gate of death in sunder breaks ;
The solid marbles rend.

3 "'Tis finished ; now the ransom's
Receive my soul," he cries ; [paid ;
Behold, he bows his sacred head ;
He bows his head, and dies !

4 But soon he'll break death's tyrant
And in full glory shine ; [chair
O Lamb of God, was ever pain,
Was e'er love like thine ?

695. C. M.

1 YE wretched, hungry, starving poor,
Behold a royal feast ! [store,
Here mercy spreads her bounteous
For every humble guest.

2 See Jesus stands with open arms ;
He calls, he bids you come :
Guilt holds you back, and fear alarms :
But see ! there yet is room —

3 Room in the Saviour's bleeding heart ;
There love and pity meet ;
Nor will he bid the soul depart,
That trembles at his feet.

4 O ! come, and with his children taste
The blessings of his love ;
While hope attends the sweet repast
Of nobler joys above.

5 There, with united heart and voice,
Before th' eternal throne,
Ten thousand, thousand souls rejoice,
In ecstasies unknown.

6 And yet ten thousand thousand more
Are welcome still to come ;
Ye longing souls, the grace adore ;
Approach, there yet is room.

696. REPOSE. 11s.

[illegible]

6P **1 1- 1**

A	6 7 ,	5 5- s5 6 6- 3 .2 12 33-21 33-s5 66-s5 .6
8s	, ,	, , , , , , , ,

Be hushed my sad spirit—the worst that can come,
But shortens thy journey, and hastens thee home.

6P **11-**

D	s5 6 6- 6 3 3- 3 4 4- 6 .5 5 5 5- 5 5 5- 7 , 7 .6
8s	, , , , , , , ,

6P

B	2 3 3- 3 1 1- 1 2 2- 1 1 1 1- 1 1 1- 2 33-3
8s	, , , , .7 , , , .6

- 2 A pilgrim and stranger, I seek not my bliss,
Nor lay up my treasures in regions like this ;
I look for a mansion which hands have not piled,—
I long for a city by sin undefiled.
- 3 Though foes and afflictions my progress oppose,
They only make heaven more sweet at the close ;
Come joy or come sorrow — the worst may befall
One moment in glory makes up for them all.
- 4 The thorn and the thistle around me may grow,
I would not repose me on roses below ;
I ask not my portion — I seek not my rest,
Till seated with Jesus, I lean on his breast.
- 5 No scrip for my journey — no staff in my hand,
A pilgrim impatient I press to that land ;
The path may be rugged, it cannot be long —
With hope I'll beguile it, and cheer it with song.

700. CHRISTIAN UNION. 7s, 9s.

5a											P										
A	1- 2	3 5	1- 2	3 1	1		1		1		1- 2										
2c	5 6					6-	5 5	6	5 6												
Brethren all who disagree, Yet would have charity to please us,													Union there can								
5a											P										
B		1		1				1 1													
2c	1 1	5- 5	6	5- 5	6	1- 5	5 5		1 1	5- 5											
5a											P										
A	3 5	1- 2	3 1	1		1	1 3	5- 5	6 s 4	5											
2c			6-	5 5	6																
never be, Unless that we are one in Jesus, One, as he is one in God,																					
5a											P										
B	1		1			1 1	1		1 1												
2c	6	5- 5	6	1- 5	5 5		6	5- 5		5											
5a											P										
A	5	6- 5	3- 1	2 2	3 5	6 s 4	5- 5	3 2	1- 2	3 1	1		1								
2c											6-	5 5	6								
In spirit and in disposition, This the Holy Scriptures teach,													'Tis plain without an exposition.								
5a											P										
B	1-			1 1		1-		1- 1		1											
2c	5	7	6- 5	5 5	5 5	6	5 5		6 5	5- 5	5 5	1 1									

2 Party names then lay aside,
And cast away your broken cistern,
Christ, the Lamb, the Church, the Bride,
Then take no other name but Christian.
Brides, do take the husband's name,
Nor would he sanction any other;
Why should we not do the same?
What say you, contending brother?

3 All the family on earth,
Yea, all the family in heaven,
Take this name, the scripture saith
Indeed, no other name is given.
Let us then in one agree,
And throw aside our party spirit;
Unto Christ let's married be,
And all his promises inherit.

4 Thus we shall retain the name
Which first at Antioch was given,
The Disciples are the same,
And shall forever be in heaven;
Let us show to all around,
How Christian friends love one another;
Let us in good works abound,
And for the faith thus strive together.

5 So shall you with us receive,
Of all your sins a full remission,
From your bondage he'll relieve,
And answer every right petition;
He will keep you in the way,
If you'll attend his orders given,
Raise you up at the last day,
And seat you by his side in heaven.

701. 7s, 9s.

1 BRETHREN, hear the martial sound,
The gospel trumpet now is blowing.
Men in order, listing round,
And soldiers to the standard flowing!
Bounty's offered — joy and peace
To every soldier now is given;
When from toil and war they cease,
A mansion bright prepared in heaven

2 Victory is not to the strong;
The burden's on our Captain's shoulder
None so aged, nor so young,
But may enlist, and be a soldier;

Those who cannot fight, nor fly,
Beneath his banner find protection;
None who on his name rely,
Shall be reduced to base subjection.

3 Fear you not — the cause is good;
Come, who will to the crown aspire?

In this cause the martyrs bled,
And shouted victory in the fire;
In this cause we'll follow on,
And soon we'll tell the pleasing
story.

How by faith we gained the crown,
And fought our way to life and glory.

4 Lo! the battle is begun!
Behold the armies now in motion!

Some the fight have almost won,
And grasp, by faith, their future
portion!

Hark! the victors sing aloud,
Immanuel's chariot-wheels are rolling!
Mourners weeping through the crowd,
And Satan's throne, like lightning,
falling!

5 Now, you rebels, come, enlist.
The officers are still recruiting;
Will you still in sin persist,
And spend your time in vain disputing?
All your cav'ling sure is vain;
And if you do not sue for favor,
Down you'll sink to endless pain,
To bear the wrath of God for ever.

CHRISTIAN SOLDIER. 7s, 8s. L.

2a	1															
A	32	1		.1		1	2	43	32-	32	1	13	.5	67	543	21-
8s	"	"	567	"	"	7	"	5	"	"	"	5	"	"	"	"

2a																
C		1					11	1			1	11	.3	4s4	5321	1-
3s	55	54s4	.5	55	55	'	'	7-	55	5	'	'	'	'	'	7
	''	''		''					''							'

2a	.1											
D	55	3365	.3	33	4266	55-	55	3155		65	31	1-
8s	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	76	5

2a															
B		2					1				1133	.1	42	11	1-
8s	55	55	7	.5	55	77	6	55-	55	"	"	"	"	4s4	5
	2	2	2		2	2	2	2	2					2	2

702. 7s, 8s.

1 CHRISTIAN soldier, seize thy sword,
Seek the field, and take thy station!
Prince Messiah gives the word,
Captain of the saints' salvation.

2 Strong the weapons thou must wield,
Stern the warfare thou art waging;
Bind the helmet, bear the shield,
Hell's beleaguering hosts engaging.

3 Lo! the battle is begun!
Lo! Immanuel's troops in motion!
Some the prize have nearly won,
Some already seize their portion.

4 Hear you not the victor's song?
Hear you not the captives crying?
Shout! Jehovah's arm is strong:
Shout! the alien foe is flying.

5 See the crimson banners wave!
Hear the chariot's rolling thunder.
Christ the conquered world shall save,
Cleaving Satan's throne asunder.

6 Lo! the ransomed marching home!
Anthems loud and palms victorious;
Satan conquered, death o'ercome,
Crowns secured and mansions glorious

703. THE CHILD OF GRACE. C M.

1P \$	.1									REP.	1 2 .3	2 1 2 2
A	.6	5 3		.7 6 5 3		.5 .6	3 2 3 8 5	.6		.6		
4c												
O Lord, another day is flown, And we a little band, Are met once more before thy												
1P \$										REP.	.1	
C	.3	1 1 .5		.5 4 2 3		.3 .3	5 5 5 2	.3		.3	6 7	7 6 7 5
4c												
1P \$										REP.		
B	.6	3 3 .3		.3 2	1	.1 .1	1 1 2	.1		.1	3 4 .5	.5 5 5
4c												
1P	.2 .3	1 1 3 .2		.3 1	.1							
A		6			6		.7 6 5 3	.5 .6	3 2 3 8 5	.6		
4c												
throne, To bless thy fostering hand, Are met once more before thy throne, To bless thy fostering hand.												
1P	.1			.1								
C	.5	6 6 6 6	.7		6 6 .6	.5 4 2 3	.3 .3	6 8 5 6 3	.3			
4c												
1P												
B	.3 .5	4 4 4 4	.3	.3	4 4 .4	.3 2	1	.1		1		
4c												

2 And wilt thou bend a listening ear,
To praises low as ours?
Thou wilt, for thou dost deign to hear
The song that meekness pours.

3 And, Jesus, thou thy smiles wilt deign,
As we before thee pray;
For thou didst bless the infant train,
And are we less than they?

4 Oh, let thy grace perform its part;
Let sin's dominion cease;
And shed abroad in every heart,
Thine everlasting peace.

704. C. M.

1 THERE is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
And sinners plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.

3 Dear dying Lamb, thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed church of God
Be saved to sin no more.

4 E'er since by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

5 Then, in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stammering
tongue,
Lies silent in the grave.

705. C. M.

1 THERE is a calm and pure delight,
Which none but those perceive,
Who love to read the word of truth,
And by its precepts live.

2 The frowns of fortune they can bear
Their griefs it will remove,
Who feel for truth a holy fear,
And that the fear of love.

3 Be it my constant aim to learn
The truth of every line,
That wisdom's path I may discern,
And make this wisdom mine.

706. C. M.

- 1 I LOVE to steal awhile away
From every cumb'ring care :
And spend the hours of setting day,
In humble, grateful prayer.
- 2 I love in solitude to shed
The penitential tear ?
And all his promises to plead,
Where none but God can hear.
- 3 I love to think on mercies past,
And future good implore ;
And all my cares and sorrows cast
On him whom I adore.
- 4 I love by faith to take a view
Of brighter scenes in heaven ;
The prospect does my strength renew,
While here by tempests driven.
- 5 Thus, when life's toilsome day is o'er,
May its departing ray
Be calm as this impressive hour,
And lead to endless day.

707. C. M.

- 1 FATHER of peace, and God of love,
We own thy power to save ;
That power by which our Saviour rose
Victorious o'er the grave.
- 2 We triumph in that Saviour's name,
Still watchful for our good ;
Who brought th' eternal covenant down,
And sealed it with his blood.

708. C. M.

- 1 FATHER, whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sovereign will denies,
Accepted at thy throne of grace
Let this petition rise.
- 2 Give me a calm and thankful heart,
From every murmur free ;
The blessings of thy grace impart,
And make me live to thee.
- 4 Let the sweet hope that thou art mine
My life and death attend ;
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end.

709. H. M.

- 1 LET others boast their ancient line,
In long succession great ;
In the proud list let heroes shine,
And monarchs swell the state :
Descended from the King of kings,
Each saint a nobler title sings.
- 2 Pronounce me, gracious God, thy son,
Own me an heir divine ;
I'll pity princes on the throne,
When I can call thee mine :
Sceptres and crowns unenvied rise,
And lose their lustre in mine eyes.
- 3 Content, obscure, I pass my days,
To all I meet unknown,
And wait till thou thy child shalt raise,
And seat me near thy throne ;
No name, no honors here I crave,
Well pleased with those beyond the grave.
- 4 Jesus, my elder brother, lives,
With him I too shall reign ;
Nor sin, nor death while he survives,
Shall make the promise vain :
In him my title stands secure,
And shall while endless years endure.
- 5 When he in robes divinely bright,
Shall once again appear,
You too, my soul, shall shine in light,
And his full image bear :
Enough ! I wait the appointed day,
Blessed Saviour, haste, and come away.

710. L. M.

- 1 ETERNITY is just at hand,
And shall I waste my ebbing sand ?
And careless view departing day,
And throw my inch of time away ?
- 2 Be this my chief, my only care—
My high pursuit—my ardent prayer—
An interest in the Saviour's blood,
My pardon sealed, and peace with God.
- 3 But should my brightest hopes be vain,
The rising doubts, how sharp the pain :
My fears, O gracious God, remove,
Confirm my title to thy love.
- 4 Search, Lord—O search my inmost heart.
And light, and hope, and joy impart ;
From guilt and error set me free,
And guide me safe to heaven and thee.

GREENFIELD. L. M. 6 lines.

[illegible]

1P		23	1		()			()	P
B	.666	66	66	6	7653	.666	.5.3	66.1	263
4c									

IP	1	33321	1	22212	3332	1	12	.3.2.3-	1321
AR	.	R=	'	'	777	'	'	7	6 .7-7 .6
CG									

1p	111
B 3 6666	5 3331 .5-6 .3-3 333s5 .6.7 .3-2 11s56 .3-3
4c	.6

711. WAVERLY. C. M.

1r	11	(	1	12	3233	321								
A	3-	56	'	5553	6667	'	7-	'	'	'	5556	'	7	.6-
23c		'	'	'	'	'					'	'	'	

Since Jesus freely did appear, 'To grace a marriage feast :

O Lord, we ask thy presence here, To make a wedding guest.

[illegible]

- 2 Upon the bridal pair look down,
Who now have plighted hands;
Their union with thy favor crown,
And bless the nuptial bands.
- 3 With gifts of grace their hearts endow,
Of all rich dowries best;
Their substance bless, and peace bestow,
To sweeten all the rest.
- 4 In purest love their souls unite,
That they with Christian care,
May make domestic burdens light,
By taking mutual share.

712. 8s.

- 1 JESUS I know hath died for me,
This is my hope, my joy, my rest!
This is my hope, my joy, my rest!
Hither, when hell assails, I flee,
And look into my Saviour's breast!

- Away sad doubts and anxious fear,
Mercy is all that's written there.
- 2 Though waves and storms go o'er my
head,
Though strength, and health, and
friends be gone,
Though strength, and health, and
friends be gone,
Though joys be withered all and dead,
And every comfort be withdrawn :
Steadfast on this my soul relies,
Father, thy mercy never dies.
- 3 Fixed on this ground will I remain,
When heart shall fail and flesh decay ;
When heart shall fail and flesh decay ;
This anchor shall my soul sustain,
When earth's foundations melt away
Mercy's full power I then shall prove,
Loved with an everlasting love !

713. DELIVERANCE. 12s.9s.

Our bondage here will end, by and by, by and by,
Our bondage here will end, by and by :

From Egypt's yoke set free, Hail that glorious jubilee,
And to Canaan we'll return, by and by, by and by.

2 Our Deliverer will come, by and by, And our sorrows have an end With our three-score years and ten ; And vast glory crown the day, by and by.	5 And when to Jordan's flood we are Jehovah rules the tide, [come And the waters will divide, And the ransomed host will shout, We are come.
3 Our enemies are strong ; we'll go on, Though our hearts dissolve with fear, Lo ! Sinai's God is near ; While the fiery pillar moves, we'll go on.	6 There friends will meet again, who have Our embraces will be sweet, [loved, At our dear Redeemer's feet, When we meet to part no more, who have loved.
4 By Marah's bitter streams, we'll go on, Though Baca's vale be dry, And the land yields no supply. To a land of corn and wine, we'll go on.	7 There with all the happy throng we'll Shouting glory to our King, [rejoice, Till the vaults of heaven ring, And to all eternity we'll rejoice.

1 REMEMBER, sinful youth, you must die! you must die!
Remember, sinful youth, you must die!
Remember, sinful youth, who hate the way of truth,
And in your pleasures boast, you must die! you must die!
And in your pleasures boast, you must die.

2 Uncertain are your days here below, here below,
Uncertain are your days here below ;
Uncertain are your days, for God hath many ways,
To bring you to your graves, here below, here below,
To bring you to your graves, here below.

3 Unto the Saviour flee, 'scape for life. 'scape for life;
 Now to the Saviour flee, 'scape for life,
 Now to the Saviour flee, lest death eternal be
 Your final destiny, 'scape for life, 'scape for life,
 Your final destiny, 'scape for life.

715. THE HAPPY MAN.

3P	P	1- 2 3 3	P	2	3- 4 5 6
A	.6	3 6 6 6	' '' ''	5- 6 5 s4	5- ' ' '' ''
2C		' '' ''	' '' ''		
3P	P		P	P	1- 2 3 4
B	.6	3 3 3 3	5- 6 5 3	2- 3 3 2	3- 5 ' '' ''
2C		' '' ''	' '' ''	' '' ''	
3P	5 3 2 3	1	P	5	5 5 3 2- 3 2 s1
A	' '' ''	' 6 6 s5	6- 5	5 5	' ' ' '' ''
2C		' '' ''	' '' ''	' '' ''	
3P	3 1		P		
B	' ' 7 s5	6 3 3 s5	6- 3	5 3 3	5 3 3 7- 6 5 5
2C	' '' '' '' ''	' '' ''	' '' ''	' '' ''	' '' ''
3P	2-	P 2	3- 4 5 6	5 3 2 3	1 REP. 1, 2s.
A	' ' ' '' ''	' '' ''	' '' ''	' 6 6 s5	.6
2C		' '' ''			
3P	P	P	1- 2 3 4	3 1	
B	5- 5	' '' ''	' '' ''	' ' 7 s5	6 3 3 s5 .6
2C		' '' ''	' '' ''	' '' ''	

1 HOW happy is the man,
 Who has chosen wisdom's ways,
 And measured out his span
 To his God in prayer and praise.
 His God and his Bible
 Are all that he desires;
 To holiness of heart and life
 He constantly aspires;
 In poverty he's happy,
 For he knows he has a friend
 Who never will forsake him,
 And on whom he can depend.

2 He rises in the morning,
 With the lark he tunes his lays,
 And offers up a tribute
 To his God, in prayer and praise;
 And then unto his labor
 He cheerfully repairs,
 In confidence believing
 His God will hear his prayers.
 Whatever he engages in,
 At home or far abroad,
 His object is to honor
 And to glorify his God.

3 In sickness, pain, and sorrow,
 He never will repine,
 While he is drawing nourishment
 From Christ the living vine.
 When trouble presses heavily,
 He leans on Jesus' breast,
 And in his precious promises
 He finds a quiet rest.
 The yoke of Christ is easy,
 The burden always light;
 They never make him weary
 While Canaan is in sight.

4 'Tis thus you have his history,
 Through life from day to day;
 Religion is no mystery,
 It is a beaten way;
 And when upon his pillow
 He lays him down to die,
 His soul in hope rejoices,
 For he knows his God is nigh.
 And when his lamp is flickering,
 His soul on wings of love
 Flies away to realms of glory,
 To dwell with Christ above.

716. PASSING AWAY.

[illegible]

2 We're passing from the earth, as falls
The grass before the blade;
Our wealth, our fame, our honors, all
Will soon be lowly laid.

~ Our fathers, where are they? and do
The prophets live alway?"
Ah, no! How mournful 'tis, how true?
They all have passed away.

4 We're passing from the earth, as flax
Is by the fire consumed,
Or high, or low, death's scythe attacks,
And brings *all* to the tomb.

5 We're passing down the stream of life,
Swift as the weaver's thread;
Soon there will be an end of strife,
Soon we shall join the dead.

5 Then let us hear and heed the word,
To us in mercy given,
Believe, repent, obey the Lord,
And seek the bliss of Heaven. L.

717. C. M.

1 REMARK, my soul, the narrow bounds
Of the revolving year;
How swift the weeks complete their
rounds!
How short the months appear!

2 So fast eternity comes on,
And that important day,
When all that mortal life has done,
God's judgment shall survey,

3 Yet like an idle tale we pass
The swift advancing year ;
And study artful ways t' increase
The speed of its career.

4 Waken, O God, my trifling heart,
Its great concern to see ;
That I may act the Christian part,
And give the year to thee.

5 Thus shall their course more grateful
If future years arise ; {roll,
Or this shall bear my peaceful soul
To joy that never dies.

719. I LOVE TO SING.

L.

6c	\$	1ST TIME. REP. 1s. 2ND TIME.																						
A		1	1	1	2	2	2	3	4	3	2	5	3	1	2	R	4	2	3	1	3	5	5	3
8c	5	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'

I love to sing when I am glad, Song is the echo of my gladness,
I love to sing when I am sad, Till song makes sweet my very sadness.

Tis pleasant time, when

6G	\$	1ST TIME. REP. 1s. 2ND TIME.																
C		1	3	3	3	5	1	2	-	1	1	R	1	1	3	3	3	1
8G		'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'

6c	\$	1ST TIME. REP. 1s. 2ND TIME.																1	1	1	1		
D	3	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	6	-	5	5	5	5	R	6	5	5	3	5	'	'
8c	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'

6g	\$	1ST TIME. REP. 1s. 2ND TIME.																				
B										1	1	R		1	1	1	1	1	1			
8c	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	4	-	5	5	5	'	'	5	5	'	'	'	'

6g	1																												
A	6	5	5	3	5	5	5	3	6	5	4	2	3	5	5	5	7	6	5	3	4	-	3	2	5	4	2	3	1
8c	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'

voices chime, To some sweet rhyme in concert only,
And song, to me, is company, Good company when I am lonely.

6g																											
C	4	2	3	1	3	3	3	1	4	2		1	3	3	3	6	5	4	3	1	2	-	1	1		1	
8c	'	'		'	'		'	'	7	5		'	'		'	'		'	'		'	7		6	5	5	'

6g	11	1111								1111	21																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																								
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60																														
B	1 1		1 1 1					1		1 1 1 1		1				1														
8c	4	5			9	9	5	4	5	5	5					5	5	5			7	-	5	5	5	4	5	5	5	
	3	3																												

- 2 When'er I greet the morning light,
My song goes forth in thankful numbers,
And 'mid the shadows of the night,
I sing me to my welcome slumbers.
My heart is stirred by each glad bird,
Whose notes are heard in summer bowers;
And song gives birth to friendly mirth,
Around the hearth in wintry hours.

- 3 Man first learned song in Paradise,
From the bright angels o'er him singing;
And in our home above the skies,
Glad anthems are for ever ringing.

God lends his ear, well pleased to hear
 The songs that cheer his children's sorrow,
 Till day shall break, and we shall wake,
 Where love will make unfading morrow.

720. THE VESPER HYMN. A RUSSIAN AIR.

4g A 3545 | 3525 | 3554-2 | 1 | .1 | 3545 | 3525 | 3554-2 | 1 | .1 ||
 4c " " 7-7 " " 7-7 " "

Hark! the vesper hymn is stealing, O'er the waters soft and clear;
 Nearer yet, and nearer pealing, Now it bursts upon the ear;

4g C :R | :R | :R | :R || .1 .2 | .1 | .1 | ||
 4c .7 .6 .5 .5
 Halle - lujah Amen! Amen!

4g D :R | :R | :R | :R || .5 .5 | .5 .5 | 5 3 .4 | 3 2 .3 ||

4g B :R | :R | :R | :R || .1 | .1 | .1 | .1 ||
 4c .7 .5 .4 .5
 Halle - lujah! Amen Amen!

4g 1 1 1 1
 A 7 5 | 4 2 3 5 | 7 5 | 4 2 .1 || 1- 1 1 1 | 2- 2 2 2 |

Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Amen; Farther now, now farther stealing,

4g C 3 4 2 1 3 | 2 1 3 | 3 4 2 1 3 | 2 | .1 || .1 ||
 4c " " 7 " " 7 .5 .6 .7
 Hal - le lu - jah!

4g D 5- 5 5 5 | 5 5 5 5 | 5- 5 5 5 | 6 5 4 .3 || .3 .3 | .6 .5 |

4g B 1 2 3 1 | 1 1 | 1 2 3 1 | .1 || 1 | .5
 4c 5 5 4 5 7 6 5 4 3 4 .5
 Hal - le lu - jah!

4g

A 1 1 1 2- 1 | 1 .1 || 7 5 | 4 2 3 5 | 7 5 | 4 2 .1 ||

4c

' '' 7- 7
' ''

Soft it fades up - on the ear; Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Amen!

4g

C 1 | | 3 4 2 1 3 | 2 1 3 | 3 4 2 1 3 | 2 .1 ||

4c

5 .6 .5 .5 '' 7 '' 7
A - men A - men!

4g

D .3- 4 | 3 2 .3 || 5- 5 5 5 | 5 5 5 5 | 5- 5 5 5 | 6 5 4 .3 ||

4c

' '' ''

4g

B 1 | .1 || 1 2 3 1 | 1 1 | 1 2 3 1 | .1 ||

4c

7 6 4 .5 5 5 4 5
A - men! A - men!

2 Now like moonlight waves retreating,
To the shore it dies along :
Now like angry surges meeting,
Breaks the mingled tide of song :

Hallelujah, Amen.
Hush! again, like waves retreating,
To the shore it dies along:
Hallelujah, Amen.

721. THE BRIDE'S FAREWELL. 8s. 7s.

5G \$											REP.									
A	3	2	1	R	2	2	1	2	3	5	R	3	2	1	2	2	3	2	1	R
2s																				
Jesus stands, oh, how a - mazing, Stands and knocks at every door; In his hands ten thousand blessings, Proffered to the wretched poor.																				
5G \$											REP.									
B	1			R					1	1	R	1								R
2s	5	1	1		5	5			5	1	3	5	5	1						
Listen while I kindly call you, Hear—and be for - ev - er blest.																				

Listen while I kindly call you, Hear—and be for - ev - er blest.

5G	-2-								REP. 1s.
A	4 4	6 4 R	4 4 5 6	6 5 R	5 s 1	4 3	2 s 1	5- R	
2s	,	,	,	,	,				
5G	See me bleeding, dy - ing, rising, To prepare your heavenly rest;								REP. 1s.
B		R		R		1	2 2	R	
2s	5 4	3 2'	5 4	3 2'	5 6	7		5-'	

3 Will you spurn my richest mercy,
Spurn — and sink to endless pain:
Or to realms of bliss and glory
Rise, and with me ever reign?

4 Will you hear my invitation,
That your sins may be forgiven ;
Or now make the guilty preference
Which shall bar your souls from
heaven ?

722. 8s. 7s.

1 ONCE again, thy throne addressing —
Thou our every want dost know ;
Lord, we ask a Father's blessing
On our spirits ere we go.

2 True, thy love our hearts did nourish,
As our faith drank in thy word ;
But to make our graces flourish,
Send a parting blessing, Lord.

723. DAUGHTER OF ZION.

5a	A	3-45	432	1-12	32	2	3-45	432	132	.1-	223	.42-2
3q		'		'			'				'	'

Daughter of Zion! awake from thy sadness, Awake, for thy foes
shall oppress thee no more, Bright o'er thy hills dawns the

5a	C	.R-	.R-	.R-	.R						.R-	.R-
3q						5	5-55	554	354	.3-		

5a	D	1-23	21	1-1	1		1-23	21	11	.1-	1	.2
3q		'	7	'7	7	7	'	7	7	77	7-7	'

5a	B	1-11			1		1-11				.R-	.R-
3q		'	555	3-35	5	5	'	555	555	.1-		

5a	A	334	5-43	3	2-23	432	343	.2-	5-65	76	5-65	43
3q		'	'		'				'		'	

day-star of gladness; Arise, for the night of thy sorrow is o'er.
Daughter of Zion! awake from thy sadness,

5a	C	.R-	.R						1-11	111	1-1	
3q				5	5-55	555	555	.5-	'		5	55

5a	D	112	3-21	1	1	21	121		3-43	654	3-43	21
3q		'	'	7-7	7		.7-	'		'		

5a	B	.R-	.R						1-11	111	1-11	
3q				5	5-55	555	555	.7-	'		5	5

5a	A	2	3-45	432	132	.1	2-2	222	.3R	.5-	.3R	.5-	.1R
3q		'		'			'	'					

Awake, for thy foes shall oppress thee no more, shall oppress thee
no more, no more, no more.

5a	C								R	.1R		R
3q		5	5-55	554	354	.3	5-5	555	.5	.7-	.2-	.3

5a	D	1-23	21	11	.1				.1R	.2-	.1R	.1R
3q		7	'	7	7	7-7	777				.7-	

5a	B	1-11							.1R	.1R	.1R	
3q		5	'	555	555	.1	5-5	555	.5-		.5-	

OLIVE BRANCH. 8s, 7s. L.

4c	11										
A	55	5-1	1	2-3s4	5-56s4	.5	55	5-5	75-42	6-532	.1
3s	'	'6	7	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'

4c											
C	33	3-144	2	12	3-342	.3	33	3-355	53-	1-21	.1
3s	'	'	'7-	'	'	'	'	'	67	'7	'

4c											
B	11	1-		1-12	.1	11	1-				.1
3s	'	546	55-57	'7	'	555	55-15	6-555	'	'	'

727. 8s, 7s.

1 DEATH shall not destroy my comfort,
Christ will guide me through the
gloom;
Down he'll send some heavenly convoy,
To convey my spirit home.

2 Jordan's streams shall not o'erflow me,
While my Saviour's by my side;
Canaan, Canaan lies before me,
Soon I'll cross the swelling tide.

3 Worlds of light and crowns of glory,
Far above yon azure sky!
Though by faith I now explore you,
I'll enjoy you soon on high.

4 Soon I'll gain a full possession,
Faith and hope shall thenceforth cease;
Lost in love's unbounded ocean,
Joy forever shall increase.

5 Quickly, Lord, our suit is pressing,
Let thy boundless mercy flow,
Lord, we wait a Father's blessing
On our spirits ere we go.

728. 8s, 7s. *Lena*, p. 338.

1 SEE the Lord of glory dying,
See him gasping, hear him crying;
See his burdened bosom heave;
Look, ye sinners, ye that hung him,
Look, how deep your sins have stung
him;
Dying sinners, look and live.

2 See the rocks and mountains quaking,
Earth unto her centre shaking;
Nature's groans awake the dead.
Lo, the sun is struck with wonder,
While the legal peals of thunder
Smite the dear Redeemer's head.

3 Heaven's bright melodious legions,
Chanting through the tuneful regions,
Cease to thrill the quivering strings;
Songs seraphic all suspended,
Till the mighty war was ended
By the all-victorious King.

4 Hell, and all the powers infernal,
Vanquished by the King Eternal,
When he poured the vital flood;
By his groans which shook creation,
Lo! we found a proclamation;
Peace and pardon by his blood.

5 Shout, ye saints, with adoration—
Fill, with songs the wide creation,
He is risen from the grave;
Shout with joyful acclamation,
To the Rock of your salvation,
Who alone has power to save.

6 Bear with patience, tribulation,
Overcoming all temptation,
Till the glorious jubilee;
He will come with bursts of thunder,
Then shall we adore and wonder,
Singing on the highest key.

729. PORTUGUESE HYMN. 10s, 11s.

6a	A	1	1	2	(	3	2	3	4	3	2	1	1	1	2	3	(	R	5	4	3	4	3	3
2q	5	,	5	5	,	,	,	,	,	,	7	6	7	,	,	7	6	5	5	5	,	,	,	,

Hither ye faithful, haste with songs of triumph, To Bethleem,
haste the Lord of Life to meet: To you this day is

6a	O	(	(	(	(	(	(	(	(	(	(	(	(	(	(	(	(	(	(	(	(	(	(	(
2q	3	3	5	5	5	5	5	5	6	5	5	4	4	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5

6a	D	1	1	1	2	2	1	2	1	1	2	2	2	2	2	5	2	1	(	R	5	5	5	2	1
2q	,	,	7	,	,	,	,	,	,	7	,	,	,	,	,	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	

6a	B	(	(	(	(	(	(	(	(	(	(	(	(	(	(	(	(	(	(	(	(	(	(
2q	1	1	1	5	5	7	7	7	4	5	6	6	5	2	5	6	7	2	2	5	5	7	7

6a	A	2	3	1	2	(	1	1	1	2	1	3	3	2	3	4	3	2	3	4	3	2	1	1
2q	,	,	,	7	6	5	,	,	7	,	5	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	7	,	,	

born a Prince and Saviour, O come and let us worship, O come and let
us worship, O come and let us worship at his feet.

6a	C	(	(	(	(	(	(	(	(	(	(	(	(	(	(	(	(	(	(	(	(	(	(
2q	5	5	6	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5

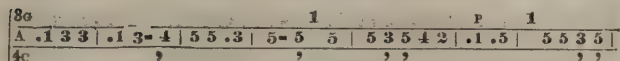
6a	D	1	3	2	2	1	3	3	2	3	4	3	2	1	1	2	1	5	5	5	2	2	1	1
2q	7	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	7	,	,	,	,	,	7	,	

6a	B	1	(	(	(	(	(	(	(	(	(	(	(	(	(	(	(	(	(	(	(	(	(
2q	5	3	4	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	

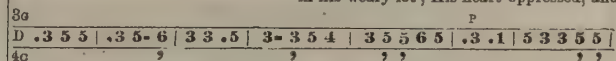
2 Oh Jesus, for such wond'rous condescension,
Our praises and rev'rence are an offering meet;
Now is the word made flesh, and dwells among us
Oh come and let us worship at his feet.

3 Shout his almighty name, ye choir of angels,
And let the celestial courts his praise repeat,
Unto our God be glory in the highest;
Oh come and let us worship at his feet.

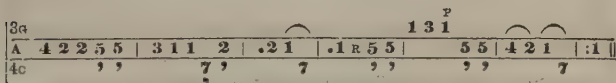
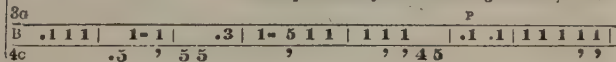
730. A HOME IN HEAVEN. SACRED MELODEON.



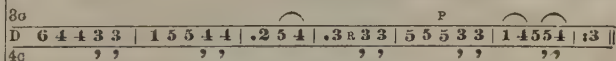
1 A home in heaven ! what a joyful thought ! As the poor man toils
in his weary lot ; His heart oppressed, and



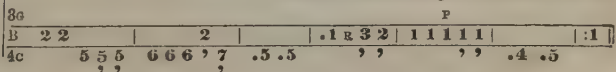
2 A home in heaven ! as the suff'rer lies On his bed of pain,
and uplifts his eyes To that bright home, what a



with anguish riven, From his home below to a home in heaven,
From his home below to a home in heaven.



joy is given, With the blessed thought of a home in heaven,
With the blessed thought of a home in heaven.



3 A home in heaven ! when our pleasures fade,
And our wealth and fame in the dust are laid ;
And our strength decays, and our health is riven,
We are happy still with our home in heaven.

4 A home in heaven ! when the sinner mourns,
And with contrite heart to the Saviour turns ;
Oh ! then what bliss in that heart forgiven,
Does the hope inspire of a home in heaven.

5 A home in heaven ! when our friends are fled,
To the cheerless grave of the mould'ring dead ;
We wait in hope of the promise given,
We will meet again in our home in heaven.

731. ROWLEY.*

MASON.

5G

A	1-2	321	.5	3-5	432	.3	5-5	535	543	.2	2-2	234
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3C

Be joyful in God, all ye lands of the earth, O serve him with
gladness and fear; Exult in his pre-

5G

C		1		1-1	21	.1	1-1	111				12
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3C

5-5	57	.7	" "	7	" "	555	.5	7-7	7
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5G

D	3-4	543	.5	5-3	655	.5	3-3	313	321		5-5	555
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3C

" "	" "	" "	" "	" "	" "	" "	" "	" "	" "
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5G

B	1-1	1		1-1		.1	1-1	111	1			
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3C

" "	56	.5	" "	455	" "	77	.5	5-5	555
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5G

A	.3	2-2	3384	.5	5-5	535	543	.2	5-5	535	432	.1
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3C

sence with music and mirth, With love and devotion draw near,
With love and devotion draw near.

5G

C	.1		111		3-3	313	321		1-1	111	21	.1
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3C

7-7	" "	.7	" "	" "	.5	" "	7
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5G

D	.5	5-5	566	.5	R	.R-	.R-	.R	3-3	315	654	.3
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3C

" "	" "	" "	" "	" "	" "	" "	" "
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5G

B	.1		12		R	.R-	.R-	.R	1-1	11		
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3C

5-5	6	.5	" "	3	455	.1
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- 2 The Lord he is God, and Jehovah alone,
Creator and ruler o'er all;
And we are his people, his sceptre we own;
His sheep, and we follow his call.
- 3 Oh enter his gates with thanksgiving and song,
Your vows in his temple proclaim;
His praise with melodious concordance prolong,
And bless his adorable name.
- 4 For good is the Lord, inexpressibly good,
And we are the work of his hand:
His mercy and truth from eternity stood,
And shall to eternity stand.

*From the Harp, by permission.

732. CONFIDENCE.

46

A	111	1321	222	2432	111	1321	
2s	55	''	''''	''	''''	''''	765
	''					''''	

O how happy are they, Who their Saviour obey.

And have laid up their treasures above.

4G									
B			1			2			1
2s	5 5 ,, ,,	5 5 5 ,, ,,	5 5 ,, ,,	5 5 5 ,, ,,	5 5 ,, ,,	5 5 5 ,, ,,	5 5 5 ,, ,,	4 = ,, ,,	4 5 ,, ,,

[illegible]

Tongue can never express, The sweet comfort and peace,

Of a soul in its earliest love

46												
B	1 3 3		1						1		1	
2s	6 6		9 9		5 5		6 6 = 6		5 6 7		6 5	4 5 5
	2		2		2		2 2		2 2		2 2	2 2

- 2 That comfort is mine, Since the favor divine,
I have found in the blood of the Lamb;
Since the truth I believed, What a joy I received,
What a heaven in Jesus' name!
- 3 'Tis a heaven below, My Redeemer to know,
And the angels can do nothing more,
Than to fall at his feet, And the story repeat,
And the Lover of sinners adore.
- 4 Jesus all the day long Is my joy and my song;
Oh that all his salvation might see!
He hath loved me, I cried, He hath suffered and died,
To redeem a poor rebel like me.
- 5 On the wings of his love I am carried above
All sin, and temptation, and pain;
Oh why should I grieve, Since on him I believe,
Oh why should I sorrow again.
- 6 Oh the rapturous height Of that holy delight,
Which I feel in the life-giving blood!
Of my Saviour possessed, I am perfectly blest,
Being filled with the fullness of God.
- 7 Now my remnant of days, Will I spend to his praise,
Who has died me from sin to redeem;
Whether many or few, All my years are his due:
They shall all be devoted to him.

733. THE DAWN.

2g §

A	1 3	5- 3 6 5	5 3 3 4 3	2- 4 6 5	3-	1 3	5- 3 6 5
8c	5 , ,	, , ,	, , ,	, , ,		5 , ,	, , ,

Christian, the morn breaks sweetly o'er thee, And all the midnight
shadows flee, Tinged are the distant skies with
Thy home is in that world of

2g §

C	1 1	3- 1 4 2	3 1 1 2 1	2 4 2	1-	1 1	3- 1 4 2
8c	5 , ,	, , ,	, , ,	7- , , ,		5 , ,	, , ,

2g P 1 2 1 3- 1 2 1 11 1 REP. 2s.

A	5 3	7 6	5- 1 3 2	1- , , ,	, , ,	7 5 5 , ,	6- , 3 s 1	5-
8c	, ,	, ,	, , ,		, , ,	, , ,	, , ,	

glory, A beacon light hangs out for thee, Arise, arise, the light breaks o'er thee,
glory, Where thy Redeemer reigns alone. Thy name is graven on the throne, REP. 2s.

2g P REP. 2s.

C	3 1 6 5 4	3-	1- 5 5 5	5- 5 5 5	5 3 3 5 5	4- 4 6 4
8c	, , , ,	5 5 7	, , ,	, , ,	, , ,	, , ,

- 2 Tossed on time's rude, relentless surges,
Calmly composed and dauntless stand,
For lo! beyond those scenes emerges
The heights that bound the promised land.
Christian, behold the land is nearing,
Where the wild sea-storm's rage is o'er;
Hark, how the heavenly hosts are cheering;
See in what throngs they range the shore.

- 3 Cheer up, cheer up, the day breaks o'er thee,
Bright as the summer's noontide ray,
The star-gemmed crowns and realms of glory
Invite the happy soul away.
Away, away, leave all for glory,
Thy name is graven on the throne;
Thy home is in that world of glory,
Where thy Redeemer reigns alone.

734. S. M.

HOW swift the torrent rolls,
That hastens to the sea;
How strong the tide that bears our souls
On — to eternity!

- 2 Our fathers, where are they?
With all they called their own;
Their joys and griefs, and hopes and
cares,
And wealth and honor gone!

- 3 There, where the fathers lie,
Must all the children dwell;
Nor other heritage possess,
But such a gloomy cell.
- 4 God of our fathers, hear,
Thou everlasting Friend!
While we on life's extremest verge,
Our souls to thee commend.
- 5 Of all the pious dead,
May we the footsteps trace,
Till with them, in the land of light.
We dwell before thy face.

AMANDA. S. M. L.

LOUD

P

1p	1—1	12	3-	3-	5363	5531	12	345-	321
A 6-	3667	76'	76'		1'	2'	2'	76'	7 6-
23s	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2
1p	1-3	11					1-		
C 3-	333s4	5-45	533s5	6-	6'	7765	533s5	6-	553s5 6-
23s	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2

735. S. M.

- 1 DID Christ o'er sinners weep,
And shall our cheeks be dry?
Let floods of penitential grief
Burst forth from every eye.
- 2 The Son of God in tears,
The wond'ring angels see;
Be thou astonished, oh my soul;
He shed those tears for thee.
- 3 He wept that we might weep;
Each sin demands a tear;
In heaven alone no sin is found,
And there's no weeping there.

736. S. M.

- 1 AND will the Judge descend?
And must the Dead arise?
And not a single soul escape
His all-discerning eyes?
- 2 How will my heart endure
The terrors of that day,
When earth and heaven, before his face,
Astonished, shrink away?
- 3 But, ere the trumpet shakes
The mansions of the dead,
Hark! from the gospel's cheering sound,
What joyful tidings spread!
- 4 Come, sinners, seek his grace,
Whose wrath you cannot bear;
Fly to the shelter of his cross,
And find salvation there.

737. S. M.

- 1 MY few revolving years,
How swift they glide away!
How short the term of life appears,
When past—but as a day!

- 2 A dark and dreary day,
Clouded by grief and sin;
A host of enemies without,
Distressing fears within.
- 3 Lord, through another year,
If thou permit my stay,
With diligence may I pursue
The true and living way!

738. S. M.

- 1 FROM Egypt lately freed,
By the Redeemer's grace!
A rough and thorny path we tread,
In hope to see his face.
- 2 The flesh dislikes the way,
But faith approves it well;
This only leads to endless day;
All others lead to hell.
- 3 The promised land of peace,
Faith keeps in constant view;
How diff'rent from the wilderness,
We now are passing through!
- 4 Here often from our eyes,
Clouds hide the light divine;
There we shall have unclouded skies,
Our sun shall always shine.
- 5 Here griefs, and cares, and pains,
And fears, distress us sore;
But there eternal pleasure reigns,
And we shall weep no more.
- 6 Lord, pardon our complaints,
We follow at thy call;
The joy prepared for suff'ring saints,
Will make amends for all.

THE HEAVENLY CLIME.

3p	—2— — — — —2— P —									
A	13 3123 21 12 334s5 66s5 63s2 3 s2 334s5									
2c	6-6 667 777 777 6- 777 777 777 777									
3r	—2— — —2— P —									
B	1-1 11231 11 1 342 31 1									
2c	7 7777 77 76 5s5 6- 67 667 7									
3p	— P — P — —									
A	66s5 65s4 5 55 33 1 1 3 3 12s2 3123									
2c	7 7 7 7 776 7 7777 7777 77									
3r	— P									
B	333 432 3 11 11 1									
2c	7 7 7 7 546 55 55 656 5s5									

739.

- 1 HAVE you heard, have you heard of that heavenly clime,
Undimmed by sorrow, unhurt by time;
Where age hath no power o'er the fadeless frame —
Where the eye is fire, and the heart is flame —
Have you heard of that heavenly clime?
- 2 A river of water gushes there,
'Mid flowers of beauty strangely fair,
And a thousand wings are hovering o'er,
The dazz'ling wave and the golden shore,
That are seen in that heavenly clime.
- 3 Millions of forms, all clothed in bright,
In garments of beauty clear and white —
'They dwell in their own immortal bowers,
'Mid fadeless hues of countless flowers,
That bloom in that heavenly clime.
- 4 Ear hath not heard, and eye hath not seen,
Their swelling songs and their changeless sheen,
Their ensigns are waving, their banners unfurled
O'er jasper walls and gates of pearl,
That are fixed in that heavenly clime.
- 5 But far, far away in that sinless clime,
Undimmed by sorrow, unhurt by time;
Where amid all things that's fair is given,
The home of the just — and its name is Heaven,
The name of that sinless clime.

740. AWAKE MY FAITH. C. M. S. W.

4c .1- F

A	.5	3	5	6	.5	.4	.3	.3	.2	.5	.6	s.4	:5
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4c Oh that the Lord would guide my ways, To keep his statutes still!

4c P

B	.1	1	1	.1-	1	.2	.1	.3	.1	.1	.2	
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4c .5 .5 :5

4c .1 .1-

A	.5	3	5	.6	.5	.7	6	5-	6	5	4	.3	.2	:1
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4c ,

4c Oh that my God would grant me grace To know and do his will.

4c B

.1	1	1		.1-	1	.1-	4	.5		:1
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4c .4 .5 .6 .5 .5

- 2 Order my footsteps by thy word,
And make my heart sincere :
Let sin have no dominion, Lord,
But keep my conscience clear.
- 3 Help me to walk in thy commands,
'Tis a delightful road ;
Nor let my head, nor heart, nor hands
Offend against my God.

741. C. M.

- 1 LORD, I approach thy mercy seat,
Where thou dost answer prayer ;
There humbly fall beneath thy feet,
For none can perish there.
- 2 Thy promise is my only plea,
With this I venture nigh ;
Thou callest burdened souls to thee,
And such, O Lord ! am I.
- 3 Bowed down beneath a load of sin
By Satan sorely pressed ;
By wars without and fears within,
I come to thee for rest.
- 4 Be thou my shield and hiding place,
That, sheltered near thy side,
I may my fierce accuser face,
And tell him thou hast died.
- 5 Oh wond'rous love ! to bleed and die,
To bear the cross and shame ;
That guilty sinners, such as I,
Might plead thy gracious name,

742. C. M.

- 1 COME, let us raise a joyful tune
To our exalted Lord,
The saints on high around his throne,
And we around his beard.

- 2 The tree of life, that near the throne,
In heaven's high garden grows,
Laden with grace, bends gently down
Its ever-smiling boughs.

- 3 Hov'ring among the leaves, there
stands
The sweet celestial dove,
And *Jesus* on the branches hangs
The banner of his love.

- 4 It is a heaven of strange delight,
While in his shade we sit ;
His fruit is pleasing to the sight,
And to the taste as sweet.

- 5 New life it spreads through dying
hearts,
And cheers the drooping mind ;
Vigor and joy the juice imparts,
Without a sting behind.

743. C. M.

- 1 OH for a breeze of heavenly love
To waft my soul away
To the celestial world above,
Where pleasures ne'er decay.
- 2 Eternal Spirit, deign to be
My pilot here below,
To steer through life's tempestuous sea,
Where angry tempests blow.
- 3 From rocks of pride on either side,
From quicksands of despair ;
Oh, guide me safe to Canaan's land,
Through every latent snare.

744. THE PEACEFUL HOME. 8s.7s.

4g
A 1 | .2 3 | .1 2 | 3- 2 3 | || | .1 | .3 1 | 2 1- || 1 | .2 3 | .1 2 |
3c
There is an hour of peaceful rest, To mourning wanderers given;
There is a joy for

4g
D 1 | 1 | 1- 1 | .1 || 1 | .1 | .1 | 1- || | 1 | .1 |
3c .7 .5 7 7 7 5 7 5 .7 7
4g
B | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
3c 5 .5 5 .5 5 .5 5 .5 5 .5 5 4 3- 3 .5 5 .5 5

4g
A 3- 2 3 | .5 || | .5 3 | .4 3 | 4- 5 6 | || | .1 | .3 1 | 2 1- ||
3c , , , , , , , , , , , , , , , ,
souls distressed, A balm for every wounded breast,
'Tis found above—in heaven.

4g
D 1- 1 | .2 || 6 | .3 1 | .2 1 | 2- 3 4 | .3 || 4 | .3 2 | .1 | 1- ||
3c 7 , , , , , , , , , , , , , , , ,
4g
B | | | | 1 | .1 | | | | | | | | | | 1- ||
3c .5 5 .5 5 .6 5 .2 2 .5 2 .5 5 .5 5 4

- 2 There is a soft, a downy bed,
As fair as breath of even;
A couch for weary mortals spread,
Where they may rest the aching head,
And find repose — in heaven.
- 3 There is a home for weary souls,
By sin and sorrow driven;
When tossed on life's tempestuous shoals,
Where storms arise, and ocean rolls,
And all is drear — but heaven.
- 4 There faith lifts up the the tearless eye,
To brighter prospects given;
It views the tempest passing by,
Sees evening shadows quickly fly,
And all serene — in heaven.
- 5 There fragrant flowers immortal bloom,
And joys supreme are given;
There rays divine disperse the gloom,
Beyond the dark and narrow tomb
Appears the dawn of heaven.

745. 8s, 7s.

- 1 THERE is a land of calm delight
To sorrowing mortals given;
There rapt'rous scenes enchant the sight,
And all to soothe the soul unite—
Sweet is their rest in heaven.
- 2 There glory beams on all the plains,
And joy for hope is given;
There music swells in sweetest strains,
And spotless beauty ever reigns,
And all is love in heaven.
- 3 There cloudless skies are ever bright,
Thence gloomy scenes are driven;
There suns dispense unsullied light;
And planets beaming on the sight,
Illume the fields of heaven.
- 4 There is a stream that ever flows,
To passing pilgrims given;
There, fairest fruit immortal grows,
The verdant flower eternal blows,
Amid the fields of heaven.
- 5 There is a great, a glorious prize
For those with sin who've striiven,
'T is bright as star of evening skies,
And far above it-glittering lies
A golden crown in heaven.

746. C. M. *Waverly, p. 366.*

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>1 COME boldly to the throne of grace,
Our great High Priest is there;
Come, venture to that holy place,
Beneath his guardian care.</p> <p>2 Come boldly to the throne of grace,
Where Jesus kindly pleads;
Ours cannot be a desperate case
While Jesus intercedes.</p> <p>3 Come boldly to the throne of grace,
The centre of his love;
Where sweet attractions never cease,
To draw our hearts above.</p> | <p>4 Come boldly to the throne of grace,
And all our trials tame;
In every point our Lord will trace,
That he endured the same.</p> <p>5 Come boldly to the throne of grace,
With all our wants and fears,
The Saviour's hand shall kindly chase
Away the bitterest tears.</p> <p>6 Come boldly to the throne of grace,
There shall our spirits soar;
There we will pray and never cease
Till time shall be no more.</p> |
|---|--|

747. HOW BEAUTEOUS ARE THEIR FEET.

4g 1 1

A	5	5	5	6	5	6	7			5	5	3	2	.1	.R	R 3	5	3	
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2c , , , ,

1 How beautiful are their feet Who stand on Zion's hill, Who bring sal-

4g

C	3	3	3	4	2	3	5	3	3	1	.1	.R	R 1	3	1	
---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	----	----	-----	---	---	--

2c 7

2 How charming is their voice! How sweet the tidings are! Zi - on be-

4g 1 1 1 1 1 1

D	5			7	5	3	5	5	5	.5	.R	R 1	
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2c

3 How happy are our ears, That hear this joyful sound. Which kings and prophets

4g

B	1			1		1	1		.R	1	
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2c 5 5 4 5 5 5 5 .5 5 5 1 5

4g 1 1 1 1

A	1	3	5	5	6	7	7	5	6	6	5	5	4	3	2	.1	
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2c , , , ,

vation on their tongues, And words of peace reveal.

4g Who brings salvation on their tongues, 1

C	1	1	3	3	3	4	5	6	5	3	4	4	6	3	3	2	1	.1	
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2c , , 7

hold thy Saviour King; Zion behold thy Saviour King; He reigns and triumphs here!

4g 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1

D	5	5	6	5	7	7	6	7	5	5	5	4	.3	
---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	----	--

2c , ,

waited for, Which kings and prophets waited for, And sought, but never found!

4g

B	1	1	2								
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2c 5 5 .5 5 5 7 6 4 4 6 3 6 5 5 .1

- 4 How blessed are our eyes.
That see this heavenly light!
Prophets and kings desired it long,
But died without the sight.
- 5 The watchmen join their voice,
And tuneful notes employ;
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
And deserts learn the joy.
- 6 The Lord makes bare his arm.
Through all the earth abroad:
Let every nation now behold
Their Saviour and their God.

748. S.M.

- 1 JESUS, the Conqueror, reigns,
In glorious strength arrayed;

His kingdom over all maintains,
And bids the earth be glad.

- 2 Ye sons of men, rejoice
In Jesus' mighty love:
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice,
To him who rules above.

- 3 Extol his kingly power;
Adore th' exalted Son.
Who died, but lives, to die no more,
High on his Father's throne.

- 4 Our Advocate with God,
He undertakes our cause
And spreads through all the earth
abroad,
The triumph of his cross.

749. COMMUNION. L. M. S. LEIGHTY.

5a
A .1 | () | .1 1 | .2 3 | .1 || 1 | .3 3 | 2 1 | () 1 | .1 ||
3c 6 5 6 6 5 6
1 How blest the righteous when he dies ! When sinks a weary soul to rest !
5a
D .3 | .4 4 | .3 3 | .5 5 | .3 || 5 | .5 5 | 6 5 3 | .2 4 | .3 ||
3c
2 So fades a summer cloud away ; So sinks the gale when storms are o'er ;
5a
B .1 | .1 1 | 1 | 1 | || 1 | .1 1 | .2 1 | | .1 ||
3c .6 .7 .5 .5 6
5a
A 1 | .5 5 | 3 2 1 | 1 2 3 | .5 || 5 | 6 5 5 | 3 2 1 | 2 1 2 | .1- ||
3c
How mildly beam the closing eyes ! How gently heaves th' expiring breast !
5a .1 1
D 5 | | 6 5 5 | .4 5 | .3 || 3 | .4 2 | .5 3 | .5 5 | .5- ||
3c
So gently shuts the eye of day ; So dies a wave along the shore.
5a
B 1 | .3 1 | 1 1 | .2 1 | || 1 | .1 | .1 1 | | .1- ||
3c 7 .5 7 .7 7

- 3 A holy quiet reigns around,—
A calm which life nor death destroys ;
And naught disturbs that peace profound,
Which his unfettered soul enjoys.
- 4 Life's labor done, as sinks the clay —
Light from its load the spirit flies,
While heaven and earth combine to say,—
How blest the righteous when he dies !

750. L. M.

- 1 BRIGHT as the sun's meridian blaze,
Vast as the blessings he conveys ;
Wide as his reign from pole to pole ;
And permanent as his control.
- 2 So, Jesus, let thy kingdom come,
Then sin and hell's terrific gloom,
Shall, at his brightness, flee away,
The dawn of an eternal day.
- 3 Then shall the heathen, filled with awe,
Learn the blest knowledge of thy law ;
And anti-christs on every shore,
Fall from their thrones to rise no more.

757. HERALD. 8s, 7s, 4s.

1c	§	1-	1	2	2	3-	2	1	1-	1	3	2	REP.
A	5	5							6	6	5		7

2c
God of our salvation, hear us; Bless, oh bless us, ere we go;
When we join the world be near us, Lest we cold and careless grow;

1c	§					1							REP.
B	1	1	3-	3	5	5		1	4	4	3	1	4
2c													5

1c	3	1-							1	3-	2	1	.1
A		7	6	6	5	4	4	3	5			7	

2c
Sa - viour, keep us— Saviour, keep us—Keep us safe from every foe.

1c													
B	1	3	4	4	5	2	1	1	3	1	1-	4	5
2c													5

2 As our steps are drawing nearer
To our everlasting home,
May our view of heaven grow clearer,
Hope more bright of joys to come;
And, when dying,
May thy presence cheer the gloom.

758. 8s, 7s, 4s.

1 ON the mountain top appearing,
Lo! the sacred herald stands;
Joyful news to Zion bearing,
Zion long in hostile lands;
Mourning captive,
God himself shall loose thy bands.

2 Hast thy night been long and mournful,
Have thy friends unfaithful proved?
Have thy foes been proud and scornful,
By thy sighs and tears unmoved?
Cease thy mourning,
Zion still is well-beloved.

3 God, thy God will soon restore thee;
He himself appears thy friend:
All thy foes shall flee before thee;
Here their boasted triumphs end:
Great deliverance,
Zion's King will surely send.

4 Peace and joy shall now attend thee,
All thy warfare now be past;
God thy Saviour will defend thee,
Victory is thine at last:
All thy conflicts
End in an eternal rest.

759. 8s, 7s, 4s.

1 ONCE was heard the song of children,
By the Saviour when on earth;
Joyful in the sacred temple,
Shouts of youthful praise had birth,
And hosannas
Loud to David's son broke forth.

2 Palms of victory strewn around him,
Garments spread beneath his feet,
Prophet of the Lord they crowned him,
In fair Salem's crowded street,
While hosannas
From the lips of children greet.

3 Blessed Saviour, now triumphant,
Glorified and throned on high,
Mortal lays, from man or infant,
Vain to tell thy praise essay;
But hosannas
Swell the chorus to the sky.

4 God o'er all in heaven reigning,
We, this day, thy glory sing—
Not with palms thy pathway strewing,
We would loftier tribute bring—
Glad hosannas
To our Prophet, Priest, and King.

5 Oh, though humble is our offering,
Deign accept our grateful lays—
These, from children once proceeding,
Thou did'st deem "perfected praise."
Now hosannas,
Saviour, Lord, to thee we raise.

760. HEAVEN.

D.C.M.

L.

2g 1- §

A	5	5-3	11	6	53	3-2	13	4-5	6	5
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2c , , , ,

1 There's joy in Heaven, thrilling joy, Whene'er a sinner turns; Then

2g

C	3	3-1	11	5-3	31	1-	11	2-3	4	3
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2c , , 7 ,

2g 1 1- 1 1- 1 1 1- .1 1 1 And

D			55	6			5	55		
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2c , ,

2g

B	1	1-						.1	1	1
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2c 5 55 5-6 55 5-5 55

2g 1- P 11 2-

A	5-3	11	6	53	32	5-3	1	1	55	7	55
---	-----	----	---	----	----	-----	---	---	----	---	----

2c , , , ,

with a holy ecstasy, The tallest seraph burns;
Through all the shining courts of bliss, The

2g P

C	3-1	11	5-3	31	1	3-1	3	3	33	55	4-2	33
---	-----	----	-----	----	---	-----	---	---	----	----	-----	----

2c , , 7 ,

thousand, &c.

2g 1- 1 1- 11 1 11 11 11 P

D		55	6		55	5-5	5		7-5	
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2c , ,

2g P

B	1-						1	1	11	33	2-	11
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2c 5 55 5-6 55 55 5-5 5

2g 1- REP. 2s. 1-2 3 3 3-2 11 2- 1 P

A	7	65					7	55	7	65	6
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2c , , , ,

joyful news is borne, And thousand angel voices shout
The wanderer's return.

2g P

C	5-2	43	4-5	7	6	6-5	55	5-5	33	53	32	3
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2c , , , ,

2g 11 12 1 1 P

D	7-5	484	.5	5	3	3-2	33	5-7		7	
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2c , , ,

2g P

B			.1	1	1	1-2		11	1		
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2c 5-5 45 , 55 5-5 5 67 6

2 There's light, effulgent light in Heaven,
It radiates from the throne.
And bright reflects from golden streets,
And walls of precious stone :
Ten thousand times ten thousand stars,
And suns by scores untold,
Could ne'er emit such glorious light,
As there the saints behold.

3 There's rest in Heaven, calm repose,
From pain and toil and care ;
And there the weary shall enjoy
A peace beyond compare,
A tranquil quiet, calm and deep,
A sea without a shore,
An ocean vast, of bliss, that shall
Endure for evermore.

4 There's music, heavenly music, there
Ten thousand harps of gold
Are tuned and touched by angel hands,
To measures sweet and bold ;
Twelve thousand times twelve thousand
Of their redemption sing ; (souls,
And louder yet, rank after rank,
Redemption's anthems ring.

5 They sing the wond'rous love of God,
To a lost sinful race :
And thousand thousand angel choirs,
Take up the notes of praise ;
And ransomed souls, a countless host,
Echo the swelling songs,
Honor, and power, and love to Him,
To whom all praise belongs.
Honor and power.

761. PENITENCE. 7,6,8. W.H. OAKLEY.

7G												
A	.1	3-2 1	.1					.1 R	3-2 1	3-2 1		
8c	5			7 6 .5 5	.6 6	.5 5						
Jesus, let thy pitying eye, Call back a wandering sheep. False to thee, like												
7G												
B												
8c	.1 1	.1 1	.4 4	.11	.11	.5 5	.1	.1 1	.1 1			
7G	P											
A	.1			.1 1	.3 2	.1 R					1	
8c	7 6	.5 5					.5 3 4	.5 5	6-7	.5 5		
Pe - ter, I would fain, like Peter weep. Let me be by grace restored, On												
7G	P											
B												
8c	.4 4	.1 5	.3 1	.5 5	.1	.1 1	.1 1	.4 4	.1 1			
7G	P											
A	1	1	.3 1	.2 R	3-2 1	3-2 1	.1			.1 1	.3 2	
8c	6	7 6	.5					6	.5 5			
me be all long suffering shown ; Turn and look upon me, Lord,												
7G	P											
B												
8c	.4 4	.1 1	.1 3 5	.1 1	.1 1	.4 4	.1 5	.3 1	.5 5	.1		
And break my heart of stone.												

2 Saviour, Prince, enthroned above,
Salvation to impart,
Give me, through thy dying love,
The humble, contrite heart,—
Give, what I have long implored,
A portion of thy love unknown,
Turn and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.

3 See me, Saviour, from above,
Nor suffer me to die ;
Life, and happiness, and love,
Drop from thy gracious eye ;
Speak the reconciling word,
And let thy mercy melt me down ;
Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.

763. AUTUMN. 8s,7s.

1P	6	7	6	5	6	7	'	'	7	6			6	6	3	.	6	'	'	'	'			6
2s	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'

Once, oh Lord, thy garden flourished, Every plant looked gay and green ;
Then thy word our spirits nourished, Happy seasons we have seen !
But a drought has since succeeded,

1P	3	3	2	1	2	3	3	3	6	5	2	3	3	.	6											3	2	3	3
D	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'
2s																													
1P																													
B	6	6			3	3			5	5		3	3		6	5	6		3	3	.	6		6	6		5	6	3
2s																													

1P	3	4	5	3	6	6	5	4	.	3	3	4	3													
A	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'
2s																										

And a sad decline we see ; Lord, thy help is greatly needed,
Help can only come from thee.

1P	5	5	3	3	3	2	.	3							4	3-2	4	2	3	6	5-2	3	3	.	3	
D										5-6	5															
2s																										
1P	1	1									1-		1	2	1-											
B					6	6	6	5	.	6		7				7	6	5	3	5	4	5-5	3	3	.	6
2s																										

3 Some, in whom we once delighted,
We shall meet no more below ;
Some, alas ! we fear are blighted —
Scarce a single leaf they show.

4 Dearest Saviour, hasten hither,
Thou canst make them bloom again ;
Oh, permit them not to wither.
Let not all our hopes be vain !

5 Let our mutual love be fervent ;
Make us prevalent in prayers ;
Let each one, esteemed thy servant,
Shun the world's bewitching snares.

6 Break the tempter's fatal power,
Turn the stony heart to flesh,
And begin, from this good hour,
To revive thy work afresh.

764. 8s,7s.

1 MOTHER, has the dove that nestled
Lovingly upon thy breast,
Folded up its little pinions,
And in darkness gone to rest ?

2 Nay, the grave is dark and dreary,
But the lost one is not there.
Hear'st thou not its gentle whisper,
Floating on the ambient air ?

3 It is near thee, gentle mother,
Near thee at the evening hour ;
Its soft kiss is in the zephyr,
It looks up from every flower.

4 And when night's dark shadows fleeing
Low thou bendest thee in prayer,
And thy heart feels nearest heaven,
Then thy angel babe is there.

HARWELL.*

6c	5																REP.						
A	1	1-	1 3	2 2		5 5	5-	1 3 2	.1		4-	3											
8q	5-	"	5	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"											
6c																REP							
C	1-	3	3-	1 3 3		3 3	3-	1 1	.1		2-	1											
8q	"	"	"	"	"	7 7	"	"	"	"	"	"											
6c																REP.							
D	5-	5	5-	"	"	7 5		"	"	5 5 5	.1		5-	5									
8q	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"									
6c																REP.							
B																	1 1	1-				1	
8q	5-	5	5-	5 5 5	5 5	"	"	5 5 5	.1	7-	"												
6c																	5-	4	3 4 5 6 5-	4		.3	
A	2 3	4 5	4-	3	.2		5-	4	3 4 5 6 5-	4	.3												
8q	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"												
6c																REP. 1, 2s.							
C																	3-	2	1 2 3 4 3-	2		.1	
8q	7	6	"	"	"	7	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"							
6c																REP. 4, 2s							
D	5 5 5 5 5-	5	.5		"	7	"	6 5 4 3-	4	.5													
8q	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"							
6c																	1-	1	1 1				.5
B	2 1 2.1		1-	1	1 1																		
8q	"	"	"	"	7- 5	.5	"	"	"	"	1 1 5- 6	.5											

765.

1 Hark! ten thousand harps and voices,
 Sound the note of praise above;
 Jesus reigns, and heaven rejoices;
 Jesus reigns the God of love:
 See, he sits on yonder throne,
 Jesus rules the world alone.
 Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
 Amen.

2 Jesus, hail, whose glory brightens
 All above, and gives it worth;
 Lord of life, thy smile enlightens,
 Cheers and charms thy saints on earth.
 When we think of love like thine,
 Lord, we own it love divine.
 Hallelujah, etc.

3 King of glory, reign forever,
 Thine an everlasting crown;
 Nothing from thy love shall sever,
 Those whom thou hast made thine
 own;
 Happy objects of thy grace,
 Destined to behold thy face.
 Hallelujah, etc.

4 Saviour, hasten thine appearing,
 Bring, oh bring, the glorious day,
 When the awful summons hearing,
 Heaven and earth shall pass away
 Then with golden harps we'll sing.
 Glory, glory to our King.
 Hallelujah, etc.

* L. Mason. From *Garmina Sacra*, by permission.

766. 8s,7s.

- 1 HARK! what mean those heavenly voices,
Sweetly sounding through the skies?
Lo! the angelic host rejoices:
Heavenly hallelujahs rise.
Hark! the heralds of salvation!
Joyful news the angels bring;
God himself in flesh hath entered,
Jesus is the new-born King!
- 2 Hear them tell the wondrous story,
Hear them chant in hymns of joy,

"Glory in the highest — glory!
Glory be to God most high!
Peace on earth—good will from heaven,
Reaching far as man is found,
Souls redeemed, and sins forgiven,"
Loud our golden harps shall sound.

3 Christ is born, the great anointed;
Heaven and earth his praises sing;
Oh receive whom God appointed,
For your Prophet, Priest, and King.
Haste, ye mortals, to adore him;
Learn his name and taste his joy;
Till in heaven ye sing before him,
Glory be to God most high!

DAY SPRING. 8s,7s,4.

5g	1																										
A	1	2	3	1	4	3	2	1	3	4	5	5	6	.5	5	5	5	5	6	5	5	4	3				
2c																											
5g																											
B	1							1	1	1	1	2	1		1	1	1	1	2	2							
2c	5	3	1	4	6	5	5							.5							5	5					

5g																											
A	4	4	4	6	5	3	.5	1	1	2	3	1	2	1	2	3	4	2	3	2	3	4	5	5	3	2	.1
2c																											
5g																											
B							.1	1	1	1	1				1	1	1	2	3						.1		
2c	4	4	4	4	5	5							5	5							3	4	5	5	.1		

767. 8s,7s.

- 1 GENTLY, Lord, oh gently lead us
Through this lonely vale of tears!
And, oh Lord, in mercy give us
Thy rich grace in all our fears.
Oh refresh us!
Traveling through this wilderness.
- 2 When temptation's darts assail us,
When in devious paths we stray,
Let thy goodness never fail us,
Lead us in thy perfect way.
Oh refresh us!
Traveling through this wilderness!
- 3 In the hour of pain and anguish,
In the hour when death draws near,
Suffer not our hearts to languish,
Suffer not our souls to fear.
Oh refresh us!
Traveling through this wilderness.

- 4 When this mortal life is ended,
Bid us in thine arms to rest,
Till, by angel bands attended,
We awake among the blest.
Oh refresh us!
When we've passed the wilderness.

768. 8s,7s.

- 1 GRACIOUS Saviour! we adore thee,
Purchased by thy precious blood,
We present ourselves before thee,
Now to walk the narrow road:
Saviour, guide us,
Guide us to our heavenly home.
- 2 Thou didst mark our path of duty;
Thou wast laid beneath the wave;
Thou didst rise in glorious beauty
From the semblance of the grave:
May we follow
In the same delightful way.

769. REMEMBER ME. C. M.

1P	1	.11	1	.33	.1	1	.11							
A	3	.6	.65		.6	6	.53	.6	.65	.6				
3s														
O thou, from whom all goodness flows, I lift my soul to thee ;														
In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes,														
1P	.11													
C	1	.36	.32	.66	.3	6	.63	.3	1	.36	.33	.66	.6	
3s														
1P	.11	.1	.11	.1	1	1	.1	.1	.11					
D	5		5				.66	.3		5	3		.33	.3
3s														
When trials sore obstruct my way, And ills I cannot flee,														
O let my strength be as my day ;														
1P														
B	3	.11	.1	.11		1	.1	.13	.1	3	.11	.1	.1	
3s	5 .6 6 5 s5 .6													
1P	1	.33	.1	3	.53	.31	.32	.1	2	.3				
A			s5	.6						6	.6s4	.5		
3s														
Good Lord, remember me. When on my aching, burdened heart,														
My sins lie heavily,														
1P	.11	.31	.1	.1	.1									
C	6	.63	.3	5	6	7	.6	7	3	.3s2	.3			
3s														
1P	1 .1 .1 1 .1													
D	3	.66	.33	.3	6	.63	.65	5	.6	5	.5			
3s														
Good Lord, remember me. If, for thy sake, upon my name,														
Shame and reproach shall be,														
1P														
B	1	.31	.1	1	.11	.1	.1		1	.11	.1			
3s	s5 .6 5 s5 .6 5 .66													
1P	1 .1 1 1 .33 .1													
A	3	.6	.65	.6					s5	.6-				
3s														
Thy pardon grant, new peace im - part, Good Lord, re - member me.														
1P	.11													
C	1	.36	.33	.66	.3	6	.63	.3-						
3s														
1P	.1	.1	.1											
D	5	3	5	.33	3	.65	.3s5	.6-						
3s														
All hail, re - proach, and welcome shame, Good Lord, re - member me.														
1P														
B	.1	1	.11	1	.11									
2s	5	s5	.6	.6	.3s5	.6-								

5 When worn with pain, disease, and
This feeble body see: {grief,
Grant patience, rest, and kind relief;
Good Lord, remember me.

6 When in the solemn hour of death,
I wait thy just decree,

Be this the prayer of my last breath,
Good Lord, remember me.

7 And when before thy throne I stand,
And lift my soul to thee,
Then with the saints, at thy right hand,
Good Lord, remember me.

LEAF. C. M. W. G. WARD.

1c	1112	3211		1112	3215	532s4	.53
A	5	" "	" "	5555	.55	" "	" "
3c			" "				
1c						1 2	.31
C	3	3334	5433	3334	.33	3334	5467 7'7
3c	" "	" "	" "	" "	" "	" "	" "
1c						1 1	21
B	1	1115	5511	1111	.11	1115	55 55 .55
3c	" "	" "	" "	" "	" "	" "	" "
1c	2223	4321	234321	1	1112	3213	43 .1
A	" "	" "	" " " " "	75	" "	" "	" " 57
3c							
1c	1	21	1	121		1	1
C	777	" "7	" " " "76	.53	3335	776	65354 .3
3c	" "	" "	" "	" "	" "	" "	" "
1c							
B	5555	5555	5555	.55	1115	5511	4455 .1
3c	" "	" "	" "	" "	" "	" "	" "

771. C. M.

1 JESUS, thou art the sinner's friend,
As such I look to thee;
Now in the bowels of thy love,
Oh Lord! remember me.

2 Remember thy pure word of grace,
Remember Calvary;
Remember all thy dying groans,
And then remember me.

3 Thou wondrous Advocate with God!
I yield myself to thee;
While thou art sitting on thy throne,
Oh Lord! remember me.

4 I own I'm guilty, own I'm vile,
Yet thy salvation's free;
Then, in thy all-abounding grace,
Oh Lord! remember me.

5 Howe'er forsaken or distressed,
Howe'er oppressed I be;
Howe'er afflicted here on earth,
Be Thou remember me

772. C. M.

1 RELIGION! soul-reviving sound!
Makes drooping hearts rejoice;
Where shall the happy man be found,
Who makes it all his choice.

2 Religion! oh how oft abused,
By ign'rance and by pride!
Its sweet inviting voice refused,
And trampled on beside!

3 Religion! oh the heav'nly power
When in the heart it reigns!
The living and the dying hour
It comforts and sustains.

4 Religion! smoothes life's rugged way,
And makes the bitter sweet;
And will in heaven's eternal day,
Be glorious and complete.

5 Let worldlings boast their golden store,
And mighty men their powers;
We ask such empty joys no more,
Be true religion ours.

773. FIDUCIA. C. M.

8P	\$	REP. .1 33 .3 .1 21 .2														
A	.6	67	.6	.3	5-6	5-3	32	3s5	.6							
2c																
Hark from the tombs a doleful sound! My ears, attend the cry—																
3P	\$	REP.														
C	.3	33	.4	.3	3-4	3-1	1	13	.3	.3	53	.3	.5	75	.5	
2c																
Ye living men, come view the ground Where you must shortly lie.																
3P	\$	1			1-2	1-					11	.1	.1			
D	.6	7	.6	.6			6	55	6s5	.6	.5			55	.5	
2c																
Princes, this clay must be your bed,																
3P	\$	REP. .1 .1														
B	.6	63	.2	.3	1-2	1-1	34	33			66	.6		55	.5	
2c																
6																
3P	.3	1	.1	.3	.2	.1	31									
A		6						.6	.3	5-6	5-3	32	3s5	.6		
2c																
3P																
C	.5	64	.4	.6	.5	.6	66	.3	.1	3-4	3-1	1	1	3	.3	
2c																
3P	.1					.1		.1	.1	1-	1-					
D		44	.6	.6	.5		56			7	5	65	5	5	.6	
2c																
In spite of all your towers, The tall, the wise, the reverend head,																
Must lie as low as ours!																
3P																
B	.3	32	.1	.1	.5	.3	63	.2	.3	1-2	3-1	34	33			
2c																
6																

3 Great God! is this our certain doom?

And are we still secure?

Still walking downward to the tomb,

And yet prepare no more!

1 Grant us the power of quickening
grace,

To fit our souls to fly;

Then, when we drop this dying flesh

We'll rise above the sky.

3 Turn, mortal, turn!—thy danger know

Where'er thy foot can tread,

The earth rings hollow from below,

And warns thee of her dead!

4 Turn, Christian, turn!—thy soul awake

To truths which loudly tell,

That they who underneath thee lie

Shall live for heaven—or hell!

774. C. M.

1 BENEATH our feet and o'er our
Are equal warnings given; [heads,
Beneath us lie the countless dead,
Above us is the heaven!2 Death rides on every passing breeze,
And lurks in every flower;
Each season has its own disease,
Its peril every hour.

775. C. M.

1 HOW swift the moments speed away!
How certain is our doom!
“Our eyes scarce open on the day,”
Before we seek the tomb.2 Dreary and dark and cold may be
Our bed, but we'll arise,
And join the blood-washed company
Of saints in paradise.

SUPPLICATION, No. 2.

L.

2p											1 1	REP. 2s.																			
A	3	6	6	5	6	3	3	3		1	2	3	5	3	3	5	6		6	'	'	7	6	5	6	3					
3s																															
9p											1 1	REP. 2s.																			
1	3	3	3	2	3	1	1											1	3	3	3	3	3	5	5	5	4	2	2	3	
5s																															
3p											6	6	5	6																	
											P	'	'											REP. 2s.							
B											1	1		1	1	2	1														
5s	6	6	6	7	6	6	6	6	7	6	6	7	6	6	'	'		7	6	5											

776. L. M.

- 1 I LONG to see the season come,
When sinners shall come flocking home,
To taste the heaven of Jesus' love,
And seek the joys that are above.
- 2 Hark! 'tis the glorious gospel sound,
Inviting sinners all around;
Behold your loving Saviour stands,
And spreads for you his bleeding hands.
- 3 He now stands knocking at your heart,
Waiting salvation to impart,
He'll wash you in atoning blood,
And make you heirs and sons of God.
- 4 A few more days and you must go,
To realms of joy or endless woe;
In worlds above with Christ to dwell,
Or sink beneath his frowns to hell.
- 5 Come, sinners, all now warning take,
And all your sinful ways forsake,
This world give o'er, leave friends behind
In Christ you shall redemption find.
- 6 Take your companions by the hand,
And all your children in a band;
And give them up at Jesus' call,
He'll pardon, bless, and save them all.
- 7 When the great day of Christ shall come,
And He collects His jewels home,
On Zion's mount we then shall stand,
And join the bright angelic band.
- 8 Oh what a glorious company,
May I be there the sight to see;
And join in praise of Jesus' name,
All glory in Jerusalem.

- 4 It is all holy and serene,
The land of glory and repose ;
And there, to dim the radiant scene.
The tear of sorrow never flows.
- 5 It is not fanned by summer's gale,
'T is not refreshed by vernal showers ;
It never needs the moonbeam pale,
For there are known no evening hours.
- 6 No : for this world is ever bright,
With a pure radiance all its own ;
The streams of uncreated light
Flow round it from the eternal throne.

778. 10s, 11s.

- 1 ALL glory and praise to Jesus our Lord,
So plenteous in grace, so true to his word,
To us he hath given the gift from above,
The earnest of heaven, the spirit of love.
- 2 The truth of our God we boldly assert,
His love shed abroad and power in our heart,
Ye all may inherit, on Jesus who call ;
The gift of his Spirit is proffered to all.
- 3 His witness within, by faith we receive,
And ransomed from sin, in righteousness live ;
Through Jesus's passion we gladly possess
A present salvation, a kingdom of peace.
- 4 The peace and the power, ye sinners embrace,
And look for the shower, the spirit of grace ;
The gift and the giver we all shall receive,
For ever and ever within us to live.

779. L. M.

- 1 YE nations round the earth, rejoice
Before the Lord, your Sovereign King ;
Serve him with cheerful heart and voice ;
With all your tongues his glory sing.
- 2 The Lord is God, 'tis he alone
Doth life, and breath, and being, give :
We are his work, and not our own,
The sheep that on his pasture live.

784. ITALY. L. M.

SACCHINI.

7a REP.
 A 1 1 3 3 1 5 .4 || 3 1 5 3 .2 4 | 2 | .1 || 3 .3 3 |
 8c 5 5 3 5 .7

What sinners value I resign ; Lord, 'tis enough that thou art mine :

7a REP.
 D 3 | 3 1 3 | .3 1 | 3 | .2 | 5 | .5 5 | .6 5 | .4 2 | .3 || |
 8c .5 5 .5 5

I shall behold thy blissful face, And stand complete in righteousness. This life's a

7a REP.
 B | | | | | || | | | | | || | | | |
 8c 1 .1 1 .1 1 .1 1 .5 1 .3 1 .4 2 .5 5 .1 1 .1 1

7a
 A .2 1 | 1 | .2 || 3 | 3 5 3 | 2 5 | 1 | | | | 1 3 |
 8c .7 7 7 6 .5 5 5 3 5 5

dream, an empty show ; But the bright world to which I go
 Hath joys substantial

7a
 D 2 | .2 4 | .5 || | | | | | | 4 | 3 1 3 | .3 1 |
 8c .7 5 .5 5 .7 5 6 5 4 .5

7a
 B | | | | | || | | | | | || | | | |
 8c .5 4 .5 2 .5 1 .1 1 .5 1 .2 2 .5 1 .1 1 .1 1

7a P
 A 3 1 5 | .4 || 3 | 4 5 6 | 5 3 1 | 1 1 | 3 2 || 3 | 4 5 6 | .5 1 | 2 2 | .1 ||
 8c 7 7

and sincere : When shall I wake and find me there ?
 When shall I wake and find me there ?

7a P
 D 3 | .2 || 1 | .1 1 | .1 | | 1 | 1 | || 1 | .1 1 | .1 | 2 4 | .3 |
 8c .5 5 6 7 7 5 7

7a P
 B | | | | | || | | | | | || | | | |
 8c .1 1 .5 5 6 5 4 3 1 5 .4 2 .5 1 6 5 4 3 1 3 .4 5 .1

3 Oh glorious hour ! Oh blessed abode !

I shall be near, and like my God ;
 And flesh and sin no more control
 The sacred pleasures of the soul.

4 My flesh shall slumber in the ground,
 Till the last trumpet's joyful sound ;
 Then burst the chains with sweet surprise,
 And in my Saviour's image rise,

785. L. M.

- 1 FROM all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise ;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung,
Through every land by every tongue.
- 2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord,
Eternal truth attends thy word ;
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

786. L. M.

- 1 OUR Father, God, who art in heaven,
To thy great name be reverence given,
Thy peaceful kingdom wide extend,
And reign, oh Lord, till time shall end.
- 2 Thy sacred will on earth be done,
As 't is by angels round thy throne ;
And let us ev'ry day be fed,
With earthly and with heavenly bread.
- 3 Our sins forgive, and teach us thus
To pardon those who injure us ;
Our shield in all temptations prove,
And every evil far remove.
- 4 Thine is the kingdom to control,
And thine the power to save the soul ;
Great be the glory of thy reign,
Let every creature say, Amen.

787. C. M.

- 1 GO, heralds of the cross, proclaim
The wondrous word of God ;
Publish aloud, in Jesus' name,
The gospel all abroad.
- 2 Broadcast upon the spacious earth,
Sow ye the precious seed ;
Tell of the Saviour's wondrous birth—
Tell how he lived and died.
- 3 Tell he was buried and arose
Triumphant from the grave,
Exalted high above his foes,
He's mighty still to save. L.

788. C. M.

- 1 WHEN the worn spirit wants repose,
And sighs her God to seek,

How sweet to hail the evening's close,
That ends the weary week !

2 How sweet to hail the early dawn,
That opens on the sight,
When first that soul-reviving morn
Sheds forth new rays of light !

3 Sweet day ! thine hours too soon will
cease,
Yet while they gently roll,
Breathe, heavenly Spirit, source of
peace
A rest upon my soul.

4 When will my pilgrimage be done,
The world's long week be o'er :
That heavenly dawn which needs no
sun,
That day, which fades no more !

8P REP.

A	11	1	22	12	3	1	3-4	55	42	12	3-
2s	6-7 2 2	6	7 7	6-7 2 2	7	6	7 7				

3p

B

2s 6-8 5 6 6 3 6 5 5 5 6 7 1 1- 7 6 5 6 1-2 3 3 2 7 6 5 6-

[illegible]

8P P

B || 3 3 | 4 3 | 1 | 1 | 2- | 11- ||

2s .3 6-6 7 7 5 ' ' 6 5 7 7 ' 7 6 8 5 .6
" " " "

791. THE GARDEN. L.

3p	1 1	11	12 .3
A	6- 7	7 7 6 6-	3-s 455 3s 56- 6 77 633s5 67
4c	,	,	,
Deep silence reigned on Olive's brow, night's myriad stars were pale, And scarce was heard the ripple of the streamlet in the vale;			
3p			.1
C	2- 4 5 5	5 5 3 3-	1- 233 3 23- 3 5555 3113 3567
4c	,	,	,

3P .3 3111 2 1

A | 7 7 7 | 6 s 5 6 | .3 || .3 | 4 3 2 3 | 1 3 3 - 3 | 3 6 s 5 5 | .6 ||

4c

The wanton winds were lulled to rest, hushed was their 'plaining moan,
And thickly down the mountain side were dusky shadows thrown.

3P .1 1

C | 6 6 6 | 5 5 5 5 | 6 4 3 2 | .1 || .1 | 2 1 1 | 1 - 1 | 1 3 1 | ||

4c

7 6 7 ' 7 .6

2 To the garden of Gethsemane the sorrowing Saviour came,
And in deep agony of soul invoked his Father's name,—
"Oh Father, if it be thy will, remove this cup from me,
Yet not my will, but thine, be done, now and eternally."

3 Then there appeared, to strengthen him, an angel from the sky ;
(While prostrate still in sorrow's sleep the chosen three did lie,
In agony, more earnestly, he prayed unto his God ;
While sweat came falling to the ground, like to great drops of blood

792. THE BETRAYAL. L.

3P

REP.

A 3- | 3 4 2 3 | 1 | 1 1 2 s 2 | 3- || 3- | 5 3 3 s 5 | 6 3 3 3 |

23s

, , 7 6 7 , , , , , , , ,

Then came the murderous multitude, with clashing staves and swords,
And Judas, the arch-traitor, with a kiss and honeyed words,

And roughly lay their wicked hands on

3P

REP.

1

C 6- | 6 6 s 5 6 | 5- s 4 5 | 6 6 s 5 5 | 6- || 6- | 5 5 3 | 4 6 6 6 |

23s

, , , , , , , , , ,

3P

A 4 2 1 2 | 3- || 3- | 3 4 2 3 | 1 | 1 3 1 | ||

23s

, , , , , 7 6 7 , , 7 6-

God's beloved Son, And take unto the judgment hall, the only sinless One. L.

3P

C 6 5 3 s 5 | 6- || 6- | 6 6 s 5 6 | 5- s 4 5 | 3 5 3 2 | 3- ||

23s

, , , , , , , , , ,

793. THE TRIAL AND CRUCIFIXION. L.

3P

1

12 .3

A .6 | 3 2 1 2 | 3 s 4 5 - s 5 | 6 3 7 | .6 || .6 | 3 2 1 2 | 3 s 4 5 - s 5 | 6 7 | ||

4m

Forsaken by his followers, derided by his foes,
Stands there the meek and lowly one, the man of grief and woes ;

3P

.1

C .3 | 1 | 1 2 3 - 3 | 3 1 6 5 | .3 || .3 | 1 | 1 2 3 - 3 | 6 s 5 6 7 | ||

4s

7 6 7

,

7 6 7

,

5a	1										1-	VERY SLOW.			
A	5	7	7	6	6	3s45-	5-655	3-	1234	57'6	5-1	3-2	1-		
2q	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	5	9	9	9	9	9	9

The angel of the Lord comes down, And rolls the stone away:

He wears heaven's splendors for a crown, Is clothed in bright array.

5a														VERY SLOW.			
B	1	5	5	4	4	321-1	1-1	1-	1234	54321-1	5-5		1-				
2q	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	5	5	,	,	5-5	5-5				

2 The lightnings flash about his head—His raiment white as snow,
The trembling keepers fall, as dead, Prostrate to earth and low;
The Saviour rises from the tomb; To us bright hope he brings,
Henceforth the grave hath no more gloom, And death hath lost its sting.

796. HAIL, GLORIOUS DAY!

L.

5a																									
A	.1	1	s1	2	s2	3	s4	5-	4	3	3	3-	2	1		1	1	s1	2	s2	3	s4	5-	4	
2o		9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9				9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9

Hail! hail the day, The glorious day, When from death's dark domain

The Saviour rose, O'er all his foes, For-

5a																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																					
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5a																				
D	.3	3	3	4	4	5	6	7-6	5	5	5-4	3	3	3	3	4	4	5	6	7-6
2a		9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9

5a																				
B	.1										1		1							
2q	5	5	6	4	3	4	5-	6	5	5	5-	7	5	5	6	4	3	4	5-	6

5a																								
A	3	3	3-	2	1		3	5	3	3	3	4	2	2	2	3	1	1	1	2	1			
2q	9	9	9	9				9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	7	6	5

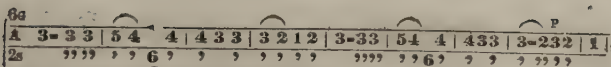
ever more to reign. His wonders tell, His praises swell,

And loud prolong The joyous song:

5a																										
C	1	1	1-		1		1	3	1	1	1	2		1	1	21	⌢									
2q	9	9	9	7					9	9	9	9	7	7	7	9	6	6	9		9	9	9	7	6	5

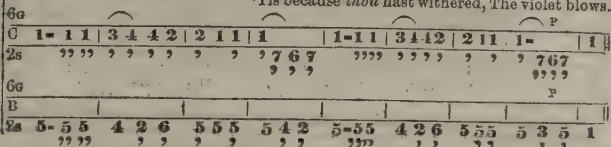
5a																									
D	5	5	5-	4	3		5	5	5	5	6	4	4	4		5	3	3	1	2	1	⌢			
2q	9	9	9	9			9	9	9		9	9	9	9		9	9	9	9	9	9	9	7	6	5

5a																				
B					1		1	1	1	1	2		1	1	1	1	2	1		
2a	5	5	5	7							5	5	5					7	6	5



rose, 'Tis because *thou* hast withered, The violet blows,

'Tis because *thou* hast withered, The violet blows.



2 The lilies bend meekly

Thy bosom above,
But thou wilt not pluck them,
Sweet child of my love;
I see the green willow
Droop low o'er thy bed,
But I see not the ringlets
That decked thy fair head.

3 I hear the bee humming

Around thy bright grave:
Can he deem death is hidden
Where sweet flowrets wave?
From the white cloud above thee
The lark scatters song,
But I list for thy voice,
Oh, how long! Oh, how long!

4 Then come back, my darling,

And come back to-day,
For the soul of thy mother
Grows faint with delay;
The home of thy childhood
In order is set,
The couch and the chamber—
Why com'st thou not yet? *

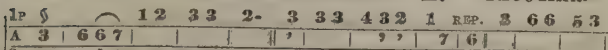
THE REPLY.

1 "Oh mother, sweet mother,
Whose love like the wave,
Hid treasures and jewels,
And also a grave.
Too strong in its fullness,
Too deep in its power,
Oh hush, precious mother,
The grief of this hour.

2 "I walk 'mid the palm trees,
And drink of the rills,
That on earth are but types of
What God here fulfills;
The joys of my childhood,
How dim they appear;
Yes, dim are the brightest,
When looked on from here.

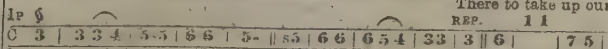
3 "Then stay not, then mourn not,
Then yield not to fears,
The flowers love hath planted,
Oh steep not in tears:
There's beauty, there's blessing,
On earth left for thee,
But bid me not share them,
There's more here with me!"

800. FOREVER. L. PECULIAR.

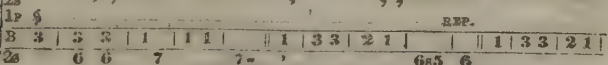


Je - ru-sa-lem, Jerusalem, We long to walk thy golden streets,
And in thy mansions bright and fair, Our lovely long lost friends to greet:

There to take up our



REP. 11



REP.

1p 5 5 5. 3 4-2 3- 1- 13- 2- 1-

A | | | | | 7 | 6 | 7 | 8 5 | 6 6- " " | 7 7 6 | 6 |

2m | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |

fixed abode, And dwell forever near the Lord; Forever, ever, ever, forever.

1p 1 1-

C 3 | 7- | 6 | 7 | 6-5 | 3-3 | 2 | 3 | 33-66- | 5 5-3 | 1-3 |

2s | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |

1p | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |

B 1 1 | 3- | 1 | | | 1- | 1 | | 1 | 1 3-1 | | 1 |

2s | | | | | 6-5 | 7 6- | 6 | | | | 6- 77- | 6-6 |

2 We long to drink the crystal stream
That issues from the glorious throne,
And join the heavenly choir, and sing
The praises of the Holy One—
Of Him who did so freely give
His life for all, that we might live
Forever, ever, ever, forever.

3 Oh glorious thought, oh blessed hope;
Come, dear Redeemer, quickly come,
And bear us from this world of woe,
To our eternal heavenly home:—
Bear us away beyond the skies,
Where we may feast on heavenly joys,
Forever, ever, ever, forever L.

801. THE ORPHAN'S PRAYER.*

W.

7g | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |

A | | | 1 | | | | | 1 | 1 | | 1 2 2 | .2 |

3s 3-4 5 7 6 5 3 5-6 5 7 6 .5 5 6-7 7 7 7 SOFT.

I love to stray, where my mother sleeps,
And gaze on each star as it twinkling peeps,

7g | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |

O | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |

3s 3 .3 5 4 .3 3-4 .3 5 4 .3 3 4-5 6 .6 8 5 5 .6 6 .5

7g | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |

D | | .1 1 | .1 1-1 | .1 1 | .1 1 | 1-1 1 | .3 3 3 | .1 1 |

8s 5 | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |

7g | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |

B | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |

3s 1 .1 1 .1 1-1 .1 1 .1 3 4-4 4 .3 3 3 6 4 4 .5

7g | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |

LOUD. " " SOFT. " " " "

A 2 3 | 4 3 2 | 3 1 | | 1 | R- | 1- | | R-

8s | | | | | 5 6-7 6 5- 7 6 5 6-

Through that bending willow which lonely weeps O'er my mother's grave,

7g | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |

LOUD. SOFT.

C | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |

3s 5 | 5 5 5 | 5 3 5 | 4-5 6 4 | 3- | 3-5 4 3 | 4-

7g | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |

LOUD. SOFT.

D 1 | 2 1 | 1 1 1 | .1 1 | 1- R- | 1-1 1 1 | 1- R-

8s 7 | | | | | 7 | | | | | | | | | |

7g | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |

LOUD. SOFT

B | | | | | 1 | | | | | R- | | | | R-

3s 5 | 5 5 5 | 1 3 | .4 4 | 1- | 1-1 1 1 | 4-

*From the "Bulchmer," by permission.

7g	LOUD.								P SOFT.	VERY SOFT.
A	4- 3 2 2	.2 2 3	4 R 3 R 2 R	3 1						
8s	‘ ‘ ‘	‘ ‘ ‘	‘ ‘ ‘ ‘ ‘					6- 6	.5 5	.5-
								‘ ‘		

O'er my mother's grave. Through that bending willow.

O'er my mother's grave

7g	LOUD.								P SOFT.	VERY SOFT.
C	1									
8s	6- ‘ 6 6	.5 5	5 R 5 R 5 R	5 3 4- 4	3 2 4	.3-				
	‘ ‘		‘ ‘ ‘ ‘ ‘	‘ ‘						

7g	LOUD.								P SOFT.	VERY SOFT.
D	2- 1 1 1	1	2 R 1 R R	1 1 1- 1	2 2	.1-				
8s	‘ ‘ ‘	.7 7 ‘	‘ ‘ ‘ ‘ ‘	‘ ‘	7					

7g	LOUD.								P SOFT.	VERY SOFT.
B										
8s	2- 3 4 5 4	.5 5	5 R 5 R 5 R	1 4- 5 4	.5 5	.1-				
	‘ ‘ ‘		‘ ‘ ‘ ‘ ‘	‘ ‘						

2 I love to kneel on the green turf there,
Afar from the scene of my daily care,
And breathe to my Saviour my evening prayer,
O'er my mother's grave, o'er my mother's grave.
Through that bending willow o'er my mother's grave.

3 I still remember how oft she led,
And knelt me by her, as with God she plead,
That I might be His when the clod was spread
O'er my mother's grave — o'er my mother's grave.
Through that bending willow o'er my mother's grave

4 I love to think how 'neath the ground,
She slumbers in death as a captive bound,
She'll slumber no more when the trump shall sound
O'er my mother's grave — o'er my mother's grave.
Through that bending willow o'er my mother's grave.

CADDO. C. M.*

7g										P
A	.1 3	.5 3	2- 1 3 2	.1	1	1	2 1			
8c	5		‘ ‘ ‘		7	.6	6	.5		
7g										P
C										
8c	3	.3 5	.5 5	4- 3 5 4	.3	5	.4 4	.4 4	.3	
7g				‘ ‘ ‘						P
D	1	.1 1	.3 1	1	.1	1	.1	1	.1	
8c				7- ‘ 7			6	.6		
7g										P
B										
8c	1	.1 1	1 1	.5 5	.1	3	.4 4	.4 4	.1	

*From the "Shawn," by permission.

7a
A | .1 3 | .5 3 | 2 3 4 3 | .2 || 3 2 | .1 1 2 | 3 1 2 | .1 ||
3c 5 , , , , , , , ,
7a
C | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
3c 3 .3 5 .5 5 .5 5 .5 5 4 .3 3 4 5 3 4 .3
7a
D 1 | .1 1 | .3 1 | 1 2 1 | || .1 1 | 1 | | | | | |
3c , , .7 7 5 5 .5
7a
B 1 | .1 1 | .1 1 | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
3c .5 5 .5 5 .6 6 .5 5 .1

802. C. M.

- 1 FAITH adds new charms to earthly
bliss,
And saves me from its snares;
Its aid in every duty brings,
And softens all my cares.
- 2 Extinguishes the thirst of sin,
And lights the sacred fire
Of love to God and heavenly things,
And feeds the pure desire.
- 3 The wounded conscience knows its
power,
The healing balm to give;

That balm the saddest heart can cheer,
And make the dying live.

- 4 Wide it unveils celestial worlds,
Where deathless pleasures reign,
And bids me seek my portion there,
Nor bids me seek in vain:
- 5 Shows me the precious promise seal'd
With the Redeemer's blood;
And helps my feeble hope to rest
Upon a faithful God.
- 6 There, there, unshaken would I rest
Till this vile body dies;
And then, on faith's triumphant wings,
At once to glory rise!

803. REDEMPTION. 11s.

7a §
A | | .1 3 1 | | | | 1 1 | .1 || | .1 3 4 | 5 3 2 1 |
4c 5-6 , .6 5 3 5-6 , 5-6 ,
7a §
C | | 1 1 | | | | | | | | 1 2 | 3 1 |
4c 3-4 .5 .6 3 3 .4 6 6 .5 3-4 , .5 7 6
My soul's full of glory, inspiring my tongue, Could I meet with angels, I'd
7a §
B | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
4c .1 .1 3 3 .1 1 1 .2 2 2 .1 .1 .1 5 5 5 6 5 3
And beg them to bear me to his loving arms.

7a REP. 16
 A .5 5 6 | .5- || 3 | .4 6 4 | 3- 4 5 3 | 2 1 2 3 | .2 ||
 4c
 sing them a song, I'd sing of my Jesus, and tell of his charms
 7g REP. 1s.
 C .2 2 3 | .1- || 1 | .1 4 2 | 1- 2 3 1 | 1 |
 4c
 7g REP. 1s.
 B || 1 | .1 | 1- 1 |
 4c .5 5 5 | .5- | 6 5 | 7 6 | .4 4 5 4 | .5

2 O Saviour of sinners! thou balm of my soul,
 'Twas thou, my dear Jesus, that made my heart whole;
 Oh, bring me to view thee, my God and my King,
 In oceans of glory thy praises to sing.

FOSTER. C. M.

5g f REP. 1
 A 1- | 1 2 3 3 | .3 .6 | 5 5 4 3 3 2 | 1- 2 .1 || .R- 8 5 | 6- 7 8 5 ||
 4c
 5g f REP. 1-
 D 1 1 2 | 3 4 5 6 6 | .6 .3 | 5 2 3 3 2 | 1- 2 .3 || .R- 3 | 7 6 3 ||
 4c
 5g f REP.
 B | 1 | | 1 2 3 | | .R- | 1- 2 3 1 ||
 4c .6 6 3 | 7 6 6 | .6 .6 | 3 | :6 | 6 7 | ,
 5g
 A 6-7 6 5 3 | 2-4 3 | 1-2 1 2 3 | 4 3 2 3 4 5 | 6-7 6 5 3 | 2 4 3 2 1 | :6 ||
 4c
 5g
 D 1- 2 3 3 | 5-6 3 3 | .3- 8 5 | 6 7 6 3 2 | 1- 2 3 3 | 6 5 4 3 3 | :3 ||
 4c
 5g
 B 1 1 | 2 1 | | 1 2 3 | 1- 1 3 | 4 2 1 2 3 | :6 ||
 4c 6-7 | 7- 6 | .5- 8 5 | 6 6 7 | 7 | 7 7 7 7 | 3 :6

804. C. M.

I HOW oft, alas! this wretched heart
 Has wandered from the Lord!
 How oft my roving thoughts depart,
 Forgetful of his word!

2 Yet sovereign mercy calls, "Return!"
 Dear Lord, and may I come?
 My vile ingratitude I mourn;
 Oh, take the wanderer home.

3 And canst thou, wilt thou, yet forgive,
 And bid my crimes remove?
 And shall a pardoned rebel live
 To speak thy wondrous love?

4 Thy pardoning love, so free, so sweet,
 Bless Saviour, I adore;
 Oh, keep me at thy sacred feast,
 And let me rove no more.

806. THE MAID OF JUDAH. BY CHARLES SLOMAN.

[illegible]

1 No more shall the children of Judah sing The lay of a happier time.
Or strike the harp with the golden string,

6a $\overbrace{1}^2 \overbrace{3334}^2 \overbrace{1365}^2 \overbrace{554}^2 \overbrace{54}^2 \overbrace{32143265467}^2 \overbrace{.5}^2 \overbrace{.85}^2 \overbrace{5-5555}^2 \overbrace{553}^2$ \$

2 O where are the sons of mine ancient race, Who were born but the
jäv'l'in to bear, How fall'n that city whose wreck I trace,

5a

B 1 | 1 1 1 1 1 1 | 1 || 1 | 1 1 1 | || R | 1-1 1 1 1 | 1 1 1

4b , , , , 55 5 5 5 , , .5 , ,

5g REP. 8s. P END

A 4 2	1 3 6 5 5 4 2	. 4 5 4 3	4 2	1 3 6 5 5	. 1 R	2	2 2 2 5 5
4s	9 9 9 9 9 9		9 9	9 9 9 9	7		9 9 9 9

'Neath the sun of an eastern clime, 'Neath the sun of an eastern clime.
This, this was the lay of a

5g .1 2 1 REP. 3s. P END.
D 6 5 | 5 3 3 3 6 7 | 7 || 6 5 | 5 3 3 3-2 | .1R || 22
4s " " " " " " " " " " " " " " 7 7 7 7 "

Though once it was lovely and fair : Though once it was lovely and fair.
The green grass grows on that

5g KEP. 8g. P

B 1	1	1	1	1	2	.	1	2	1		1	1	1	1	=	.	1	r			
-----	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	--	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	--	--	--

48 7 ' ' ' 7 5 7 ' ' 5 5 5 5 7 7

[illegible]

Jew - ish maid, But not in her father's bowers ; So sweetly she sang, as in

59 $\overbrace{32543} \parallel \overbrace{34441254} \parallel \overbrace{.3482} \parallel \overbrace{5777777} \parallel$

fertile spot, Where once grew sweetest flowers ; Land of my kindred, thou'lt ne'

5G
B 1 1 1 || 1 1 1 2 1 || 2 2 2 2 2
48 7 7 7 6 .5= 5 7 7 7

- 4 Still may thy children in thy word,
 Their common trust and refuge see;
 Oh bind us to each other, Lord,
 By one pure tie — the love of thee.
- 5 So shall our sun of hope arise,
 With brighter still, and brighter ray,
 Till thou shalt bless our longing eyes,
 With beams of everlasting day.

808. SLATE. 12s & 9s. L.

7a \$	REP. 1s.											
A	1	1	2132	1				3211	1			543 232 1
2s	5	7	7	3s4	5	5	6	6	5	5		
7a \$	REP. 1s.											
C								111				11 1
2s	3	355	555	532	3	3	555		5	3	6	567
7a \$	REP. 1s.											
B				1							11	1
6s	1	133	355	567		1	133	444	3	1	5	5

- 1 YE daughters of Zion, declare, have you seen
 The star that on Israel shone?
 Say, if in your tents my beloved has been,
 And where with his flock he has gone?
- 2 This is my Beloved; his form is divine;
 His vestments shed odors around;
 The locks on his head are as grapes on the vine,
 When autumn with plenty is crowned.
- 3 His voice as the sound of the dulcimer sweet,
 Is heard through the shadow of death;
 The cedars of Lebanon bow at his feet;
 The air is perfumed with his breath.
- 4 His lips as a fountain of righteousness flow,
 To water the garden of grace;
 From which their salvation the Gentiles shall know,
 And bask in the smiles of his face.
- 5 He looks, and ten thousands of angels rejoice,
 And myriads wait for his word;
 He speaks, and eternity, filled with his voice,
 Re-echoes the praise of the Lord.

2 But when we come to dwell above,
And all surround the throne of love,
We'll drink a full supply;
Jesus will lead his armies through,
To living fountains clear and pure,
That never will run dry.

3 'Tis there we'll reign, and shout and sing,
And make the heavenly arches ring,
When all the saints get home;

Come on, come on, my brethren dear,
Soon we shall meet together there,
For Jesus bids us come.

4 Amen! amen! my soul replies,
I'm bound to meet you in the skies,
And claim my mansion there;
Now here's my heart, and here's my hand,
To meet you in that heavenly land,
Where we shall part no more.

811. VERNON. L. M., 6 lines.

5g	§											REP:					
A	1	3	3	3	2	1	3	2	1	1	2-3	2	1	1	2	1	
2c											6						
Jesus, thou source of calm re - pose, All fullness dwells in thee divine;																	
5g	§											REP.					
G		1	1	1	1				1								
2c	6			5		7	6	6	6-	7	6	6	85	6			
Our strength to quell the proudest foes; Our light, in deepest gloom to shine:																	
5g	§											REP.					
B																	
2c	6	6	6	6	5	5	5	3	3	4-	4	4	2	3	3	6	
5g	1-																
A	5		7	6-	5	6	5	3	2	1	2	3	85	6	3	2	1
2c																	
5g																	
C	3	5-	5	3-	3	3	2	1				1	3	4	2	3	
2c																	
Thou art our fortress, strength, and tower, Our trust and portion, evermore.																	
5g																	
B	1	3-	3	3-	1							1	1				
2c						5	85	6	5			6	5	3	3	.6	

- 2 Jesus, our Comforter, thou art;
Our rest in toil, our ease in pain;
The balm to heal each broken heart;
In storms our peace, in loss our gain;
Our joy, beneath the worldling's frown;
In shame our glory and our crown.
- 3 In want, our plentiful supply;
In weakness, our almighty power;
In bonds, our perfect liberty;
Our refuge in temptation's hour;
Our comfort, 'midst all grief and thrall;
Our life in death; our all in all.

- 2 There shall the servants of the Lord,
With never-fading lustre shine ;
Surprising honor ! vast reward !
Conferred on man by love divine.
- 3 Rescued from that destructive way,
Where erring folly thoughtless roves,
The heavenly virtue they display,
Which Jesus taught, and God approves.
- 4 The shining firmament shall fade,
And sparkling stars resign their light ;
But these shall know nor change nor shade,
For ever fair, for ever bright.
- 5 On wings of faith and strong desire,
Oh, may our spirits daily rise ;
And reach at last the shining choir.
In the bright mansions of the skies.

815. HAMBURG. S. M. L.

40						1						1 1				PP												
A	1-	3	5	2	3		1-	5-	6	'	7	6		5-		'	7 7	6 6 5 6		5	4 3 2		1-					
28s																												
	To-morrow, Lord, is thine, Lodged in thy sovereign hand ; And if its sun arise and shine, It shines by thy command.																											
40																												
C	1-		1	1			1-	3-	4	6	5	4		3-		3-	6	6	5 5		4	4 3 3		2	1 1		1-	
28s																												
40																												
D	3-		5	5	5	5		3-	5-																			
28s																												
40																												
B	1-																											
28s																												

2 The present moment flies,
And bears our life away ;
Oh make thy servants truly wise,
That they may live to-day.

3 Since on this winged hour,
Eternity is hung.
Waken, by thine almighty power,
The aged and the young.

4 One thing demands our care ;
Oh, be it still pursued —
Lest, slighted once, the season fair,
Should never be renewed.

5 To Jesus may we fly,
Swift as the morning light,
Lest life's young golden beams should
In sudden endless night. [die.]

818. FAIRMOUNT. 7s, 8s, 6s.

L.

1p 1

A	1	1	3	6	5	s5	6	5	3	1	5-	3-	4	2	3	3	6	5	3	1	2	3	1	
2s	6	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	7	,	6-	

Brother, thou art gone to rest ; We will not weep for thee ;
For thou art now where oft on earth, Thy spirit longed to be.

1p

B	1	3	5	3	1	2	3	1			1	1	2	3	1									
2s	6	6	,	,	,	,	,	6	6	3-	s5-	6	7	6	,	,	,	7	6	6	s5	,	6-	

2 Brother, thou art gone to rest ;
Thine is an early tomb ;
But Jesus summoned thee away ;
Thy Saviour called thee home ;

3 Brother, thou art gone to rest ;
Thy toils and cares are o'er ;
And sorrow, pain, and suffering, now
Shall ne'er distress thee more.

4 Brother, thou art gone to rest ;
Thy sins are all forgiven ;
And saints in light have welcomed thee
To share the joys of heaven.

5 Brother, thou art gone to rest ;
And this shall be our prayer —
That, when we reach our journey's end,
Thy glory we may share.

819. PRAYER. 11s.

L.

1p

A	3	s5	6	3	s5	6	3	3	5	2	5	3	s5	6	6	3	5	3	2	1			
2s	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	6	6		

To prayer, to prayer ! for the morning breaks,
And earth in her Maker's smile awakes ;
His light is on all below and above — The light of gladness, and life, and love.

1p

C	1	2	3	3	3	3	3	1	2			1	1	2	1								
2s	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	7	5	6	7	,	6	,	7	,	6	3	6			

1p

A	3	6	6	7	7	6	5	3	3	5	3	6	6	7	7	6	5	3	2	3		
2s	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,			

O, then, on the breath of this early air,
Send upward the incense of grateful prayer.

1p

C	3	3	4	5	5	4	3	3	1	2	3	3	4	5	5	4	3	1				
2s	6	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	6	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	7	6			

2 To prayer ! for the glorious sun is gone ;
And the gathering darkness of night comes on ;
Like a curtain, from God's kind hand it flows,
To shade the couch where his children repose.
Then kneel, while the watching stars are bright,
And give your last thoughts to the guardian of night.

[illegible]

50 The time for such trifles with me now is over,

C 1 1 1 1 3-2 1 1 2 .3 ||

3c 5 6 6 7 5 6 6 .5 5 , 6 5 6 7 , ,

D	1	3	3	3	.5	5	6	6	s	5	.6	3	5	5-6	6	3	5	4	4	6	.5
B		1	1										1	1-2	3	1			2	.1	

A land I have found, where true joys abound,
To dwell I'm determined on that happy ground

10 when I'm determined on that happy ground

5g 1 2 3 1 3 2 2 1 1 3 1 2 .1
3c ' ' ' 7- 6 6 .5 3 6 6-7 7 5

5g 1 1 1
D 5 .5 5 6 4 4 .3 5 4 4-5 3 1 3 6 5 5 .5
3c
5g
B 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 .1
3c 6 6 .5 5 .7 5 5 6 6 4 5 5

- 2 The soul that obeys in glory shall live,
And me in that number will Jesus receive;
My soul don't delay — he calls thee away;
Rise, follow thy Saviour, and bless the glad day.
- 3 No mortal doth know what he can bestow,
What light, strength, and comfort — go after him, go:
Lo ! onward I move to a city above;
None guesses how wond'rous my journey will prove.
- 4 Great spoils I shall win from death, hell, and sin,
'Midst outward affliction shall feel Christ within;
And when I'm to die, receive me, I'll cry,
For Jesus has loved me, I cannot tell why.

- 5 But this I do find, we two are so joined,
He'll not live in glory and leave me behind;
So this is the race I'm running through grace,
Henceforth, till admitted to see my Lord's face.
- 6 Now 'tis my care, that my neighbors may share
These blessings — to seek them will none of you dare?
In bondage, oh why! in death will you lie,
When Jesus assures you free grace is so nigh?

BETHLEHEM. 11s & 8s.

		REP. 1s.																			
6g	A	13	55	34	22	31		12	34	42	3-3		12	1	1-1						
28s		,	,	,	,	,		,	6	5	,	,	,	,							
		REP. 1s.																			
6g	O	1	33	12	11	32		1	32	16	65	5-5		1	32	15	55	3-			
28s		,	,	,	,	7		5	,	,	,		,	,	,	,	,				
		REP. 1s.																			
6g	B	1	11	1	11	1		11	1	1-1		5	55	55	55	1-					
28s		,	,	,	5	5		5	,	,	4	5		5	55	55	55				

821. 8s & 7s. L.

- 1 COME, sinner, no longer the gospel refuse,
No longer continue to sin,
The day of salvation oh! haste you and choose,
"Obey and your peace shall begin."
- 2 The Saviour is gracious and waiting to-day,
And calling poor sinners to come;
The Spirit is teaching inquirers the way
From earth, to a heavenly home.
- 3 The Bride is beseeching, the angels above
Are waiting with you to rejoice;
Then haste to the banquet of faith, hope, and love,
And feast on the heavenly joys.
- 4 Lay hold on the hope that before you is placed,
And make the sweet promise your own;
Your Father in Heaven will give you his grace,
And bring you to dwell near his throne. L.

822. DEVOTION.—No. 2. L. M.

lg	1	1	.1	1	2	.3	.1	2	.1
A	.5	6	.6	.5	6	.5		6	
4s									
lg	.1	3	5	.3	.1	4	4	.3	.1
D									
4s									
lg									
B	.1	1	1	.1	.1	2	1	.1	1
4s				.5		7	.6	7	.5
lg	.1	3	3	.2	1		1	1	.1
A	.R			.6	6	.5	.5	6	.6
4s									
lg	.3	1	1	.1	3	3	.1	.1	3
D	.R		.5						
4s									
lg									
B	.R	.1	5	5	.3	.1	.1	.1	.5
4s			6	6		6	5	.5	3

- 1 ALL-POWERFUL, self-existent God,
 Who all creation dost sustain!
 Thou wast, and art, and art to come,
 And everlasting is thy reign.
- 2 Fixed and eternal as thy days,
 Each glorious attribute divine,
 Through ages infinite, shall still
 With undiminished lustre shine.
- 3 Fountain of being! source of good!
 Immutable dost thou remain;
 Nor can the shadow of a change
 Obscure the glories of thy reign.
- 4 Earth may with all her powers dissolve,
 If such the great Creator's will:
 But thou forever art the same;
 "I am" is thy memorial still.

TENDER THOUGHT. L. M.

1r§	2	12	.3	.3	5	3	.2	.3	2	3
A	6-7	6535-6	.7	7	.6	6-7	6535-6	.7		.5
4s										
1r§										
B	.6	6	7	6	.5	.3	2	.6	.6	3
4s										

REP. 1s.

REP. 1s.

823. L. M.

- 1 AS body when the soul has fled,
As barren trees, decayed and dead,
Is faith ; a hopeless, lifeless thing,
If not of righteous deeds, the spring.
- 2 One cup of healing oil and wine,
One tear-drop shed on mercy's shrine,
Is thrice more grateful, Lord, to thee,
Than lifted eye, or bended knee.
- 3 In true and heaven-born faith, we trace
The source of every Christian grace ;
Within the pious heart it plays,
A living fount of joy and praise.
- 4 Kind deeds of peace and love betray,
Where'er the stream has found its way ;
But where these spring not rich and fair,
The stream has never wandered there.

824. SCHENECTADY. L. M. D.

3a 1 1 :1 11

A .5 3 5 | 1 1 3 4 5 | .5- | 6- 5 6 7 | 5 5 6 7 | || .5 | 5 3 1 6 6 |

4c , , , , , , , ,

Bless, oh my soul, the living God, Call home thy thoughts
that rove abroad ; Let all the powers within me

3a

B .1 1 1 | | .1- 3 | .2- 5 | 1 1 4 5 | :1||.1 1 1 | 1 3 1 4 4 |

4c 6 6 7 5 , ,

3a 1 1 1

A 6- 5 5 | 3 4 5 3 1 1 | .1- || R | .R- 3 | 5 5 5 4 3 4 | 5 5 5 | 6 4 2 1 |

4c , , , , , , , ,

Bless, oh my soul, etc.
join, In work and worship so divine, Bless, oh my soul, the God of grace ;
His favors claim thy

3a

B 2- 2 3 1 | 1 2 3 5 | .1- || 3 | 1 1 | | .1- 1 | .2- 3 2 |

4c , , , 5 6 6 5 5 5 5 , ,

3a 1 1 2 1 1

A , , , | 5- 6 5 4 3 2 | .1- 1 2 | .3- 1 | .5- 5 |

4c , , , , , , , ,

highest praise ; Why should the wonders he hath wrought, Be

3a

B 1 1 .1 | .1- 3 4 | 5 5 5 3 1 | 1 |

4c , , , , 6 6 6 5 5 5 5

8g 1 1 1 .2- 1 1 .1

A 5 6 7 | 5 3 .3 | .R 5 | .6- 7 ' | 7 |

4c ' , ' ,

lost in silence, and forgot, Be lost in silence and forgot.

8g

B 1 1 .1 | :1 | .1- 3 | .2- 3 4 | .5- | 1 1 .1 ||

4c ' , ' , 5

3 The vices of the mind he heals,
And cures the pains that nature feels,
Redeems the soul from death, and saves
Our wasting life from threatening graves.

4 Our youth decayed, his power repairs;
His mercy crowns our growing years;
He satisfies our souls with good,
And fills our hopes with heavenly food.

825. ALDWINKLE. C. M.

5g													
A	1 3	.5 4	3 4 2	.1 3	2 5 1	1		2	3 2 1	4 3 2			
3c	5						7	6	.5				
5a													
C	1	.1				.1 1	.3 3	.5 4	.3	1	(2 1)		
3c	5 5	6	.5	7					7	7 6	7		
5a													
B	1 1 1	.1				.1 1							
3c			4	.5	5			.7 6	5 1 2	.3	5	.5 4	.6 5
5a													
A	5 4 3	.6 5	.4 2	3-2 1	3	4-3 2		1 4 3	2 1	.1			
3c					9 "	9 "	5						7
5a													
C	3 2 1	.4 1	.2	1-2 3	1	2-3 4	1	(1	1				
3c					7	9 "	9 "	5 7	.6 5	.5			
5a													
B			.1 1			1-1 1	1 2						
3c	.4 6			.6 5	7	7-"	5	.3 3	.4 2	.1			

I MY Saviour, my almighty King
I lift my voice to thee;
And while thy excellence I sing,
Wilt thou remember me,
Remember me,
Wilt thou remember me.

2 By day, by night, at home, abroad,
Upon the land or sea;
I'll ever put my trust in God,
Who will remember me.
Remember me,
Who will remember me. L.

831. MOUNT CALVARY. 7s. 6 lines.

1p 1 3 3 2 2 1 1 1 1 2 2 .3
 A 6 7 | 7 | 6 s 5 | .6 || | | | .7 || 7 7 | | | |
 2s
 Hearts of stone, relent, relent, Break, by Jesus' cross subdued;
 See his mangled body rent,
 1p 1 1
 B 6 3 | 6 2 | 3 3 | || | 7 7 | 6 5 | .5 || 3 3 | 6 6 | 5 7 | .6 ||
 2s .6
 1p 3 4 3 2 1 1 1 1 3 4 3-2 1
 A ' ' | 7 | .6 || | 7-7 | 6 6 | 6 s 5 || | ' | 7 | .6 ||
 2s ,
 Covered with his flowing blood; Sinful soul, what hast thou done?
 Crucified the incarnate Son.
 1p 1 1-
 B 6 7 | 6 | 3 3 | .6 || 6 6 | 5-5 | 3 3 | .3 || 6 7 | 6 | 3 s 5 | .6 ||
 2s , 6 ,

2 Yes, your sins have done the deed,
 Drove the nails that fixed him here,
 Crown'd with thorns his sacred head,
 Pierced him with the soldier's spear,
 Made his soul a sacrifice;
 For a sinful world he dies.

3 Shall we let him die in vain?
 Still to death pursue our God?
 Open tear his wounds again,
 Trample on his precious blood?
 No; with all our sins we part —
 Saviour, take my broken heart!

832. CHILDREN OF ZION. 11s & 12s. L.

5g \$
 A 3- 2 1 | 1 1 1 | 4 4 3 | 2 2 2 | 3- 2 1 | .5 4 3 | 2 2 3 2 | .1 ||
 3c ' , , , .5 ' , , ,
 Children of Zion! what harp-notes are stealing,
 So soft o'er our senses, so soothingly sweet,
 Children of Zion! we join in their welcome, 'Tis sweet to lie at that blessed retreat.
 5g \$
 B 1- | | | 1 | | 1- | | 1 1 | | .1 ||
 3c 7 6 | 5 5 5 | 6 6 | 7 5 5 | 7 6 | .5 ' , | 5 5 7 |
 5g 1- REP. 1s.
 A 3 4 | 5 3 5 | | 7 6 | 5 3 5 | 4 2 2 | 3- 2 1 | 5 3 6 | 3 4 3 | .2- ||
 3c ' , , , , , , , , , ,
 'Tis the music of angels, their raptures revealing,
 That you have been brought to the Holy One's feet.
 5g
 B 1 2 | 3 1 1 | 5- 5 4 | 3 1 1 | | 1- | | 1 3 | 2 1 1 | |
 3c ' , , , , , , , , , , 7-.

2 Children of Zion! no longer in sadness,
 Refrain from the feast that your Saviour hath given;
 Come taste of the cup of salvation with gladness,
 And think of the banquet still sweeter in heaven.
 Children of Zion! our hearts bids you welcome,
 To the church of the ransomed — the kingdom of heaven.

834. JOYFUL MEETING. 6s, 5s. L.

4g	\$	P	SLOW.	REP.	REP. 1s.
A	1 2 3	4 5 6	5 1 3	2 1 R	5 3 5 4 3 2 3 1 3 2
3c					7 5

When shall we meet again? Meet ne'er to sever?

When will peace wreath her chain, Round us forever?

Our hearts will ne'er repose, Safe from each blast that blows,

4g	\$	1	SLOW.	REP.	1 1	1	REP. 1s.
D	3 5 5	6 5 P	7 6 5	5 3 R	5	6 5 5	6 6 7 5 3

In this dark vale of woes — Never — no never.

4g	\$	P	SLOW.	REP.	REP. 1s.
B	1	2 3 1		1 R	1 1 3 2 3 1 1 1 3 4 2
3c	5 5		5 3 5	5	7

2 When shall love freely flow,
Pure as life's river?

When shall sweet friendship glow,
Changeless for ever?

Where joys celestial thrill,
Where bliss each heart shall fill,
And fears of parting chill —
Never — no, never!

3 Up to that world of light
Take us, dear Saviour;
May we all there unite,
Happy forever;

Where kindred spirits dwell,
There may our music swell,
And time our joys dispel —
Never — no, never!

4 Soon shall we meet again —
Meet ne'er to sever;
Soon will peace wreath her chain
Round us forever;
Our hearts will then repose
Secure from worldly woes;
Our songs of praise shall close —
Never — no, never!

835. TRIUMPH. 7s, 6s. L.

5g	\$	REP. 1s.	\$
A	1- 2 3 2 .1	4 3 2- 1 3 5 .5	1 .3 5
3c	5 5	, , ,	, , ,

We shall meet no more to part, Cease thy sorrows, mourning heart,
Weary days will soon depart,

Then we may

5g	\$	REP. 1s.	\$
B	1-	1 1	1 2 .3 1 .1 1
3c	5 5	5 6 5	.5 , , 7- 5 , ,

Then, immortal life begun,

We no

5g	REP. 1 AND PART 3s.
A	.2 4 3 1 5 5 5- 3 4 3 .2 3 1 1
3c	, , , , , , 6- , 7 6 , .5

rest forever! When the work of life is done, When the victor's crown is won,

5g	REP. 1 AND PART 3s.
B	1 1 1 1- 1 2 1
3c	.5 6 5 , , , , .7 6 6 4- 6 5 4 .3

more shall sever.

2 In the home of peace and bliss,
In the world where Jesus is,
When we bid adieu to this,
Then we may love forever,

Purified from every stain,
Through the Lamb that once was slain
Brethren, we shall meet again,
And be parted never!

836. SIMEON. C. M.

4P 1- REP. I, 2s.

A	7	6	6	4	6	3	2	3	5		s5	6	7	6	5	3	3-
23s	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,		,	,	,	,	,	,	

Lord, at thy temple we appear, As happy Simeon came,
And hope to meet our Saviour here;

4P 1 2 3 3 2 1 REP. I, 2s.

D	,	,	,	6	6	3		7	,	,	7	6	6-
23s				,				,			,	,	

Oh make our joys the same.

4P REP. P, 2s.

B	3-	6	5	5	4	3	3	3		3	4	2	3	3	
23s		,	,		,					,	,			6-	

4P 1 1 2 1 2 3- 4- 3 2 1- REP. 2s.

A	3-	,	,	,	,			,	,	7	6	7	6	5
23s										,	,			

O make our joys the same, And hope to meet our Saviour here.

4P 1 1 1 2 5- 6- 5 4 3 2 1 REP. 2s.

D	6-	,	7	,	,			,	,	,	,	7	6	5
23s		,												

4P 1 REP. 2s.

B	3-	5	5	5	4	3-		6-	7	6	s5	6	5	4	3
23s		,	,		,				,	,	,		,		

837. TURN, SINNER TURN. 7s.

5P 11 1 REP. REP. 3s. 1

A	§	77	66	.3		553	55	7.6		.6	331	2		42	321		R	3	7.6
2c						,	,			,	,			,	,	,	,		

Sinner, are you still secure? Still resolved to disobey?
Can your heart or hands endure, In the Lord's avenging day?
O turn, sinner, turn, 'Tis the Lord bids you turn, Why will you die?
O turn, etc.

5P § REP. REP. 3s.

B	13	54	33	.1		331	24	55	.3		.3	11		1			R	1	33
2c						,	,				,	,		,			,		

6 5 6 5 5 5 .6 .6

838. THE GARDEN. 8s & 6s. L.

4g 1 P

A	1	5	5	5	3	6	5	5	3	6	6	6	7	6	5	6	5	4	3	2	1-
---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	----

23c Beyond where Cedron's waters flow,
Behold the suffering Saviour go, To sad Gethsemane;

4g P

C	1	3	3	3	1	4	2	3	1	4	4	4	6	5	4	3	4	3	2	1	1-
---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	----

23s

4g P

B	1	1	1	1	1	2	2	2	3	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1-
---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	----

23s

4g

A	1-	3	1	1	2	2	2	3	5	6	5	4	3-	2-	1-
---	----	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	----	----	----

23a His countenance is all divine, Yet grief appears in every line.

4g

C	1-	1	1	1	1	2	4	3	2	1-	1-
---	----	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	----	----

23s

4g

B	1-	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1-
---	----	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	----

23s

2 He bows beneath the sins of men;
He cries to God, and cries again,
In sad Gethsemane;
He lifts his mournful eyes above—
‘My Father, can this cup remove?’

3 With gentle resignation still,
He yielded to his Father's will,
In sad Gethsemane;
‘Behold me here, thine only Son;
And, Father, let thy will be done.’

4 The Father heard; and angels, there,
Sustained the Son of God in prayer,
In sad Gethsemane;
He drank the dreadful cup of pain;
Then rose to life and joy again.

5 When storms of sorrow round us sweep,
And scenes of anguish make us weep,
To sad Gethsemane
We'll look, and see the Saviour there,
And humbly bow, like him, in prayer.

839. NIGHT WITH EBON PINION. 6s, 7s, 5s.

BY L. H. JAMIESON.

1P .1 21 1 .1 21 12 .3

A	3	6	6	7	7R	6	7	6	.5-	R	3	6	6	7	7R	6-	7	P
---	---	---	---	---	----	---	---	---	-----	---	---	---	---	---	----	----	---	---

48 Night, with ebon pinion, Brooded o'er the vale,
All around was silent, save the night wind's wall,

1P .1

C	1	1	1	s5	.6	s5	R	6	6	s5	6	.3-	R	1	1	1	s5	.6	s5	R	6-s5	67	P
---	---	---	---	----	----	----	---	---	---	----	---	-----	---	---	---	---	----	----	----	---	------	----	---

48

1P P

B	1	3	.6	3	R	1	1	2	s2	.3-	R	1	3	.6	3	R	6-3	4	2	.3
---	---	---	----	---	---	---	---	---	----	-----	---	---	---	----	---	---	-----	---	---	----

48 66 66

80

A	3	4		5	5	6		5	3	4		5	5	3		4		3	4		5	5	6		5	1	2		3	2	-	2		2	
2	2			2	2			2	2			2	2			2		2	2		2	2			2	2		2	2	-	2		2		

When Jacob, the pilgrim, was wearied by day,
At night on a stone for a pillow he lay,

36

B 1 2 | 3 3 3 | 2 1 1 | 2 3 1 | 2 | 1 2 | 3 3 3 | 2 1 | |

2c ' ' | ' ' | ' ' | ' ' | ' ' | ' ' | ' ' | ' ' | 7 6 5-5 5

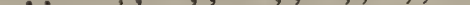
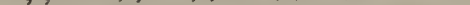
18a				1																											
A	3	4		5	5	6		5	3	4		5	6	7		3	4		5	1	2		3	3	4		5	7	6		5

And saw in a vision a ladder so high,
Its foot was on earth, and its top in the sky,

3g
B 1 2 | 3 3 3 | 2 1-2 | 3 3 3 | 5 || 1 2 | 3 1 | 1 2 | 3 5 4 | 3 ||
2c , , , , , , , , , , , , , , , ,

8g $\overbrace{111} \quad \overbrace{211} \quad 1 \quad \overbrace{111} \quad \overbrace{211} \quad 1$
A $\overbrace{57} \quad \overbrace{76} \quad \overbrace{57} \quad \overbrace{76} \quad \overbrace{57}$
2c $\overbrace{22} \quad \overbrace{22} \quad \overbrace{22} \quad \overbrace{22}$

Hallelujah to Jesus who died on the tree,
To raise up this ladder of mercy for me,

8a  8b 

8a **1 1 1 3 3 1 1**

A	5	' '	' '		7 6		5		3 4		5 6 5		5 1 2		3 3 2		1
					.				.		.		.		.		.

Press upward, press upward, the prize is in view ;
A crown of bright glory is waiting for you.

3g																				
B	3	5	5	5	6	6	5	5	5	4	3	1	2	3	3	3	3	1	1	
2c	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	7	6	5	5

- 2 This heavenly ladder is strong and well made,
Has lasted for ages, and is not decayed ;
The feeblest may venture with faith to go up,
And angels will help them from bottom to top.
CHORUS—*Hallelujah, &c.*

- 3 Lo! upward and downward they constantly go,
Extending a hand to the toilers below;
And when a new climber sets out for the skies,
Then shouts to the top of the ladder arise.
CHORUS.—*Hallelujah, &c.*

- 4 "Another, another," they sing, in their love,
 "Is seeking his home and his treasure above ;"
 And angels in glory, responding, cry "Come,"
 And welcome each penitent sinner up home.

CHORUS— *Hallelujah, &c.*

- 5 This ladder is Jesus, the glorious God-man,
 Whose blood freely streaming from Calvary ran;
 By *His* great atonement to heaven we rise,
 And sing in the mansions prepared in the skies.

CHORUS— *Hallelujah, &c.*

- 6 Come, sin-burdened brother, ascend with your load;
 No — leave it behind you, and rise up to God;
 Set foot on the ladder, and soon you will find,
 The troublesome burden of sin left behind.

CHORUS— *Hallelujah, &c.*

- 7 Now, mount up the ladder, be bold, never fear;
 It bears all who trust it, and always will bear;
 Lo! millions have tried it, and reached Zion's hill,
 And thousands on thousands are climbing it still.

CHORUS— *Hallelujah, &c.*

- 8 Upon it our fathers have gone home to God,
 Have finished their journey and gained their abode:
 And we are ascending, and soon will be there,
 To join in their songs, and their heaven to share.

CHORUS— *Hallelujah, &c.* W. H.

843. HARVEST HOME. L.

2g	P																								
A	3	5	5	5	3	4	4	4	3	5	5	5	1	2	2	2	3	5	5	5	3	4	4	4	
2c	Though in the outward Church below, The wheat and tares together grow:																								
	Angels, ere long, will reap the crop,																								
2g	P																								
B	1	3	3	1	1	2	2	2	1	3	3	1	1			1	3	3	1	1	2	2	2		
2c																5	5	5							
2g	1 11 1 22 1-1																								
A	3	4	5	6	5	3	1	.1	.5	6	7	5-5	'	6	5	3	1	.1							
2c	And burn the tares in anger up. For soon the reaping time will come,																								
	And angels shout the harvest home.																								
2g																									
B	1	2	3	5	3	1	5	5	.1	.1	5	5	4	6	4	4	2-3	3-5	3	1	.1				
2c																									

2 Will it relieve their horrors there,
To recollect their stations here ;
How much they heard, how much they
knew,

How much among the wheat they grew ;
CHORUS — For soon the reaping time
will come, &c.

3 Oh ! this will aggravate their case,
They perished under means of grace ;
To them the word of life and faith
Became an instrument of death.

4 We seem alike when thus we meet,
Strangers might think we all are wheat,

But to the Lord's all-searching eyes,
Each heart appears without disguise.

5 The tares are spared for various ends,
Some for the sake of praying friends ;
Others, the Lord, against their will,
Employs, his counsels to fulfill.

6 But though they grow so tall and
strong,
His plan will not require them long,
In harvest when he saves his own,
The tares shall into hell be thrown.

844. NEW GENEVA. S. M. A. LANE.

4a 1—

A	1	2	3	3	2	1	2	3	6	7	7	6	5	3	5	6	7
23c	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,

Oh ! where shall rest be found ? Rest to the weary soul ? 'Twere

4a

B	1	3	2	1	2	3	1	1	2	1	2
23c	6	6	6	6	5	,	,	,	,	,	,

4a 1—

A	7	6	5	3	5	5	6	3	2	1	1	2	3	6	5	3	2	1
23c	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,	,

vain the ocean's depths to sound, Or pierce to either pole,
Or pierce to either pole.

4a

B	3	2	1	1	1	3	1	2	3	3	1	1	6	6	5	3	3	6
23c	,	,	,	5	5	,	,	,	,	,	,	7	6	6	,	5	3	3

2 This world can never give
The bliss for which we sigh ;
'Tis not the whole of life to live,
Nor all of death to die.

3 Beyond this vale of tears,
There is a life above ;
Unnumbered by the flight of years,
And all that life is love.

4 There is a death, whose pang
Outlasts the fleeting breath ;

Oh, what eternal horrors hang
Around the second death.

5 Oh, God of truth and grace.
Teach us that death to shun,
Lest we be driven from thy face,
And evermore undone.

6 Here would we end our quest :—
Alone are found in thee
The life of perfect love, the rest
Of immortality.

MANUAL OF NUMERAL MUSIC.

FIFTEEN years' experience in teaching vocal music, has convinced the writer that not more than one in a thousand fails, on due trial, to learn how to sing. The experience of teachers and physicians, testifies that singing is a healthy exercise. When properly studied, it tends, as much as any other science, to strengthen the mind; and, probably there is nothing practiced by Christians that exerts so great an influence for good in a moral point of view. It has the authority of divine writ, and the approbation of all good men in its favor; and is the most innocent of all amusements.

A few elementary lessons well studied, will enable a student to sing plain church music at sight. And it is much better to study a few lessons carefully, than to skim over a volume of lessons and exercises.

Exercises in numeral notation are found in all the best instruction books extant. Indeed, the principles of musical science cannot be fully and fairly developed without using numerals; and, since every principle of the science may be as fully and more clearly developed by numerals, it is a waste of time, paper, and money, to study the Guidonian or round note system first. Everything belonging to the round note system of notation, except the position of the notes, is taught in numeral notation, and at least three-fourths of the time is saved. A very small part of that time thus saved, will suffice for the student to learn the position of the notes on the five-lined staff, and the round note, together with the whole tribe of patent note systems, will be understood at once.

The *Christian Psalmist* was first published in round notes, numerals, and patent notes. There were ten thousand copies sold; and the purchasers, having the three systems constantly before them, decided, almost unanimously, in favor of the numeral system. Since that decision, more than one hundred thousand copies have been published entirely in the numeral system, and readily sold, while there is no demand whatever for those with round and patent note music.

MUSIC

Is a pleasing succession, or combination of sounds. A sound is always sustained to a certain height or pitch, while a noise varies, instantly, from one pitch to another. A cricket makes a sound, while a gnat makes a noise.

The sensation of sound is conveyed to the brain by the auditory nerve; this nerve connects with the tympanum, or drum, of the ear; and this drum is caused to vibrate and act upon the auditory nerve, by the undulations of the air. The air is caused to vibrate, is put into an undulating or wavy motion, by effort of the vocal organs, by striking a bell, the string of a violin, and things of like character. If the vibrations are less than thirty-two in a second of time, they do not put the tympanum of the ear into motion, and the sound is too low to be heard. If the vibrations are more than 8192 in a second of time, they strain the tympanum so that it cannot vibrate, and a sound making more than this number of vibrations, is too high to be heard.

A sound must continue at a certain height or pitch for a sensible time, so as to be, musically speaking, appreciable as a sound. To continue it longer than a sensible time, makes it more or less musical, only in relation to preceding and succeeding sounds, or to the syllable or word applied to it. Hence the first thing to be studied in music, and the first division of music, is

TIME.

The best readers, speakers, and singers, are those who know best how to time their words. As words are signs of ideas, so numerals may be signs of sounds, and of musical ideas. The length of numerals and rests, is shown in the following table:—

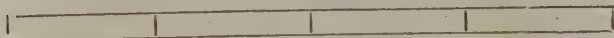
Whole.	Half.	Quarter.	Eighth.	Sixteenth.	Thirty-second.	Sixty-fourth.
:1	.1	1	1	1	1	1
			,	"	"	"
Or, :1	.2	3	4	5	6	7
			,	"	"	"
:R	.R	R	R	R	R	R
			,	"	"	"

The letter R always stands for a *rest*, a suspension of the voice during the time indicated by the periods or commas prefixed or suffixed to the numerals or letters. The student will perceive that a plain numeral or letter is called a quarter; and that a period prefixed doubles it—makes it a half; and an additional period doubles that—makes it a whole. Also, that one comma placed under a plain numeral or letter, takes from it one half its length—

reducing it to an eighth ; and that an additional comma reduces an eighth to a sixteenth, and so on. By remembering this, the student can always determine the time of a note at sight.

While singing a musical exercise, time passes away : and the length of time thus passed away, is represented by the lines on which the exercise is written. Two parallel horizontal lines make a staff in numeral music, thus :—

In order that many persons may sing together at once, and that correct accent may be observed, time is divided by perpendicular lines, or bars, into spaces which are called measures, thus :—



There are, in Nature, perhaps only two kinds of time. The first and most general is that in which a man walks, in which the pulse beats — in which a horse trots, and is called double time. The second is that in which a horse canters — in which a skiff is rowed, and is called triple time. Musicians have fancied that there are also quadruple, sextuple, and various kinds of compound time. The student will readily perceive that quadruple is twice double, and that sextuple is twice triple time : and he may rest assured that, to compound time, is trouble for no profit. Below is a table of the two kinds of time, with their varieties.

Double time.

6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6
---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---

Quadruple time. 1st variety — or double double time.

6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6
---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---

Triple time.

6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6
---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---

Sextuple time. 2nd variety — or double triple time.

6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6
---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---

In the above examples the numeral 6 is used, to which the syllable *La* should be applied in singing. *Accent* is always identified with *time* ; and time should always be marked by a motion of the hand or foot. The first part of every measure in all kinds and varieties of time, should always have the downward beat, and be accented, or

sung loudly; while the last part should always have the upward beat, and be unaccented, or, sung softly. In triple time the second part of the measure may have a *slight* accent, and a beat horizontally to the left. In quadruple time the singer may beat down—up, down—up, in each measure, accenting the third part of the measure as the first. Singers find it most convenient in sextuple time to give only two beats to the measure, accerting the first and fourth parts of each measure. Facility and ease in singing this kind of time, may be acquired by counting 1 2 3 to the downward beat, and 4 5 6 to the upward beat. However, the hand should fall instantaneously when you say 1, and rise as quickly when you say 4, remaining stationary while you repeat 2 and 3, and 5 and 6. All motions of the hand or foot, in beating time, should be instantaneous, regular, and exact.

A numeral or rest is lengthened one-half by the addition of a hyphen (-) to the right of it. Thus a quarter with a hyphen

added 1- is equal to three-eighths $\overbrace{1\ 1\ 1}^{''''}$ — a half .R- becomes equal

to three quarters $\overbrace{RRR}$ — and an eighth $\overbrace{1}^{''}$ equal to three-sixteenths

$\overbrace{1\ 1\ 1}^{''''''}$ and so on. Every additional hyphen, after the first, adds

one-half the amount of the hyphen preceding it, thus .1- - - equal to fifteen sixteenths.

A tie, or slur $\frown$, is used to connect all the notes to be sung to one syllable, and, while only the first numeral, or one syllable, is pronounced, the sound is continued to the full time of all the syllables thus tied together.

A triplet is three numerals sung in the time of two of the same length, thus — $\overbrace{6\ 6\ 6}^{-2-}$ equal to 6 6.

A syncopated note is one which, by its length, or position, carries the regular accent out of, or beyond its proper place, thus —

$\overbrace{5\ |}\ 5$ or $\overbrace{6\ 6\ 6}\ |$.

The small figure or figures which occur under the beginning of each lesson, and of every tune, will show the time of said lesson or tune: and the capital letter adjoined to said figures, will show whether the exercise shall be sung in slow, common, or quick movement; thus, 2.c means Double time, Common movement. 3.s means Triple time, Slow movement. 4.q means Quadruple time, Quick movement; and 2 3 means Double-triple, or Sextuple time. The letters q.r.

introduced into a tune, show that from thence you sing with quicker movement.

The following examples, if often practiced, will suffice to give the student a correct idea of time.

EXAMPLE 1.

6 6	.6	6 6 6	.6	6 6 6	.6	6 6 6 6	.6
2s		" "		" "		" " " "	

EXAMPLE 2.

6 6	6- 6	.6	6 6 6- 6	.6	6 6 6	6 6-	.6
2s	"		" " " "		"	" "	"

EXAMPLE 3.

6 6	6 6	6 6	6 R	R 6	6 6 6 R	R- 6	.6
2c					" " " "	"	

EXAMPLE 4.

6 6 6 6	6 6 6 R	6 6 R 6	6 R 6 6	R 6 6 6	6 6 6 6 6	6 6 6.6	:6
4s					" " " "	" "	

EXAMPLE 5.

:6	.6.6	666666	666666.6	666666666	666666.6	6-666-	:6
4Q	" "	" " " "	" " " " " "	" " " " " "	" " " " " "	" "	" "

EXAMPLE 6.

6 6 6	.6 6	6 .6	.6-	6 6 6 6 6 6	6 6 6 6 6 6	.6-
3c				" " " " " "	" " " " " "	" "

EXAMPLE 7.

6 6 6 6	6 6 6- 6	6-6 6 6	6.6	6-6 6 6 6	6 6-6 6	6 6 6- 6	.6-
3Q	" "	" "	" "	" " " "	" "	" " " "	" "

EXAMPLE 8.

6 6 R	6 R 6	6 6 R 6	R 6 6 6	6 6 6 6 R	R 6 6 6	6 6 R 6 6	.6-
3s	" "	" "	" " " "	" " " " " "	" "	" " " "	" "

EXAMPLE 9.

6- 6-	6 6 6 6	6 6 6 6 6 6	.6-	6 6 6 6 6	6 6 6 6	6 6 6 6 6	.6-
23s	" "	" " " " " "		" " " " " "	" "	" " " " " "	" "

EXAMPLE 10.

6- 6 6	6 6 6-	6 6 6 6 6 6	6-R-	6 6 R 6	6 6 6 6-	6 6 6 R	.6-
23c	" "	" " " " " "		" " " " " "	" " " " " "	" "	" "

The singer will perceive that in the above examples, a quarter note has one beat, a half note has two beats, a whole note four beats, in double, triple, and quadruple time; while in sextuple time, a quarter has two-thirds of a beat. In some tunes, however, a half note has a

beat, a whole note two beats, a quarter note only half a beat, &c., but why it should be so, musicians do not say. As every teacher has, or should have, his own method of teaching, he can ask questions on the above, better suited to his own plan of teaching, and to the circumstances of the class, than can the author or any other person

MELODY

Is simply a succession of musical sounds which fall pleasantly upon the ear. It is the second grand division of the science of music, and teaches particularly the pitch of sounds. Melody is the work of genius, the effort of the imagination, and is governed by no fixed rules, except those which govern TIME.

A succession of sounds regularly ascending, and regularly descending, in a manner agreeable to the ear, is called a SCALE (*ladder*) of sounds. The scales most used at present, are the Grand, which is also the natural scale, and the Plaintive, which is an artificial scale. We shall consider the GRAND SCALE. To an unpractised ear, ladies and gentlemen appear to sing at the same pitch; but an attentive listener can easily perceive, that a lady's voice is higher in pitch than that of a gentleman. While a string, tensely stretched over supports on a soundboard, will, on being struck, vibrate so as to chord exactly with any given sound a lady may sing: it will require a string precisely twice as long to chord exactly with the voice of the gentleman who aims to make the same sound. Suppose a string thirty-two inches in length to make a given sound, and a given number of vibrations, a string sixteen inches in length will make just twice as many vibrations, and sound just as much higher as a lady's voice is, *naturally*, higher in pitch than a gentleman's voice. Any person can tell the difference between a male's and female's voice. It is more easily discerned in conversation than in singing. Well, this difference is the limits of the Grand or Natural Scale: and the voice may make seven steps in going from one limit to the other; which steps are agreeable to the ear, if made in a certain order, but more or less disagreeable if made in any other order.

Suppose a string thirty-two inches in length makes twenty-four vibrations in a second of time, then a string of the same size and tension, but only sixteen inches in length, will make forty-eight vibrations in a second of time. The sound made by the thirty-two inch string is called the tonic; and as it subsides, the attentive listener may detect two other sounds, faint but still discernible. The first of these secondary sounds will be heard in full, on striking a string twenty-one inches in length, and the second will be given out from a string twenty-seven inches, provided all the strings are of the same size and tension. Thus, from nature we may derive the principal sounds of the natural scale, (*viz.* :) 1, 3, 5, 8. Let the following lesson

be practiced, in quadruple time, till the principal sounds of the scale are permanently fixed in the student's ear.

1 3 5 8	3 1 5 8	5 1 3 8	8 1 3 5
1 3 8 5	3 1 8 5	5 1 8 3	8 1 5 3
1 5 3 8	3 5 1 8	5 3 1 8	8 3 1 5
1 5 8 3	3 5 8 1	5 3 8 1	8 3 5 1
1 8 3 5	3 8 1 5	5 8 1 3	8 5 1 3
1 8 5 3	3 8 5 1	5 8 3 1	8 5 3 1

Uniting the numerals 2, 4, 6, and 7, with the above principal sounds of the scale, we have the Octave (eight notes,) all of which will be given by strings of equal size and tension, but of lengths, as follows:—

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	numerals of the scale.
32,	30,	27,	24,	21,	20,	18,	16,	lengths of the strings.

By carefully noticing and counting the vibrations made by the strings which will make the regular sounds of the natural scale, or even by listening to the sounds when sung by a correct voice; it will be seen that the steps made between the sounds differ in size. The step between three and four, and that between seven and eight, are less than any other steps in the scale. Hence they are called half-steps. The following table exhibits the scale, the steps and half-steps, (or intervals,) the scientific names, and the musical names of the numerals.

1 step.	2 step.	3 $\frac{1}{2}$ step.	4 step.	5 step.	6 step.	7 $\frac{1}{2}$ step.	8
do,	ra,	me,	fa,	sole,	la,	se,	do.
Tonic.	Super-tonic.	Mediant.	Sub-dominant.	Dominant.	Sub-mediante.	Sub-tonic.	Octave

The names do, ra, &c., should always be applied to the numerals, because, by their euphony, they lead the student to a habit of correct intonation.

1. The *Tonic* means the key-note, the numeral to which all others in a tune stand most intimately related, the note which all ears expect to hear at the close of a piece of music.

2. *Super-tonic* means next above the tonic. (*Super*, above.)

3. *Mediant*, middle or half way between the tonic and the dominant.

4. *Sub-dominant*, next below the dominant. (*Sub*, under.)

5. *Dominant*, the governing note: so called because it is oftener used in tunes than any other note, generally precedes the tonic, and leads to a cadence.

6. *Sub-mediante*, middle between the octave and sub-dominant below.

7. *Sub-tonic*, next below the tonic; and *leading note*, because it leads to the tonic.

8. *Octave* is the tonic of the next scale above; the last of one scale and the commencement of another.

After having the four principal sounds of the scale well fixed in the mind, the scale should be sung by numerals, by syllables, by using the single syllable—ah, in double time, at least an hour every day by all students.

In numeral music, the parts of a tune are shown by letters at the commencement of each part. Thus, A stands for air, B for bass, C for counter, and D for double air (*tenor*.)

The middle scale lies between the lines of the staff, the lower scale below the lines, and the upper scale above them.

GRAND SCALE.

EXAMPLE 1. First or lowest *Altitude*, or *Key*, of the Grand Scale.

A	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8		7	6	5	4	3	2	1
---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	--	---	---	---	---	---	---	---

20

20 A double bar shows the end of a strain, and the close of a lesson or tune. The figure above the letter at the commencement of a lesson or tune, shows the altitude or key; and the capital letter adjoined, shows in what scale said lesson or tune is written. The above example is written in the first key, the key once thought to be most easy for all voices. The upper note of the scale above written is exactly given by a C Tuning Fork.

EXAMPLE 2.

2G .1- .1-

A	.1 2	3 .4	5 6 7				7 6 5	4 3 2	.1-
---	------	------	-------	--	--	--	-------	-------	-----

38

35 The above example is in the second key of the Grand Scale. The sound of the key note here, is just precisely the sound of the super-tonic in the first example, consequently this key is one interval higher throughout than is the first key.

EXAMPLE 3.

EXAMPLE 3.

3G .1 1 1

A	1	1	2	2	3	3	4	4	5	5	6	6	7	7		7	6	5	7	6	5	5	4	3	2	:1
---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	--	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	----

49

Example 3 has as its tonic, or key note, the sound of the mediant of the first key; hence, the third key is just two degrees above the first key throughout.

EXAMPLE 4.

4G 1- 1

A	1	2	3	4	5	6	7		7	6	5	4	3	2	1.
---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	--	---	---	---	---	---	---	----

239

23s The key note of the fourth key has the same sound the sub-dominant of the first key has ; and this key is just three degrees higher than that.

EXAMPLE 5.

5G

.1 1

A	1 2	2 3	3 4	4 5	6 7		7	7 6	6 5	5 4	3 2	.1
---	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	--	---	-----	-----	-----	-----	----

2C

The dominant of the first key has the same pitch with the key note of the fifth key.

EXAMPLE 6.

6G

B												
---	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--

2s 1 2 3 4 4 3 2 1 1 4 2 4 3 4 .1

EXAMPLE 7.

6G

B		1	1 2	3 4	5 6	5 4	3 2	.1
---	--	---	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	----

2s 5 6 7

In examples 6 and 7, the music is written on the bass staff, because very few would be able to sing it, were it written on the air (treble) staff. The key note in the above examples is the last note in example 7, and has the pitch of the sub-median in the first key; so this key is five degrees higher than that.

EXAMPLE 8.

7G

B												
---	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--

3c 1 2 2 3 4 4 4 3 2 .1- .1 4 2 .4 .3 2 .1-

EXAMPLE 9.

7G

B		1 1	1			1 2 3	4 5 4	.3 2	.1-
---	--	-----	---	--	--	-------	-------	------	-----

3c 5 6 6 7 7 6 .5-

The two examples above are written in the seventh key; and, for the same reasons with examples 6 and 7, on the bass staff. The key note is the last note in example 9, and is of the same pitch with the sub-tonic of the first key. It is six degrees higher than that key.

There are, in reality, no more than seven keys. Musicians have, for the sake of instrumentation, so mystified the science as to have no seventh key at all in round or patent notes; but, by means of what they term *incidental* flats and sharps, they have invented a number of keys which have no existence in point of fact. The student will please remember that all true principles of science are *discovered*, not *invented*. Many inventions are *useless*, but some are *useful*, among which we rank the

PLAINTIVE SCALE.

As woman was derived from man, so is the plaintive scale derived from the grand scale; and has a peculiar softness about it which the

grand scale does not possess. By taking the sub-median 6, the third numeral below the tonic, as a key note, and ascending to 6 above, we find that by sharpening 5, so as to bring it within half a step of 6, we have a pleasing scale. Then descending from 6 above the dominant to 6 below the tonic, we find the scale most pleasing without the sharp. In numeral music, S stands for sharp, F for flat, and N for natural. Below is the first key, or altitude, of the Plaintive Scale.

EXAMPLE 10.

1P

A	1	2 3	4 s5	6	6	5 4	3 2	1	
2s 6	7							7 6	

In the above scale, the octave, that is the upper 6, or 1a, has the same pitch with the sub-median in the first key of the grand scale. The peculiar softness of the plaintive scale arises, principally, from the fact that it is only one step and a half from the tonic. (6,) to the median, (1.) in the plaintive scale; while in the grand scale it is two full steps from the tonic, (1,) to the median, (3.) We shall see this more fully when we come to study the size of intervals, which exceed the size of half steps and steps.

EXAMPLE 11.

1G

A	1 2	2 1	2 2	.1	3 2	2 3	3 2	.1	
---	-----	-----	-----	----	-----	-----	-----	----	--

2C

EXAMPLE 12.

1G

A	1 2 3	2 2 1	1 2 3	.3-	3 2 1	3 2 1	.2 1	.1-	
---	-------	-------	-------	-----	-------	-------	------	-----	--

3s

EXAMPLE 13.

1G

A	1 2 3 4	4 3 2 1	1 2 3 4	.3 .R	3 4 3 2	1 3 2 4	1 4 3 2	:1	
---	---------	---------	---------	-------	---------	---------	---------	----	--

4C

EXAMPLE 14.

1G

A	1 2 3 4	5 4 3-	3 4 1 4	3 2 1-	1 3 2 4	3 5 2-	5 4 3 2	.1-	
---	---------	--------	---------	--------	---------	--------	---------	-----	--

23s

EXAMPLE 15.

1G

A	1 2 3	4 5 6	6 6 6	.5-	5 6 5	6 4 6	6 3 2	.1-	
---	-------	-------	-------	-----	-------	-------	-------	-----	--

3Q

EXAMPLE 16.

1G

A	1 2 3 4	5 6 .7	7 7 6 6	3 2 .1	1 3 5 6	7 6 .5	7 5 4 2	.1 .R	
---	---------	--------	---------	--------	---------	--------	---------	-------	--

4C

A whole step and a half constitute a Minor Third: two whole steps a Major Third.

EXAMPLE 33.

EXAMINER'S USE										1	2	.1		
1G														
A	1	3	2	4	3	5	4	6	5	7	6	7		
2C	ma		mi		mi		ma		ma		mi		mi	

EXAMPLE 34.

1P																			
A	1	2	1 3	2 4	3 5	4 6	6 s5	.6											
2s	6	7 mi	ma	mi	mi	ma	mi												
	mi																		

A Perfect Fourth is two steps and a half; a Sharp Fourth consists of three steps.

EXAMPLE 35.

1G								1		2		3	:1		
A	1	4	2	5	3	6	4	7	5	6	7				
2C	p		p		p		p		p		p				
1G	3		2		1										
	7		6		5		7	4	6	3	5	2	4	1	:1
2C	p		p		p		p		p		p		p		

A Perfect Fifth is three steps and a half; a Flat Fifth is two steps and two half steps.

EXAMPLE 36.

1G						1		2		3		4		.1	
A	1	5	2	6	3	7	4	5	6	7					
2C	p		p		p		p	p		p		f			
1G	5	1	4		3		2	1							
			7		6		5	4	7	3	4			.1	
2C	p		f		p		p	p		p		f	7		

A Major Sixth consists of four steps and a half; a Minor Sixth of three steps and two half steps.

EXAMPLE 37.

1G				1		2		3		4		5		.1		
A	1	6	2	7	3	4	5	6	7							
2C	ma		ma		mi		ma		ma		mi		mi			
1G	5		4		3		2		1							
		7		6		5		4		3		7	2	6	1	.1
2C	mi		mi		ma		ma		mi		ma		ma			

A Flat Seventh consists of four steps and two half steps; a Sharp Seventh of five steps and one half step.

EXAMPLE 38.

EXAMPLE 88:

1g	1	2	3	4	5	.1	5	4	3	2	1
A 17	2	3	4	5	6		6	5	4	3	2 71 .1
2c s	f	f	s	f	f		f	f	s	f	f s

A Unison is a repetition of the same note. An Octave is a perfect interval of five steps and two half steps. Perfect intervals are such as perfectly satisfy the ear. They are the Unison, the Octave, the Fifth, and the Fourth.

The Ninth is the Tonic (1)	and the Octave of the Supertonic,	(2)
The Tenth " " "	" " Mediant,	(3)
The Eleventh " " "	" " Sub-dominant,	(4)
The Twelfth " " "	" " Dominant,	(5)
The Thirteenth " " "	" " Sub-mediante,	(6)
The Fourteenth " " "	" " Sub-tonic,	(7)
The Fifteenth is the double octave, &c.		

There are also superfluous intervals, caused by the introduction of flats and sharps into a tune; in order to understand which, we may first notice an artificial scale called the

CHROMATIC SCALE.

EXAMPLE 39.

EXAMPLE 33.

1g

1	s1	2	s2	3	4	4	s4	5	s5	6	s6	7			
1															
		7	F7	6	F6	5	F5	4	3	3	F3	2	F2	.1	

20

The letter S before a numeral raises it a half step, and changes the termination of the syllable to ee. F before a note flats or depresses it half a step, and changes the termination to a, except the syllable ra, which it changes to aw. A sharp or flat affects all the same syllables which follow in the measure; also the syllables in following measures, if no other syllable intervene. A natural restores a numeral to its primitive sound and name.

A superfluous second	consists of	a step and a chromatic half step			
A superfluous third	"	" two steps	"	"	"
A diminished third	"	" half step	"	"	"
A diminished fourth	"	" one step, one half and a	"	"	"
A superfluous fifth	"	" three steps	"	"	"
A superfluous sixth	"	" four steps	"	"	"
A diminished sixth	"	" two steps, two	"	"	"
A diminished seventh	"	" three steps	"	"	"

SUPERFLUOUS INTERVALS are major intervals with the upper steps sharpened, or the lower steps flatted.

DIMINISHED INTERVALS are minor intervals with the upper steps flatted, or the lower steps sharpened.

SHARPED INTERVALS have their upper steps sharpened.

FLATTED INTERVALS have their upper steps flatted.

IMPERFECT INTERVALS are such as are not entirely satisfactory to the ear.

THE SMALLEST INTERVAL lies between a sharpened step below and a flatted step next above, as from s2 to f3. It is called a quarter step.

INVERSION OF INTERVALS is transposing a note from below, and placing it above any given note. Thus a unison may become an octave, a major interval may become minor, &c.

INVERSION.

Direct, unison,	Inverted, octave,	Direct, octave,	Inverted, unison,
second,	seventh,	seventh,	second,
third,	sixth,	sixth,	third,
fourth,	fifth,	fifth,	fourth,

It is important that the student should be well versed in the knowledge of intervals, in order to understand the distinctive character of the (*minor*) Plaintive scale.

The plaintive scale is always a minor third lower than its relative (*major*) grand scale.

While the grand scale always has 1 (do) for its tonic, the tonic (*key note*) of the plaintive scale is always 6 (la.) The grand scale has no flats or sharps in it, but the plaintive scale must have its sub-tonic sharpened in ascending, though not in descending.

The grand scale abounds in major thirds, but in the plaintive scale the thirds are minor; the sixths and sevenths may generally be minor also in the plaintive scale.

EXAMPLE 40.

3P	A	1 2	.3 .3	1	
40	.6			7 6	
	u.	ml. T.	ml. T.	p. F.	u.
3P.			ml. T.	ml. S.	
B			.1		
40	.6 6 7		.6	3 3 6	

EXAMPLE 41.

3G	A	.1 3 4	.5 .5	3 2 .1	
40					
	u.	ml. T.	ml. T.	p. F.	u.
		ml. T.	ml. T.	ml. S.	
3G.					
B		.1 1 2	.3 .1		.1
40					

In the above example is given one strain of the tune "Windham," both in the plaintive and grand scales. It is sufficient, giving only the air and bass, to show that the minor intervals predominate in the plaintive scale. By consulting plaintive tunes in the *Christian Psalmist*, published by the writer, or in the *Numeral Singer*, published by Morton & Griswold, Louisville, Ky., the difference between the plaintive and grand scale can be most clearly seen.

ORNAMENTS

Are numerals, and characters, and letters, sometimes introduced into a tune to give graceful expression to certain passages, but they do not belong to the harmony of the tune.

EXAMPLE 42.

EXAMPLE 42.										Loud		P		
1G										1	1	.1		
A	6	5	5	4	3	4	2	3	3	54	.5	7	5	.2
4s	?	?				?	?							

[illegible]

EXAMPLE 43.

tr	tr	t	t		sh		p
5	4	3	2		.1	.2	:1
48							
5	6	5	4	5	4	3	4
3	2	3	2	1	2	1	2
1	2	1	2	1	2	1	2
1	2	1	2	1	2	1	2
2	2	:	2	:	1	:	1
7 1							
48							

In the 42nd example, *leaning notes* occur in the first half of the first measure, and transient or passing notes in the last half of that measure. A *leaning note* should be sounded but not pronounced, and have half the time of the note which follows; while a passing note has one-fourth the time of the note which precedes it, and should be sounded but not pronounced.

Over the first two notes in the second measure are marks of accent. These notes should be struck quickly and boldly, and have only half the time in which they are written.

The third measure should be sung loud. The letter P over the numeral in the fourth measure, stands for *prolong*, and the singer may prolong that numeral at pleasure.

The letters *tr* stand for *trill*; the letters *sh* stand for *shake*. A trill is performed by sounding the numeral above, and repeating the

numeral commenced on within the time. A shake is a repetition of the principal numeral with the one above or below, as often as the singer chooses within the proper time. The upper staves of examples 42 and 43 show how the music is written; the lower staves show how it may be sung. The word "soft" means, in numeral music, precisely what it says. The words *swell*, *increase*, *diminish*, *very loud*, *very soft*, &c., are generally understood, and suit an American work much better than *Crescendo*, *Diminuendo*, *Fortissimo*, &c., &c.

EXAMPLE 44.

1g	P 1 Loud				P			
A	1 1 2	3 3 4	5 1 2	.1	7 6 5	5 6 5 2 3 1		
2s	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	
1g	Increase		Diminish		1		Very Loud	
	1 5 5 6 5	6 5 3 3 2 1	'	6 5 3 4 6	5 5 6 6 7			
4c	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	

EXAMPLE 45.

1g															
A	1	2	5	2	2	3	5	3	3	4	7	4	1	5	.1
													.1		
	7	6	5	5-	4	3	2	3	4	5	4	5	6	7	5
4c	'														

EXAMPLE 46.

1g																				
A	1	3	6	3	2	4	7	4	3	5	5	.7	.R							
													.1-							
	7	6	5	5	4	3	2	1	2	3	4	5	5-4	3-4	5-4	3-2	3-4	4	5	:1
													5:1							

EXAMPLE 47.

1g	1				2				.1																						
A	1	4	7	4	2	5	5	3	6	6	.R																				
	3	2	1	1	2		2		2		2	1																			
	'	'	'	'	7	6	5	5	4	3	1	2	3	4	4	3	5	5	4	5	5	4	5	6	5	6	7	6	7	5	.R-
4c																															

EXAMPLE 48.

1g	1				2				3				.1			
A	1	5	5	2	6	6	3	7	7	.R						
	1-	1	1	5-	5	5	6-	6	6	2-	2	2	4-	4	4	:1
4c																

EXAMPLE 49.

lg	2	3	1	4	
A	1	6	6	2	7
	1-	2	3	5-	1-
	'	'		7	6
				5-	3-
				1	2-
				1	2
				3	4
				5	
					:1
40					

EXAMPLE 50.

lg	1	2	3	4	5	:1
A	1	7	2	3	4	
	1	1	1			
	'	'	7	7	7	
			6	6	6	
			5	5		
			5	4	3-	
			2-		3	
					2	
					:1	
40						

ARTICULATION.

Singers should never perform as if they had their mouths partly filled with hot mush, but should articulate so clearly as to pronounce every word distinctly. Many there are, who, by joining the consonant of the last word with the vowel commencing the next, so make a new word that never had an existence except in their singing. Hence their singing cannot be understood. They make much sound and noise, but the listeners hear no manifestations of sense. I have listened, while these fashionable mouthing-drawling singers would go through with an entire hymn, without being able to catch a single verse. They present to the ear what the man presented to the eye, who wrote the following as an excuse, to a teacher, for a lad who missed a day from school:

"Staidathomeadiggingtaters."

Others there are, whose voices lie mostly in their noses; and, though they may pronounce distinctly, yet, with their sharp ringing nasal twang, they fail to give any expression to their pronunciation.

In order to vocalize fully, firmly, and purely, the singer should hold his head erect; standing is the best posture; take deep and full breath; exert the abdominal and dorsal muscles to expel the sound through the throat, and never begin one word till the preceding is completely articulated. Students should commence vocalizing with the teeth far enough apart to set four fingers, edgewise, between them; and always have them far enough apart to admit one finger freely.

Thus the student will avoid all labial, dental, and nasal sounds. After a free, full, certain, and pure tone is acquired, the student may turn his attention to the sentiments of the words he sings. The marks, characters, words, &c., added to the tune, will aid somewhat

in acquiring the ELOCUTION of music, but a singer must depend mostly on his own judgment. Every singer, like every orator, should have his own STYLE in singing; and there are no two verses, perhaps, in any hymn or song, that should be sung precisely in the same style. Common sense must determine when and where the voice should be grave or cheerful in tone.

EXAMPLE 51.

1G

A	.1 1	1 2 3 4 3 2		1 1 .R		.2 2 1 2 3 4 5 4 3		2 2 .R	
	" 7 "	" " " " " "				" " " " " " " "			
	"	Mark		it.		Take		all.	

	.3 3 2 1 2 3 4 5 4		3 3 .R		.4 4 3 4 5 6 5 4 3		4 4 .R	
4G	" " " " " " " "				" " " " " " " "			
	Tell		it		To		me,	

EXAMPLE 53.

7G

A	.5 5 4 3 4 5 6 7 6		5 5 .R		.6 6 5 6 7 " 7 6 5		6 6 .R	
	" " " " " " " "				" " " " " " " "			
	Take		him.		Love		her.	

	1 2 1		.1 1	1 2 1		1 1	
	.7 7 6 7 " " " 7 6		7 7 .R		" 7 " " " 7 6 7		R
4G	" " " " " "				" " " " " "		
	Come		in.		An		end.

Examples 51 and 52 are to be practiced with great care, and often repeated. In the application of words to numerals, one syllable of a word, or a word of one syllable, should be applied to every numeral that is disconnected from all other numerals. But when numerals are tied together, all the numerals so tied are applied to one syllable. In the above examples, there are ten numerals and five beats to the first word, and one numeral and one beat to the second word, in each two measures. The student should articulate all the numerals on first practicing the above, then articulate only the first, but sound all the rest. In applying the words, do not sing markit, but mark it; not takall, but take all, &c.

HARMONY

Is the third grand division of the science of music. It treats of the arrangement of sounds so as to form chords, and of the agreeable progression of those chords. While Melody is the gift of nature, Harmony is to be acquired by art. Any person can learn to harmonize a melody, while to originate a melody requires an effort of

genius not possessed by all. Sounds which differ in pitch, when heard together, produce either an agreeable or a disagreeable effect on the ear. If agreeable, we say the sounds constitute a CHORD. If disagreeable, we call it a DISCORD. Some chords are more disagreeable than others. Hence, we have *perfect chords* and *imperfect chords*. COMMON CHORDS are those which embrace none but consonant intervals, and consist of a fundamental numeral, its third, its fifth, and usually its octave. Every numeral of the scale may have its common chord, its major chord, its minor chord, and its imperfect chord.

Perfect chords and common chords are the same.

Direct chords have the fundamental numeral the lowest.

Major chords are direct chords, whose essential interval is major.

Minor chords are direct chords, whose essential interval is minor.

Imperfect chords are those which, though not discordant, do not entirely please the ear.

Inverted chords are those which have the fundamental numeral transposed into the upper parts. If the lowest numeral in the chord be the first numeral of the chord (*or the third*) above the fundamental numeral, it is called the first inversion; if the first numeral in the chord be the second numeral of the chord, (*or the fifth*) it is called the second inversion, and so on.

COMMON CHORDS.

EXAMPLE 53.

5	6	7	1	2	3	4	5
3	4	5	6	7	1	2	3
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	1
Tonic.	Super. T.	Mediant.	Sub. D.	Dom.	Sub. M.	Sub. T.	Tonic.

Above are given the chord of the tonic, super-tonic, and mediant, all of which lie within one scale: and the sub-dominant, dominant, sub-mediante, and sub-tonic, which last, in this arrangement, go out of the first scale up into the second. The above are called *close chords*, because they have the *fundamental* numeral lowest, the *third* in the middle, and the *fifth* the highest.

The chord of the tonic is a major chord, because its *first* or *lower* third is major. So are the chords of the sub-dominant and dominant.

The chords of the super-tonic, mediant, and sub-mediante, are minor chords, because their *lower* or *first* third is minor.

The chord of the sub-tonic is an *imperfect chord*, because it consists of a third and a false or flat fifth, that is, of two minor thirds. It is ranked, by some, among the discords, but not so by all musicians. However, it must always be followed by a perfect chord.

The above chords may be inverted thus:—

EXAMPLE 54.

5	1	3	6	2	4
3	5	1	4	6	2
1	3	5	2	4	6
Tonic.	1st In.	2d In.	Super T.	1st In.	2d In.

They may also be dispersed, and placed in position as follows:—

EXAMPLE 55.

3	5	1	5	7	3
5	1	3	7	3	5
1	3	5	3	5	7
1st Position.	2d P.	3d P.	1st P.	2d P.	3d P.

In the first position of a *dispersed* chord, the fundamental is lowest, the fifth in the middle, and the third highest. In the second position, the third is lowest, the first is in the middle, and the fifth is highest. In the third position, the dominant is below, the mediant in the middle, and the tonic above.

A major chord is changed into a minor chord by flattening its lower third; and a minor chord is changed into a major chord by sharpening its lower third.

EXAMPLE 56.

5	5	6	6	2	2	3	3
3	F3	4	♯4	7	F7	1	♯1
1	1	2	2	5	5	6	6
Major	Minor.	Minor.	Major.	Major.	Minor.	Minor.	Major.

EXAMPLE 57.

.5	.6	.5	.5	.3	.5	.6	.5	.7	.5
.3	.3	.2	.3	.3	.3	.4	.1	.5	.1
.1	.1	.1	.1	.1	.3	.1	.5	.1	.1
2s	.7				.3				

EXAMPLE 58.

.3	.2	.1	.1	.1	.2	.1	.3	.4	:1
.5	.6	.7				.7			
.3	.4	.4	.5	.7	.3	.3	.7	.6	.5
.1	.1	.2	.1	.5	.1		.1	.1	.6
							.2		:1
40	.5	.1	.7	.5	.5				

The student should study the above chords so as to be able to tell which is perfect, which imperfect, direct, dispersed, etc.

DISCORDS

Are those chords which are, more or less, unpleasant to the ear. The chord of the seventh (sub-tonic) is least offensive, and enters most largely into musical composition. All other discords should be *prepared* by having the discordant numeral appear in the preceding concord, and all discords should be resolved by having a concord to follow immediately.

EXAMPLE 59.

.5	.6	.6	.7	:3	.5	.3	.7	.6	:5
.3	.4	.4	.4	:3	.5	.3	.7	.6	:3
.1	.1	.2	.2	:1	.3	.1	.4	.4	:1

EXAMPLE 60.

In example 60, the discord of the major second, which occurs in the second measure, is prepared by the dominant occurring in the first measure, and resolved into the full chord of the mediant in the third measure. In the triple measure, the minor second is prepared by the octave and sixth, and resolved by the chord of the third. The discord of the ninth has been treated of; the discord of the ninth is the octave of the second, and should be treated in like manner. Having thus spoken, briefly, of discords, we proceed to consider

COMPOSITION.

In the above example, the fifth is the fundamental numeral of the second chord; and each succeeding chord has five of the preceding chord as its fundamental numeral. Hence, any chord may be followed by a chord constituted on its *fifth*. The chord of the *fifth* is called the DOMINANT chord. The fundamental notes of the above chords are as follows: 1st, the tonic; 2d, the dominant, or 5th above; 3d, the tonic, or 5th below; 4th, the tonic again; 5th, the sub-dominant, or 5th below the tonic; 6th, the tonic, or 5th above the sub-dominant; 7th, the tonic again; 8th, the dominant, or 5th dispersed; 9th, the tonic, or 5th below the dominant chord. The dominant chord, or chords, always lead us to expect the chord of the tonic, and is, therefore, called the LEADING CHORD.

EXAMPLE 62.

1G	.1		.1 .1	:1	.3 .4	:3	.5	:5
A	.5	:5			.1 .1	:1	.1 .5	:1
	.3 .6	:3	.5 .6	:5			.7	

4c
11c

From the above succession of chords, it may be seen that any chord may be followed by a chord based on its *fourth*. The chord of the fourth is called the **RELATIVE MAJOR**, or *sub-dominant chord*.

EXAMPLE 63.

1G	.1	2G	5G	.1	4G			
A	.5	:5	.6 .7	:6	.2 .7	:1	.6	:6
4C								
1G								
C	.3 .3	:5	.4 .5	:4	.7 .5	:5	.6 .4	:4
4C								
1G				.1				
B	.1	:1	.2	:2	.5 .3	:3	.4 .2	:1
4C	.6	.7						

Example 63 teaches that any chord may be followed by a chord founded on its 6th. The chord of the sixth, or *sub-médiant*, is called the RELATIVE MINOR chord.

The *tonic*, or key note, is the most important note in the scale; and the tonic chord is the most important in writing tunes. It occurs fifteen times in "Old Hundred."

The *fifth*, or dominant, is next in importance; and the dominant chord occurs more frequently in tunes than any other, except the tonic chord. It is found nine times in "Old Hundred."

The *fourth*, or sub-dominant, is next in importance and use.

The *sixth*, or sub-médiant, the principal chord of the relative minor key, is the third in relative importance to the tonic.

THOROUGH BASS

Is a numeral system of music; but without any marks to denote the length of the numerals. It was invented in 1605, and was always considered, by eminent musicians, a most useful invention. And yet, after near 250 years, there are some musicians who pretend to be too scientific to sing numeral music, and sneer at it as a trifling innovation that will soon pass away!

SCALES.

The first scale used in written music was the *tetrachord*, next the *pentachord*, then the *hexachord*. Seventy years before the Christian Era, the *heptachord*, or two conjunct tetrachords, came into use; and, perhaps about the year 100, two disjunct tetrachords making our present *octave*, obtained, and has been in use ever since.

Solmization means giving names to notes or numerals while singing them. The Greeks used the syllables *tah, tee, to, tay*, in solmization. In the eleventh century, Guido, a monk of Aretino, invented the use of the syllables *ut, re, mi, fa, sol, la*, in solmization. The Italians substituted *do* in the place of *ut*, and the French added the syllable *si*, thus perfecting the solmization of the octave, which, for centuries gone by, has entirely superseded the hexachordic solmization of Guido.

CADENCE.

A *cadence* is in music what a pause is in reading. It gives rest and relief to the ear. An imperfect cadence is the chord of the dominant, often found at the end of a strain. A perfect cadence is where the tune falls from the chord of the dominant to the common or tonic chord, and there ends.

CHANT,

A kind of melody half way between talking and singing, to which either verse or prose may be applied.

CANTO,

The Italian for *song*. If the author had either time or space, and the reader were willing to pay for rubbish, a great many barbarous and useless mystifications might be translated into plain English.

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